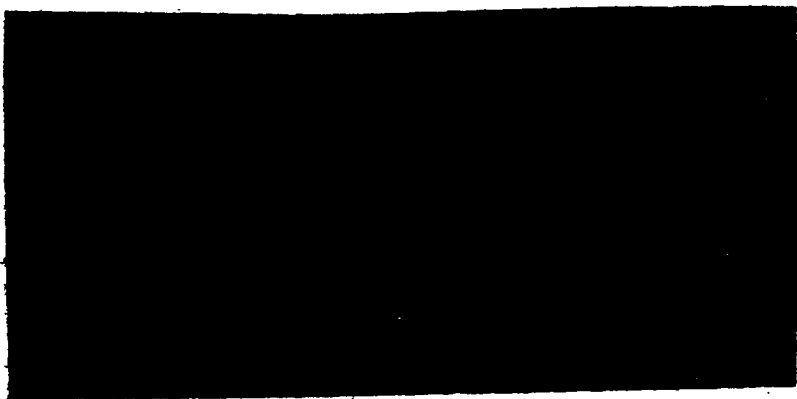


DONALD MACKENZIE

KING OF THE NORTHWEST

CHAS. W. MERRILL

DONALD MACKENZIE





DONALD MACKENZIE
"King of the Northwest"

D O N A L D M A C K E N Z I E

"KING OF THE NORTHWEST"

**THE STORY OF AN INTERNATIONAL HERO OF THE
OREGON COUNTRY AND THE RED RIVER SETTLE-
MENT AT LOWER FORT GARRY (WINNIPEG)**

CECIL W. MACKENZIE
(The oldest living descendant)

LOS ANGELES
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1937

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Dedicated to
The great and the great-great-grandsons
of the subject
and to
The son and the grandson
of the author—

DONALD CECIL MACKENZIE
and
DONALD FRANK MACKENZIE



CECIL WALTER MACKENZIE

Cecil W. Mackenzie

Aug 11. 37

SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR

CECIL W. MACKENZIE

(Grandson and Oldest Living Descendant of Donald Mackenzie, "King of the Northwest.")

Member of the Buffalo Historical Society; Charter Member of The Telephone Pioneers of America, and Loyal Legion of Retired Telephone Employees; member Sixty-fifth Veterans Association; Authors and Artists Club, Inglewood, California; Marine Lodge I. O. O. F., Buffalo. Author of "Early Days of the Telephone", "Boston to Boston", "Tale of Three Cities", "Three Transcontinental Sight-Seeing Trips", and Other Manuscripts.

Cecil W. Mackenzie, the son of Noel, the fourth child of Donald Mackenzie, was born in Newport, Kentucky, while his parents were sojourning there. His mother was Helen Davis, of Chautauqua County, N. Y., whose father was a Bostonian; her mother was from Vermont.

Cecil attended school in Rochester and Binghamton, N. Y., where he was a High School student.

During the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, in 1876, the family moved to that city, and young Mackenzie secured his first job, as an "Official Catalogue Boy", wearing a bright uniform, and, of course, having a pass, which, it seems, enabled him to be on hand at an historical occasion.

A few years ago, an article appeared in the "Telephone Review", in which the Editor says:

"On that hot July day in 1876, when Alexander Graham Bell demonstrated the telephone before Dom Pedro, at the Philadelphia Centennial, a uniformed boy stood in the crowd around the Brazilian Emperor.

"Three years later the same boy entered the telephone business in Buffalo—and stayed in it for forty years without being late or absent from the job once.

"The boy is Cecil W. Mackenzie, now retired, but still an active Telephone Pioneer. When in New York recently, he paid the Review a visit, and gave us many interesting stories of the early days in 'Western.'—Editor."

In November, 1911, the "Telephone Pioneers of America" was formed in Boston. Mackenzie was a charter member, and shares the

honor with the former Secretary of being the only member who has attended every Convention, and of being known as the 100 percent-er.

The Association is international in its scope and the author of this book has written up all of the meetings, as well as many other articles on the Early Days of the Telephone, and at the Headquarters of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., 195 Broadway, New York, there are the "Cecil Mackenzie Collections" of his contributions to the Archives.

He has also furnished the Buffalo Historical Society extensive data regarding the early development of the telephone in that city.

Mr. Mackenzie has traveled extensively, both in this country and abroad, and accounts of many of his trips have been published. He is really an international character, like his grandfather, Donald Mackenzie, for he has a home in Inglewood, California, and also one in Fort Erie, Ontario; he spends his time equally at the two places, but is an American citizen, and a Canadian resident.

Cecil W. Mackenzie was married June 30, 1892, to Miss Ida May Moore, of Strathroy, Ont., and their honeymoon was spent in Europe. They have a son Donald, in the Federal service, and two grandchildren, one of whom, Donald, is called by his playmates "King of the Northwest;" Donald's younger brother, is named Robert.

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PREFACE

REALIZING that many books and sketches have been written regarding the remarkable international hero, Donald Mackenzie, my grandfather, and being his oldest living descendant, I have, in this volume, endeavored to piece together many of his exploits, which have contributed so much to history. To Ernest Cawcroft I am indebted for my title of "Donald Mackenzie, King of the Northwest"; he wrote a very interesting article in the "Canadian Magazine", and thus encouraged me to write a biography of Mackenzie's life—(see his letters appearing immediately following this preface.) Also I am indebted to L. J. Burpee for his article in the "Queen's Quarterly", from which I have quoted freely.

Other historians consulted were Simpson, Ross, Franchere, Flandrau, Grinnell, Fuller, Cox, Skinner, Irving, Bancroft, Bryce, Porter, Pinkerton, Thwaite, T. C. Elliott, Masson, Clark and A. G. Doughty, Esq., the Dominion Archivist at Ottawa, Canada.

Nearly all of the historians consulted were favorable to Donald Mackenzie, although a few blamed him for the abandonment of Astoria; but they all gave praise to his wonderful achievements and bravery.

The author has spent considerable time in research work, and hopes that it will be acceptable and welcomed in the archives of Ottawa, Winnipeg, Portland, Astoria, Eugene, Walla Walla, Spokane, New York, Buffalo, St. Louis and Chautauqua County, New York.

About the much discussed question, as to whether he decided wisely to abandon Astoria, you may form your own opinion after reading this volume. Note the consensus of opinions. I wish also to acknowledge contributions from the *Winnipeg Free Press*, *Toronto Globe*, *Buffalo Express*, *Buffalo Times*, *London*, (England) *Times*, *Missouri Gazette*, *Buffalo Historical Society*, *Mayville Sentinel*, *Telephone Review*, *New York Press*, and the *Astorian Evening Budget*.

As he was, indeed, an international character, I have divided the volume into two parts: the first being devoted to his American adventures, and the second to his Canadian career, which was even more famous.

I have also received some firsthand, and hitherto unpublished, information from my father, Noel (a son of Donald) and my aunt, Jemima, Donald's eldest daughter, who passed away in Buffalo, in her ninety-ninth year. I am furthermore indebted to a cousin, Capt. D. D. MacCrimmon

of the Canadian Forces, who, during the World War, whilst overseas on a furlough, visited the old ruins of the Mackenzie ancestral home, in Ross-shire, near Inverness, in the Highlands of Scotland, and brought back to the Mackenzie Clan pieces of stone from the ruins, and valuable information.

My book at times is necessarily rambling, owing to the different authorities consulted, and occasionally somewhat repetitious, owing to different versions of the same event.

The family name has been spelled Mackenzie, McKenzie, and even M'Kenzie, but I will use the "Mack" in this Biography.

His grandson,

CECIL W. MACKENZIE.

January, 1937

Fort Erie, Ontario and Inglewood, California

CITY OF JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

ERNEST CAWCROFT
Corporation Counsel
408 Fenton Building.

Sept. 17, 1923.

Major Cecil W. Mackenzie,
Box 97,
Fort Erie, Ont., Can.
My Dear Mr. Mackenzie:

It was a pleasure to receive your letter of September 13th, 1923. I have endeavored to obtain larger details of the life of Donald Mackenzie from members of his family but have not been successful. I know there is a more interesting story about Donald Mackenzie than the one which I contributed to the Canadian Magazine and to the Centennial History of Chautauqua County.

I hope your relative in Toronto will make clear in an article just why Donald Mackenzie left the Northwest and why did he settle in Mayville.

The conception of a memorial tablet at Mayville to Donald Mackenzie has long been in my mind. I am hoping that the Hudson Bay Company, Vincent Astor, the representative of the Fur Traders Family, and the Chautauqua County Historical society may be brought together for that purpose.

Will you please send me anything which you write from time to time, including such interesting articles as the one appearing in the current Telephone Review on the subject "Early Western Days"?

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) ERNEST CAWCROFT.

PART I

CHAPTER I

OUR hero was born in Ross-shire, in the Highlands of Scotland near Inverness, the capital of the Mackenzie Clan, on June 16, 1783.

His father, Alexander, was killed in a duel in 1789, in his fifty-second year. He was buried near Garve, where it is so recorded on his monument just inside the graveyard. The year of his death was also the date when Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Donald's cousin, discovered the great river in Canada which bears his name. Sir Alexander was the first person to cross Canada from coast to coast.

But to get back to Donald and his family, whose tree dates back through a line of Baronets, Lords, and Lairds to the Earls of Cromarty, and through others to the Earls of Seaforth.

An article in the "Buffalo Times" of March 1, 1901, written by Grace Carew Sheldon, telling of the life of Donald Mackenzie quotes from Young and says:

"His ancestry was among the noblest in the Kingdom. We have before us his lineage traced back through Lairds, Sirs, Baronets and Earls for many generations.

"The tombstone of a remote ancestor is yet standing bearing an inscription in Gaelic characters, which, translated, reads, 'Here lies Murdock Mackenzie, son of the Baron of Kintail, who died on the 12th of January, 1361.'"

Roderick of Akilburg, Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbit, and Sir George, first Earl of Cromarty, were some of Donald's ancestors.

In the "Canadian Magazine," for February, 1918, appeared an article by Ernest Cawcroft, called "Donald Mackenzie, King of the Northwest". In the course of this biography that article will be frequently quoted from:

"The Regents of New York State once required the reading of Washington Irving's "Astoria" for purposes of high school study. There I gleaned my first knowledge of Donald Mackenzie. Later I became interested in the development of Western Canada; my studies of and trips through that region, brought home to me the name "Mackenzie" on many occasions. But one must go a long way from home to get the real importance of new events. The Times (London), publishes an obituary column which is distinguished throughout the world for its discriminating freedom from funeral platitude, and its devoted effort to chronicle the

achievements of those who have passed from the King's service by death. During the early part of 1912, I found at the bottom of an article devoted to a deceased Peer of the Realm, the following item:

"Our Mayville, New York, correspondent informs us that Henry Mackenzie, one of the surviving sons of Donald Mackenzie, the Canadian Explorer, is dead at that place."

"This item connected my travels in Canada with my previous high school reading. Moreover, it impelled me to study the career, and to seek to visualize the personality of a man cast in a large mould. I accepted the invitation to prepare this paper on 'Donald Mackenzie: The King of the Northwest', because I felt that many students of Canadian history have had but a vague conception of the deeds of this Hero.

"To be born in Scotland, to achieve fame in Oregon and Manitoba, and to live for eighteen years in Chautauqua County, breaks the links of personal history.

"It has been my task to connect some of the links in the historical chain of Donald Mackenzie's life. The Mackenzies have written their names in large letters over the map of Canada. The habit of Dominion historians and biographers of referring to their particular Mackenzie by his last name only has deepened the confusion in proportion to the books published. But in view of the fact that the record of the Mackenzie clan is distinctive in the history of Scotland and Canada, I shall trace out the career of Donald Mackenzie by a process of exclusion, just as I have been compelled to do in the verification of certain biographical data for the purposes of this paper.

"Thus Donald Mackenzie must not be confused with Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who hailed from the same region of Scotland, and whose explorations placed the Mackenzie River on the map of Canada in 1789.

"Nor with Kenneth Mackenzie, who looms large in the 'History of the American Fur Trade', by Chittenden, and who, in his trading and explorations traversed a large portion of the same territory covered by Donald in his American trip to the Pacific Ocean.

"James Mackenzie was a Governor of the King's Posts in Quebec Province. Henry Mackenzie served as Secretary of the North West Company at Montreal; and the premier member of that competitor of the Hudson's Bay Company was Roderick Mackenzie. These men were first, second, and third cousins of each other. They played a leading part in the lives of each other, some as friends and others as the executives of rival fur and trading companies. Between their friendships and their rivalries, they placed the name of Mackenzie in the history of North America, beyond erasure.

"This Roderick Mackenzie was the cousin of Sir Alexander Mackenzie and the brother of Donald. The romantic explorations of Alexander were being told by proud Scotchmen about the time the youth of Donald was getting under way. Then Roderick Mackenzie was writing home to Glasgow and Edinburgh, as well as to Donald, telling of the opportunities

for young Scotchmen in seeking the vast fur wealth of the Canadian Northwest.

"Thus the wanderlust of the young man was stirred, and in March, 1801, Donald Mackenzie, then seventeen years of age, after bidding his mother, Catherine, good-bye, left Scotland for Canada, where he entered and remained in the employ of the North West Fur Company for eight years. During these eight years he received his collegiate training by clerking, trapping, and trading, by exploration and adventure, and by playing a man's part in defending the accumulations of the fur season against the plunder spirit of primitive outlaws and angry Indians. He was a famous man, even in his youth, in this primitive country, and this prestige of the wilderness soon brought him into positions of great responsibility."

CHAPTER II

PERHAPS at this time it might be well to quote from an article in the "Queen's Quarterly", May issue, 1919, the speech given by L. J. Burpee, the popular historian, in one of his addresses delivered before the Kingston Historical Society, which he called "A Forgotten Adventurer of the Fur Trade".

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am attempting this evening to tell the story of a fur trader, in the first half of the nineteenth century. The fact that this particular fur trader saw service under three different corporations, the North West Company, the Pacific Fur Company, and the Hudson Bay Company, promises at least a measure of variety to his experiences. And to me at least it has proved rather fascinating to attempt to reconstruct the life and character of a man who—unlike most of his contemporaries in the fur trade—left almost no vestige of written record, journal, diary, or letter."

Right here, I must explain that my grandmother, the wife of Donald, and also his eldest daughter, Jemima, and my father, Noel, told me that he was frequently reminded that he should keep notes of his adventures, but that he did not; hence the lack of his own personal memoirs; however, by means mentioned in the "Preface", I am able to supply information on his early life, firsthand.

Mr. Burpee continues:

"Donald Mackenzie came not only of a race, but of a family, that gave liberally of its sons to the fur trade. He had three brothers in the North West Company—Roderick, who sailed from Scotland to Canada in 1784, became one of the agents or proprietors of the North West Company, and planned a history of the Company; Henry, who for many years was Secretary of the Company; and James, who came out in 1794, rose to the rank of bourgeois in the Company's service, and had charge of the old King's Posts, with headquarters at Quebec; also another brother, Murdock. He also had a cousin, much more famous in the fur trade and in the history of western exploration, Sir Alexander Mackenzie. There were also two sisters, Barbara and Alexandria.

"Of Donald Mackenzie's early years we know, at present, next to nothing. He came out to Montreal, from the Highlands of Scotland, apparently about the end of the eighteenth or beginning of the nineteenth century. Alexander Ross, one of his contemporaries in the fur trade, says that he was a man of liberal endowments and education, and that he had been designed for the ministry. Probably the success of his bro-

ther Sir Roderick induced him to abandon any plans he may have formed in the old land, and follow him to Canada. How or where he first served with the North West Company it is impossible at present to say. His name does not appear in either the 1799 or 1804 list of N. W. C. employees published in Masson's *Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest*. On the other hand, Masson explains that the 1804 list is incomplete, and does not include the names of those employed in the Great Slave Lake, Mackenzie River, Rocky Mountains or King's Posts departments. In the absence of these lists, one may perhaps assume that Donald Mackenzie's first experience in the fur trade was gained at some of the posts in the far northwest. Irving, in his *'Astoria'*, says that he had been in the service of the North West Company for ten years before joining Astor's expedition to the Pacific Coast in 1810. Beyond this meagre statement, absolutely nothing is known as to Mackenzie's early connection with the North West Company. Coues, Bryce, Masson, Thwaites, and others who have contributed so much to our knowledge of the Canadian fur trade, and of the men who took part in it, are uniformly silent in the case."

Of Donald Mackenzie's life, a comparison may be made with Dumas' *"Three Musketeers"*, where twenty years elapsed, and no record of the best years of the heroes' lives was chronicled—so ten years of our hero's life is unknown.

CHAPTER III

BEFORE taking up the second stage of Mackenzie's life as a fur trader, with the Pacific Fur Company, it may be worth while to gather together what evidence we have as to his personality. Washington Irving says that he had a frame seasoned to toils and hardships; a spirit not to be intimidated; and was reputed to be a remarkable shot, which of itself was sufficient to give him renown upon the frontier. Ross says he was "a corpulent, heavy man, weighing 312 lbs". Another contemporary calls him "fat Mackenzie". He had, however, none of the characteristics of Falstaff. His physical energy was extraordinary, and he did not know the meaning of fear. Ross Cox, who also was associated with him in the western fur trade, says that "to the most cautious prudence he united the most dauntless intrepidity; in fact, no hardships could fatigue, no dangers intimidate him". He had remarkable skill with the rifle, and could "drive a dozen balls consecutively one hundred paces through a Spanish dollar". (Speaking of the references to his being fat, and his not knowing the meaning of fear, we are of the opinion that he would have suited Julius Cæsar, and that Gunga Din "had nothing on him".)

Ross described him as "bold, robust, and peculiarly qualified to lead Canadian voyageurs through thick and thin." Elsewhere he says of him, "to travel a day's journey on snowshoes was his delight—when not asleep, he was always on foot, strolling backwards and forwards, full of plans and projects: so peculiar was his pedestrian habit, that he went by the name of 'Perpetual Motion'." Although, as already noted, a man of liberal endowments and education, he "had a great aversion to writing, preferring to leave the details of his adventures to the pen of others. He detested spending five minutes scribbling in a journal. His travelling notes were often kept on a beaver skin, written hieroglyphically with a pencil or piece of coal, and he would often complain of the drudgery of keeping accounts. When asked why he did not like to write, his answer was 'we must leave something for others to do.' Few men could fathom his mind, yet his inquisitiveness to know the minds and opinions of others knew no bounds. Every man he met was his companion." So much as to the man.

The Pacific Fur Company was organized in New York, June 23,

1810, by John Jacob Astor. Astor's ambition was to control ultimately the fur trade of the west—at any rate south of the British dominions—and as a step toward this end he intended to establish a strong trading post at the mouth of the Columbia, which he hoped would lead to the control of the trade of the Pacific Coast. He furnished all the capital of the Pacific Fur Company, and retained half the shares in his own name. With him he associated a number of partners and clerks, who went into the project as adventurers, receiving no salary, but with the prospect of becoming shareholders if they made the undertaking a success. Of these associates, the larger part were recruited in Montreal from among employees of the North West Company who preferred the glittering chances of a new venture to the humdrum certainties of their previous occupation, or who, perhaps, as in the case of Mackenzie, were attracted by the prospect of larger opportunities and wider outlets for their energy in the untried field on the Pacific Coast.

At this point it will be apropos to quote from "Astor and the Oregon Country" by Flandrau, parts of the partnership agreement taken from the Archives:

"ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT made and concluded the twenty-third day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ten, by and between John Jacob Astor of the city of New York, Merchant of the first part, and Alexander McKay, Donald Mackenzie, Duncan McDougall and Wilson P. Hunt, acting for themselves and the several persons who have already agreed to become or shall hereafter become associated with them, under the firm of the Pacific Fur Company of the second part, and also between the said John Jacob Astor, Alexander McKay, Donald Mackenzie, Duncan McDougall and Wilson P. Hunt, and all the persons who shall hereafter become associated with them, as hereinafter mentioned, and parties to these Presents, by sealing and delivering the same, each agreeing separately and only for himself, and his Heirs, Executors and administrators as follows to wit,—

"Whereas the said parties together with David Stuart, Robert McLelan, Joseph Miller and Ramsay Crooks, have it in contemplation that they, or they and their associates or some of them shall make a trading Establishment on the North West Coast of America for the purpose of carrying on the fur trade at Columbia River or in its vicinity or in any other place upon the said Coast where it shall be found practicable and where it may be conveniently done without violating any of the Laws of the United States. . . .

"It is further covenanted, concluded and agreed as aforesaid that the stock of the said company or concern shall be divided into one hundred equal parts or shares and the profits thereof divided accordingly and that the said party of the first part shall be entitled to Fifty of the said shares and that the remaining fifty shall some of them belong to and be divisible

immediately among the said parties of the second part and their Associates and the rest remain for the benefit of the whole concern as hereinafter mentioned that is to say, the said Alexander McKay, Donald Mackenzie, Duncan McDougall, David Stuart, Wilson Price Hunt and Ramsay Crooks shall each be entitled to and have and hold five of the said shares, the said Robert McLellan and Joseph Miller each two and an half of the shares and the remaining fifteen shares shall be for the use and benefit of the several parties interested in the said Company or concern in proportion to their interests and shares therein until such time as the same shall or may be appropriated and otherwise disposed of as hereinafter is provided for."

Bancroft, in his "History of the Northwest Coast" in comparing the two partners, says of Wilson P. Hunt, "Up to this time he had had no experience in forest life; but there are men efficient wherever you place them. Thus his friends represent him, and such I should like to believe him; he must be judged, however, by his own actions," and of the other leader, "Donald Mackenzie, one of the original partners, had been for ten years in the service of the North West Company. He was accustomed to camp life, proficient in Indian strategy, a good shot and a good fellow."

Laut says in one of his books, "John Jacob Astor, the New York merchant, who had been buying from the Nor' Westers, organized the Pacific Fur Company, and lured into his ranks friends of David Thompson, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, and a relative of the latter, Donald Mackenzie, who knew the overland country well, and who later on was to beat other expeditions by two months, July 15, 1811, and to claim the mouth of the Columbia."

Alexander Ross in "Oregon Settlers" says, "Mr. Hunt was accompanied on his journey by Donald Mackenzie, another partner, who had formerly been in the service of the North West Company.

"This gentleman had already acquired great experience in the Indian Country, was bold, robust and peculiarly qualified to lead Canadian voyageurs through thick and thin. Mr. Astor placed great confidence in his abilities, perseverance, and prudence. Under two such leaders as Hunt and Mackenzie, he had in fact, everything to hope and little to fear. At Montreal Mackenzie showed his sagacity in the selection of only Canadian voyageurs, of proven capacity, and wanted to engage even more, but Hunt would not agree."

Hunt thought that later on they could engage more Americans, but events later showed that Mackenzie was right.

"At the time the American Fur Company was organized the North

Westers had established certain posts beyond the Rockies above the Oregon Country and were preparing to extend their operations into the regions Astor proposed to occupy. Again desiring to avoid the evils of competition Astor offered them a third interest in his enterprise. Although he would have the advantage of an easier overland way by two great rivers than their own chain of small streams, lakes and portages, their route was well known and much traveled, his was not; although his furs could be shipped directly from the North West Coast to Canton, while theirs must bear the added cost of the journey eastward by canoe, still they had the advantage of long experience in the West and of an expert personnel; moreover they wanted the whole of the Oregon Country trade, not a third of it, and believing they could reach the mouth of the Columbia and occupy the country first, they refused. They had in their employ the great trader-geographer, David Thompson, a man admirably fitted to undertake the job, and he was to fail of accomplishing it only by a few weeks.

"Astor, realizing the absolute necessity of trained men to lead his enterprise, had turned, imprudently it now seems, to Canada. The first men to be chosen were the three former North Westers, Alexander McKay, who had accompanied Sir Alexander Mackenzie on both his great exploring expeditions, Duncan McDougall and Donald Mackenzie, while an American, Wilson Price Hunt, of New Jersey, was chosen to be Astor's personal representative and chief agent on the Pacific Coast.

"On July 23, 1810, the Articles of Agreement between these men acting for themselves and for others who were to become members of the company—David Stuart, Ramsay Crooks, Robert McLelan, Joseph Miller, Robert Stuart, and John Clarke (the two latter names do not appear in the original articles) were signed."—*Flandrau: "Astor and the Oregon Country."*

Reading the above quotation, I resolved to find out all I could regarding our Scottish hero, and while doing so I was reminded of the pianist in the old-time Wild West saloon—on a wall of the saloon was the sign, "Please do not shoot the pianist, as he is doing the best he can."

CHAPTER IV

THE partners and clerks of the Pacific Fur Company were divided into two parties. One went around by sea to the mouth of the Columbia; the other made its way overland, though as a matter of fact it also travelled mainly by water. The fascinating story of the voyage of the Tonquin is told by Irving in 'Astoria'. The authorities for the overland expedition, in addition to Irving and Franchere, are Alexander Ross, 'Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River'; Ross Cox, 'Adventures on the Columbia River'; John Bradbury, 'Travels in the Interior of North America'; and H. M. Brackenridge, 'Journal'. As we are concerned here only with the story of Mackenzie, and as he went with the overland party, we shall confine ourselves to that branch of the expedition. The leaders were Wilson Price Hunt, an American, and Mackenzie. They started from Montreal, where Mackenzie would have recruited from the Nor'-Westers all the voyageurs they needed. Hunt, however, who was 'grave, steady, and straightforward, . . . detested the volatile gaiety and everchanging character of the Canadian voyageurs.' 'In the end, therefore, they took only sufficient men to man one canoe. They embarked at Lachine, July 5th, 1810, and after the usual delay at Ste. Anne's to enable the voyageurs to visit the shrine, and indulge in the usual carouses, make their confessions, etc., made their way up the Ottawa, the paddles keeping time to the rollicking air of one of the old Canadian chansons, singing a la Claire Fontaine. Space will not permit to tell of the hardships paddling up the Ottawa. Following this ancient thoroughfare of fur-traders, with a great deal of 'soldiering' and singing by the hour, they reached Mackinaw, where Hunt had expected to obtain a number of men. Weeks, however, were wasted in fruitless efforts, and in the end they were able to secure only a handful of second-rate men."

—L. J. Burpee.

Mackinaw, or Michilimackinac as it had previously been called, and having pity for printers, typewriters et al, will hereinafter say Mackinaw, had been throughout the eighteenth century, and was still, the principal outfitting point for traders to the southwest. In 1810 it was the headquarters of the Mackinaw Company, and a rendezvous for hundreds of traders, trappers and adventurers connected with the Indian trade. Ross, who probably got his information from Mackenzie, describes the place as "a great bedlam, the frantic inmates running to and fro in wild forgetfulness . . . In the morning they were found drinking, at noon drunk, in the evening dead drunk." Hogarth's drunkards in Gin Lane and Beer

Alley were nothing compared to the drunkards of Mackinaw at this time. Every nook and corner in the whole island swarmed, at all hours of the day and night, with motley groups of uproarious tipplers and whisky-hunters.

Here some of the voyageurs would spend most of their wages and frequently met some of the rival Nor' Westers, who seemed to have a superiority complex and called our Pacific Fur Company people "pork eaters". Some of them were much admired by Hunt and Mackenzie, as they were indeed hardy men, and had had much experience. The partners endeavored to hire some of them but did not have much success.

They finally hired one man, and used him as a "stool pigeon" to try to hire others. By dint of paying off several debts, fines, etc., they succeeded in getting a few recruits, and decked them out with feathers and ostrich plumes, whereupon the vain fellows began to feel their oats and expressed their belief that the new Company would be superior to the North West Company.

Mr. Ramsay Crooks, a young native of Scotland, who had been invited by Hunt, here joined the partnership arrangement, and so W. P. Hunt and Donald Mackenzie had another Scotchman in their Company. After a leave-taking where the French Canadians of this place insisted on kissing the departing voyageurs, they left Mackinaw about August 12, 1810.

CHAPTER V

FROM Mackinaw, Hunt and Mackenzie crossed over to Green Bay, by the Fox and Wisconsin to the Mississippi, and so down to St. Louis, at that time also a center of the fur trade. Of the St. Louis of 1810, Ross gives as unflattering a picture as he does of Mackinaw. "A medley of French Creoles, old and wornout Canadians, Spanish renegades, with a mixture of Indian and Indian half-breeds, enervated by indolence, debauchery, and a warm climate."

There were also backwoodsmen from Kentucky and Tennessee, and Mississippi boatmen who conducted the navigation of the American rivers, as did the voyageurs of the Canadian waters.

A Company had recently been formed, called the Missouri Fur Company. At its head was a Spaniard named Manuel de Lisa, a bold and a deep character, with an enigmatic smile, a la the "Mona Lisa".

Hunt and Mackenzie found much hidden opposition to their plans, very similar to their experiences at Montreal and Mackinaw. It was with difficulty that they secured recruits, and Hunt realized that he should have taken Mackenzie's advice. Ross quotes him as saying "No place like Montreal for hardy and expert voyageurs".

We noted that a new partner, Ramsay Crooks, was taken on at Mackinaw, and another one, Joseph Miller, a former army officer, joined the partnership here at St. Louis. Fearing that the Missouri would soon be frozen over, and not wishing to spend the winter in St. Louis, on October 21, 1810, Hunt and Mackenzie and the party left that place in three boats. One of the barges came from Mackinaw, the Schenectady boat (much larger), had once navigated the Mohawk River, while the third was a typical Mississippi River keel boat.

They progressed slowly, by dint of paddling, setting poles, and occasionally trying sails—which required a strong wind to stem the current—and sometimes even pulling by hand, by attaching from tree to tree; when in a clear stretch, towing would be resorted to.

When they were in difficulty the Canadian voyageurs would come to the rescue, and when the party was discouraged, they would burst into song to cheer them up, with such chansons as "La Jeune Sophie", or

"La Belle Francaise", or something else about the feminine sex similar to the farmer's-daughter-traveling-salesman's story.

Finally, on November 16, 1810, our party had worked its way four hundred and fifty miles up the Missouri, and it was decided to camp there. Two days later the river was closed by ice, and the party stayed there several months.

Here they were joined by Robert McLellan, who had fought in the Indian wars under Wayne, and who had formerly been associated with Ramsay Crooks in an unfortunate expedition, when they had been turned back by the Sioux Indians. Thus another partner was taken on.

"The career of Donald Mackenzie, as a factor in the making of North American history, must be timed from the day he connected himself with John Jacob Astor. The limits of this paper compel me to spare you the details; but the New York Legislature incorporated the American Fur Company on April 6, 1808. The dashing and enterprising John Jacob Astor longed to tap the wealth of the wilderness to invest his profits in the lands of the Metropolis. His broad mind conceived the idea of establishing a line of trading posts, connecting the Missouri with the mouth of the Columbia River on the Pacific. He not only foresaw the commercial possibilities, but he perceived, as his letters to the President and Cabinet officers show, the need of asserting American title to the American Northwest. Rival fur and trading companies were claiming ownership on behalf of their respective governments and without thought of the present international boundary line. Mr. Astor made overtures for peace, and proposed to consolidate his venture with first one and then the other of existing companies. Meeting with no success, he decided to offer positions to the best men of the Northwest Fur Company. Alexander M'Kay, who had accompanied Sir Alexander Mackenzie in his 1789 and 1793 expeditions; Duncan M'Dougal, Donald Mackenzie and Wilson Price Hunt, of New Jersey, were finally associated with Mr. Astor under a new named corporation: "The Pacific Fur Company."

"The Astor party outfitted at Montreal, the emporium of the fur trade. It crossed the Rocky Mountains in 1810, exploring and establishing trade posts enroute, and finally arrived at the point to be known as Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River. Washington Irving described Donald Mackenzie at this period of his prime as 'excelling on those points in which the others were deficient; for he had been for ten years in the interior and valued himself on his knowledge of woodcraft and the strategy of Indian trade and Indian warfare.'—*Cawcroft, in "Canadian Magazine", Feb., 1918.*

In talks with my father, Noel, a son of Donald, he mentioned that the agreement between his father and John Jacob Astor was that he was to have sole charge of the overland expedition, and it seems that many

authors mention this. Recently in reading the history by Skinner, I learned that while Hunt headed the overland expedition, it would have been far better for its success had Donald Mackenzie been in supreme command, instead of sharing the leadership.

CHAPTER VI

WILSON PRICE HUNT set off by boat with eight men on January 1, for St. Louis, and left the party in charge of Donald Mackenzie. The latter part of the journey he traveled by horseback and arrived in St. Louis January 20, 1811.

Lisa of the Missouri Fur Company was also sending an expedition up the Missouri, and therefore there was keen opposition in securing recruits, and it was even necessary to pay in advance.

"The greatest difficulty was to procure a Sioux interpreter. There was but one man in St. Louis fitted for the purpose, but to secure him required much management. The individual in question was a half-breed named Pierre Dorion; and as he figures hereafter in this narrative, is withal a striking specimen of the hybrid race on the frontier. Pierre was the son of Dorion, the Frenchman, an interpreter who accompanied Lewis and Clark . . . Father and son would occasionally get drunk, and then the cabin was the scene of ruffianly brawl and fighting, and the old Frenchman would get soundly belabored by his mongrel offspring. While down on the ground the son was tempted to scalp him. 'Hold! My son,' cried the old fellow imploringly, 'you are too brave, too honorable to scalp your father,' so he suffered the old man to wear his scalp unharmed."—*Washington Irving, "Astoria."*

Pierre Dorion could not get along well with Lisa, although when sober he was a valuable man, and had conducted the Missouri Company fur traders through many tribes of Sioux. As Shakespeare might have said, "He has brought many captives home from Rome, whose ransoms did the general coffers fill." In the course of time he accumulated a large whisky bill, which was the last straw with Lisa. So Dorion got the job with the Pacific Fur Company, although Lisa tried in every way to prevent it. Hunt offered Dorion two hundred dollars in advance on his salary of three hundred. Even at that Dorion refused to enter the boat until Mr. Hunt consented to take his squaw and a couple of his children.

Lisa did not abandon his attempt to get Dorion, and planned to intercept him near St. Charles, but the party was forewarned, and Pierre took to the woods, followed by his squaw and two papooses, promising to come back. The next day Dorion came on board again, minus his squaw, whom he had cudged the night before. But enough of this for now,

or we may think that Pierre Dorion is our hero instead of Donald Mackenzie.

On the way up the river, at Charette, the party met Daniel Boone, who parted from them with regret, apparently envying them the trip to the mouth of the Columbia. They joined the Mackenzie party at the Nodowa River, April 17, 1811.

The abilities of the different leaders are shown in this quotation:

"By the middle of April, the overlanders joined their comrades at the mouth of the Nodowa, and after a delay of some days owing to the weather, they all started up the Missouri on their long journey to the Columbia:

"In the party numbering about sixty, which Hunt was to lead, were four partners besides himself, and these four were experienced frontiersmen.

"Donald Mackenzie, one-time Nor' Wester, was a 'winterer' of the Great North; Ramsay Crooks, a Scot, had traded and trapped on the plains with Robert McLellan, an old border fighter famous for his exploits; and Joseph Miller had fought under 'Mad Anthony' Wayne.

"To any one of these men might Astor more wisely have entrusted his overland expedition. Mackenzie, indeed, had joined with the understanding that he was to have the command, but, at the last minute, Astor had reduced to a subordinate position the bluff Nor' Wester, who knew the wilderness as Astor knew his garden."—Skinner, *"Adventures of Oregon."*

Spring was rapidly advancing and snakes began to recover from their torpor and crawl forth. Indeed, one of the Englishmen, in the course of his botanical research, narrowly escaped being struck by a rattlesnake, and the same Mr. Bradbury shot nearly three hundred pigeons with his fowling-piece.

The party consisted now of sixty persons, including Hunt, Mackenzie, the three other partners, and forty Canadian voyageurs. They resumed their slow, laborious task of ascending the Missouri in four boats, one of which was large, and mounted a swivel and two Howitzer guns. They had favorable breezes at first and were wafted along upstream by a strong southeaster.

On April 28 they reached the mouth of the Platte River, about six hundred miles from the Mississippi. This point was the "Equator" for the river men, and they had ceremonies like their salt-water brethren, including shaving and other ordeals of a waggish nature.

On May 2 the camp was thrown into confusion by two brothers, named Harrington, getting cold-feet and wanting to go home to their mother. They were fine hunters and prime riflemen, and it was a serious

affair to the party, inasmuch as they were getting into the dangerous Sioux country. Hunt, incited by indignation, and also thinking to deter others from desertion, put his threat into execution, and left them to find their way back without a single bullet, or charge of powder.

The boats continued their slow and toilsome course for several days, the Canadian voyageurs singing their chansons in true "Volga Boatmen Song" style.

"On the night of the seventh there was a wild and fearful yell, and eleven Sioux warriors, stark naked, with tomahawks in hand, rushed into the camp. They were instantly surrounded and seized, whereupon their leader called out to his followers to desist from any violence, and pretended to be perfectly pacific in his intentions. It proved, however, that they were a part of the war party. They had been disappointed, or defeated, in their foray, and in their rage and mortification these eleven warriors had 'devoted their clothes to the medicine.' This is a desperate act of Indian braves when foiled in war and dreading scoffs and sneers, and they devote themselves to the great Spirit and attempt some reckless exploit to cover their disgrace and woe to any defenseless party of white men that fall in their way."—*Washington Irving*.

All of this was explained to Hunt and Mackenzie by Pierre Dorion, their half-breed interpreter.

Hunt, Mackenzie and the party, while staying in the village of the Omahas, were visited by three Yankton Sioux Indians with the information that some of the Sioux Teton were nearby and intended to oppose them. This branch of the Sioux was known as pirates, and liked to rob any American boat coming up the river; they did considerable trading with the British ports, and therefore felt quite independent and plundered whenever they had a chance; also they were quite well equipped with rifles, and Messrs. Crooks and McLelan had previously had bad experiences with them, and knew what to expect; also news came from the Chief of the Omahas that two men had been killed by the Sioux. This added to the fear of some of the voyageurs, who visioned fierce bands of warriors along the river.

Three men actually did desert, but it just happened that three others were acquired.

On May 15, 1811, the party left the village of the Omahas, and set out for the formidable Sioux Country.

CHAPTER VII

THE Englishman, Bradbury, the naturalist, had a rather thrilling experience; owing to a great bend in the river, he resolved to profit by it and remain ashore, and rejoin the boat the next day.

"In fact, he had forgotten the Sioux Tetons, and all of the other perils, and while looking for a boat on the bank, he suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder. Starting and turning around, he beheld a naked savage with a bow bent and an arrow pointed at his breast. In an instant his gun was leveled and his hand upon the lock. The Indian drew his bow still further, but forbore to launch the shaft. Mr. Bradbury, with presence of mind, reflected that if the savage had been hostile, would have shot him without giving him a chance—he paused and held out his hand. The other took it in friendship and demanded in the Osage language, if he was a Big Knife, or an American."—*Washington Irving.*

The Indian proved to be a Ponca and two more savages came running up and all three grabbed him and wanted to carry him off, but Bradbury showed them microscopes, compasses, etc., and a friendly time was had by all. Finally the Indians gave a war whoop and pointed to the boats coming up the stream. It was the Indians' turn to be frightened.

Next morning they appeared again with a strange white man bringing a letter from Manuel Lisa, of the Missouri Fur Company. It seems that Lisa, with twenty stout oarsmen, had left St. Louis three weeks after Hunt's departure, and they reached the Omaha village just four days after the departure of the Hunt-Mackenzie expedition.

"The purport of his letter was to entreat Hunt to wait until he could come up with him that he might unite their forces and be a protection to each other in their perilous course through the country of the Sioux."—*Washington Irving.*

Lisa was also apprehensive that Hunt would do some underhand work with the Sioux, and thus secure safe passage through their regions, but both men were wrong in their opinion of each other. Lisa also feared that Crooks and McLelan would try to revenge themselves upon him for real or fancied injuries; McLelan had threatened to shoot him the first chance he got.

Hunt sent back an answer calculated to beguile Lisa, assuring him that he would wait for him at the Ponca village, but no sooner had the messenger departed, than he pushed forward as fast as he could, trying

to leave him as far behind as possible. The two men who had recently joined deserted and took their equipment with them and succeeded in getting away.

On May 28, the party was having breakfast on the banks of the river when they saw two canoes with three men in all. The strangers were hailed by a shot and proved to be three Kentucky hunters. One of them, Robinson, a veteran backwoodsman of about sixty years of age, wore a handkerchief about his head. In one of his battles in the "Dark and Bloody Ground", as Kentucky was called, he had been scalped but lived to tell the tale. They had been out here in the employ of the Missouri Company, but had decided to get back to their "Old Kentucky Home".

The sight of our party and the fine repast they were having, and their declared intentions of reaching the Pacific Coast, were enough to induce these daring adventurers to give up their desire to see their old Kentucky home, and so they joined the party, after casting their own canoes adrift down the river. They were a welcome addition, since they were familiar with the country.

On May 31, two Indians appeared and began gesticulating and yelling loudly, and with the aid of Pierre Dorion a conversation was carried on. After breakfast Hunt and Dorion crossed the river and one of the Indians disappeared, but showed up again on horseback. These two Indians were spies of a large body of Sioux, about 600 in all, who had been waiting for them for nearly two weeks, and were determined to oppose their progress.

When they saw this formidable array of savages, Hunt and Mackenzie took counsel; to attempt to get away and continue along the river was useless, as the current was too swift and the banks too high.

Nothing apparently remained to do but to turn back or fight, and Donald Mackenzie advised, as might be expected, to do the latter, for they numbered sixty men, were well armed and had plenty of ammunition. No sooner said than done. The boats pulled for shore, and the swivel and a howitzer were loaded and discharged, just to show the Indians what might happen.

"The Indians remained watching them in silence, their painted forms and visages glaring in the sun and their feathers fluttering. The poor Canadians eyed them with rueful glances, and now and then a fearful ejaculation would escape them. 'Parbleu! This is a sad scrape we are in, brother,' one would say to the next oarsman. 'Ay, ay!' the other would say, 'We are not going to a wedding, my friend'.

"When the boats arrived within rifle shot, the hunters and the fight-

ing personages on board seized their weapons and prepared for action. A confusion now took place among the savages. They displayed their buffalo robes and raised them above their heads and then spread them upon the ground. Then Pierre Dorion cried out, 'do not fire as this movement is their peace signal, and they wish to parley.'—*Washington Irving*.

Then a dozen of the warriors descended to the edge of the river, lighted a fire, seated themselves in a semi-circle, and lighted their calumet pipes and invited the party to land. The partners went into consultation as to whether to accept, fearing treachery; but with orders to the rest of the party to be on their guard, Mackenzie, Hunt, and the other partners, with Dorion as an interpreter, took seats and completed the circle, while on top of the banks stood the rest of the warriors, some fantastically dressed and others entirely naked.

The pipe of peace, a bowl of red stone resembling porphyry was brought forward with ceremony. It was six feet in length and was decorated with tufts of horse-hair dyed red. The pipe bearer lighted the pipe, held it toward the sun, then pointed it north, south, east, and west, after which he handed it to the principal chief. The latter smoked a few whiffs, then handed it to the partners to smoke, and Messrs. Hunt, Mackenzie, Crooks, Miller, and McLelan in turn were assured of good faith.

Fifteen carottes of tobacco and as many of corn were brought from the boat and presented to the Indians and laid in heaps by the council fire. The Chief was well pleased and gave good advice to the party, but warned them to be on their guard, as some of his young warriors were not to be trusted. After the conference they all arose and shook hands and the partners then re-embarked.

On June 2, 1811, our adventurers saw two Indians on the high bluff of the river, waving and spreading their blankets as a peace gesture. They were chiefs of the war party that had previously brought trouble to Messrs. Crooks and McLelan, and caused them to flee for their lives. Strange to say, they ran to embrace these two gentlemen as if delighted, but our two partners, with a "Beware-of-Greeks-bringing-gifts" attitude, were wary.

They spoke to Mackenzie, Hunt and the others of Carson, one of the party, and pointing to him said, "We kill white man because white man kill us; he killed one of our brothers last summer; the three white men were slain to avenge his death." The chief told the truth, and after smoking the pipe of peace and being rewarded with presents, they departed. Soon other Indians appeared and not liking the presents already given, like *Oliyer Twist* they demanded more, but were given a flat re-

fusal by Hunt on the advice and diplomacy of Donald Mackenzie, who suggested running the blockade by four boats in different parts of the river, late in the afternoon. Then appeared about a hundred more savages, who ran along the bank and, when opposite the boats, plunged into the river—after throwing away their weapons—swam to the boats and surrounded the crowd; and much to their surprise, insisted on shaking the hands of the entire party. (They were funny that way.) They proved to be a party of Arickaras, and other anti-Sioux tribes.

On July 3 the party took leave of their friendly Indians but had not gone far when the Chief came galloping along the shore. He intimated that his people could not go home unless he could prove that he had seen the white men. Of course, that meant presents, and so he was presented with a cask of powder, bags of balls and thirty-six knives, and went away smiling. Soon up comes an Indian Paul Revere, running, who announced that a boat filled with white men was coming up the river. Hunt, much to his discomfort, knew that his *bete noir*, Manuel Lisa, had again caught up with him, and that he had failed in not keeping his word.

CHAPTER VIII

THE big, twenty-oared barge of Lisa hove into view, arousing the ire of McLelan, who swore that he would shoot Lisa on the spot. He was restrained with difficulty by Hunt and Mackenzie; Crooks, too, was on the verge of an outbreak. The two rival parties traveled together for three days in comparative uneventfulness, when something happened. It will be recalled that Pierre Dorion gave Lisa "the slip" when he skipped out of St. Louis owing him a large whisky bill. Dorion now kept aloof, and was sullen and dogged.

Lisa again tried to induce Dorion to desert and join his company, and plied him with plenty of drinks, but, finding these tactics unsuccessful, mentioned the debt. A quarrel ensued, and Lisa rushed toward his boat for a weapon, as Dorion snatched up a couple of pistols belonging to Hunt. No bloodshed occurred, however, although Crooks and McLelan wanted to get into the fight on Dorion's side. Even Hunt was about to challenge Lisa to a duel, but the Englishmen, Bradbury and Brackenridge, used their good offices and the incident was closed, although the two leaders separated in anger.

On July 10, while sailing up the river with a brisk breeze, they met three Indians in a canoe who brought them news of the Arickara village. They told the travelers that the war party they had met a few days before had really saved their lives, for two other tribes, the Mandans and the Minatarees, had intended to attack them, but the majority of the Indians, being Arickaras, proved true to the whites and prevented bloodshed and perhaps massacre. Doubtless presents were again in order!

The next day the two rival companies encamped on an island about six miles from the Arickara village. The genial Mr. Brackenridge acted as ambassador between the two camps, but our travelers, rightly or wrongly, still mistrusted Lisa.

There was a terrible thunderstorm that night and everything was drenched, so they embarked early and set out for the village. About halfway they met a canoe in which were a ferocious-looking Indian chief, who said he was named Big Man, and a gigantic fine-looking fellow who proved to be the hereditary chief of the village; his name was Left-

Handed, because of his being ambidextrous. With them was an interpreter.

Mr. Hunt finally made a satisfactory agreement with them that he would exchange his boats for horses, and about ten o'clock on the morning of July 12, 1811, they all arrived at the village. They found the place divided into two portions and inhabited by two different bands. While they were looking the place over they noticed a number of canoes, each made of a single buffalo hide stretched on sticks and each one manned by a squaw—if one can say "manned" when referring to squaws!

Afterwards, Chief Left-Handed announced that the council lodge was preparing, and invited the white men to come over. His voice carried over the width of the river, a full half mile. Bradbury remarked that one of these savage warriors might often rival Achilles himself for force of lungs.

"About two o'clock, the large boat of Mr. Hunt was manned and he stepped on board accompanied by Donald Mackenzie, and R. McLelan. Lisa at the same time embarked in his barge, all in all fourteen persons, and never was the movement of rival potentates conducted with more wary exactness."—*Washington Irving*.

Donald Mackenzie had a wonderful dog which was found useful at times, and the Indians tried to lure it away.

"They landed amid a rabble crowd and were received on the bank by the left handed chief, who conducted them with grave courtesy—driving among a swarm of old squaws, imp-like boys and vagabond dogs, between dirt heaps surrounded by old palisades, all filthy and redolent of villainous smells. At length they arrived at the Council Lodge. On entering the Chief pointed to mats or cushions on which they seated themselves. The pipe of peace was handed from mouth to mouth. The Chief dictated from within what he was to proclaim, and he brawled it forth in a voice that resounded over all the village."—*Washington Irving*.

The Chief made a harangue and welcomed the white men, particularly "taking great pleasure" etc., in the approved modern-day fashion, but did not neglect to draw attention to the poverty of his people—the sure way of getting a handout.

"Lisa rose to reply, and the eyes of Hunt and Mackenzie and the others turned upon him, those of McLelan glaring like basilisks. 'Those persons, however,' said he, pointing to Hunt, Mackenzie and their companions, 'are of a different party, and are quite distinct in their views, but we make common cause when the safety of others is concerned. Any injury or insult to them I will resent it accordingly.'

"The speech of Lisa, delivered with an air of frankness and sincerity, agreeably surprised and disappointed the rival party, and although

the sincerity and good will still remained a matter of doubt, he was no longer suspected of intentions to play false. The intercourse between the two parties was resumed, and affairs of both parties went on harmoniously.

"An amusing episode occurred during this now famous meeting. Both leaders concluded their speeches by making presents of tobacco. Left-Hand in reply promised his friendship and aid to the new comers, and added that they had not the number of horses to spare that Mr. Hunt required, and expressed a doubt whether they would be able to spare any. Upon this another chieftain called 'Gray Eyes' made a speech, and declared that they could readily supply them with all the horses he might want, since if they had not enough in the village, they could easily steal more."—*Washington Irving*.

(This reminds me of my military experience when in camp. The Colonel told the sergeant to go out and get some overcoats; said he, "Get them honestly if you can, but get them," and I must add that the first one up in the morning was the best dressed man.)

As the Pacific Fur Company people knew they would soon have to abandon their boats at this place, Hunt entered into negotiations with Lisa to purchase them, and in turn to buy horses from him, or anything else that was superfluous; Lisa and Crooks completed the bargain. After two weeks absence they returned with the horses.

On July 9th, the Arickara braves, numbering three hundred, returned from a successful battle with their enemies, the Sioux, and were welcomed with a great martial ceremony. The village was a scene of festivity and triumph, and although we are told about the stoicism of the Indian, there was much piteous wailing from the poor mothers of the young warriors who had not returned.

Although the party had had many adventures, they were nothing to what was before them. A plot of some deserters, who were tired of the hardships and wanted to get back to St. Louis, was foiled. Lisa's voyageurs and trappers shook their heads and predicted dire misfortunes to the Pacific Company, and told them that they would never reach the coast.

CHAPTER IX

THE story of Astor's Overland party is gleaned from various sources. The first stage of the journey to the country of the Arickaras on the Missouri is described by John Bradbury, an English Naturalist, and Judge Henry M. Brackenridge; and the 'scribbling clerks,' as Washington Irving called Franchere, Ross and Cox, took down the narratives of the adventurers as they straggled in at their journey's end. Wilson Price Hunt, who was to have complete charge of the Astoria enterprise on his arrival at the Columbia, led the overland party, with a handy and experienced Nor' Wester, Donald Mackenzie, as his principal associate. Ramsay Crooks, later President of the American Fur Company, was also with the party; and others were Robert McLelan, a partner of Crooks on trading expeditions on the Missouri; John Day, an experienced hunter, and Joseph Miller, whose reputation as a trader on the Missouri aided greatly in recruiting for the expedition at St. Louis. Hunt commenced organizing his party at Montreal and went down to St. Louis by the way of Mackinaw. The first stage of the journey was marked by one of the most stirring events in western history,—the remarkable race of Manuel Lisa, of the Missouri Fur Company, to overtake Hunt, who had a start of two hundred forty miles. The race lasted two months, over a stretch of eleven hundred miles. Lisa wished to join parties with Hunt, for safety in passing through the Sioux Country. Crooks and McLelan feared that Lisa planned to have Hunt detained by the Indians,—a trick which he had once played on them. The Missouri Fur Company had shown opposition to Hunt at St. Louis. Lisa won the race soon after the Sioux Country was reached, and the two parties proceeded, with little friction, thanks partly to the good offices of Bradbury and Brackenridge, until they separated at the Arickara Villages."—Geo. W. Fuller, "*History of the Pacific Northwest*."

On July 18, 1811, they again took up their line of march. The party was arranged into small groups, and, dividing the equipment, some slept under tents, and others bivouaced in the open. Ramsay Crooks became so ill that he had to be carried on a litter. About July 24 they found an Indian camp and a number of horses. The Indians were of the roaming Cheyenne tribe, and trades were made for horses, which our party needed, trinkets and goods being given in exchange. The Hunt-Mackenzie party stayed here for two weeks and got along nicely with the Cheyennes, who were very clean and well-behaved. The men of this tribe were tall and straight, with high cheekbones. Some were almost

naked, models of perfection in form, and all were expert horsemen. The Cheyennes and the fur traders went hunting together and they fraternized, and, we might say, "a good time was had by all". The party now had thirty-six more horses, and on August 6 they bade good-bye to the Cheyennes.

The party was now in the Crow Country. Dorion and two of the hunters were missing, and another interpreter, named Rose, who turned out to be a renegade, tried to start a mutiny. The Crows were noted as being first class horse thieves and since Rose was connected with them by marriage, Hunt finally gave him his discharge, rather than trust him. Rose was liberally paid.

By August 13 they had reached a fork of the Little Missouri, and, crossing the river they camped for the day. Toward evening, to the surprise of everyone Dorion and his two hunter companions rejoined them and everybody welcomed them back. Irving says, "Even the squaw of Pierre Dorion, the half-breed, forgot the sternness of his domestic rule, and the conjugal discipline of the cudgel, in her joy at his safe return."

The party was now on the skirts of the Black Hills, a country of strange phenomena, wonderful scenery, and weird noises; there were many "divides"—slopes on one side of which rivers rose and finally flowed into the Atlantic Ocean, and from the other side made their way into the Pacific.

In such country they found many physical difficulties to surmount; strange animals—different from those they had been accustomed to—bighorn sheep, black-tailed deer, and the dreaded grizzly, which caused the Canadian voyageurs much uneasiness.

"Baffled in his attempts to traverse this mountain chain, they skirted along it to the southwest, keeping it on the right, and still in hopes of finding an opening.

"At an early hour one day, they camped in a narrow valley on the banks of a beautifully clear pool, and surrounded by thickets bearing an abundance of wild cherries, currants, and yellow and purple gooseberries.

"While the afternoon's meal was in preparation, Mr. Hunt and Mr. Mackenzie ascended to the summit of the nearest hill from whence, aided by the purity and transparency of the atmosphere, they commanded a vast prospect on all sides."—*Washington Irving, "Astoria."*

Balboa must have had similar feelings when, from a height, he discovered the Pacific Ocean, for far off to the west appeared spurs of the

Rocky Mountains, one snow-clad peak rising above the rest. Hunt and Mackenzie reckoned they were about 250 miles from the Atsckara village.

As recounted before, the grizzly bear was the terror of the party:

"Like the common bear he is fond of fruits, and mast and roots, the latter of which he will dig up with his fore claws. He is carnivorous also, and will even attack and conquer the lordly buffalo, dragging his huge carcass to the neighborhood of his den, that he may prey upon it at his leisure.

"The hunters, both white and red men, consider this the most heroic game. They prefer to hunt him on horseback, and will venture so near as sometimes to singe his hair with the flash of the rifle. The hunter of the grizzly bear, however, must be an experienced hand, and know where to aim at a vital part; for of all quadrupeds he is the most difficult to be killed. He will receive repeated wounds without flinching, and rarely is a shot mortal unless through the head or heart.

"That the dangers apprehended from the grizzly bear at this night encampment were not imaginary was proved on the following morning. Among the hired men of the party was one William Cannon, who had been a soldier at one of the frontier posts, and entered into the employ of Mr. Hunt at Mackinaw.

"He was an inexperienced hunter and a poor shot, for which he was much bantered by his more adroit comrades. Piqued at their raillery, he had been practicing ever since he had joined the expedition, but without success. In the course of the present afternoon, he went forth by himself to take a lesson in venerie, and, to his great delight, had the good fortune to kill a buffalo. As he was a considerable distance from the camp, he cut out the tongue and some of the choice bits, made them into a parcel, and, slinging them on his shoulders by a strap passed round his forehead, as the voyageurs carry packages of goods, set out all glorious for the camp, anticipating a triumph over his brother hunters. In passing through a narrow ravine he heard a noise behind him, and looking round beheld, to his dismay, a grizzly bear in full pursuit, apparently attracted by the scent of the meat. Cannon had heard so much of the invulnerability of this tremendous animal, that he never attempted to fire, but, slipping the strap from his forehead, let go the buffalo meat and ran for his life. The bear did not stop to regale himself with the game, but kept on after the hunter. He had nearly overtaken him when Cannon reached a tree, and, throwing down his rifle, scrambled up it. The next instant Bruin was at the foot of the tree; but as this species of bear does not climb, he contented himself with turning the chase into a blockade. Night came on. In the darkness Cannon could not perceive whether or not the enemy maintained his station; but his fears pictured him rigorously mounting guard. He passed the night in the tree a prey to dismal fancies. In the morning the bear was gone. Cannon warily descended the tree, gathered up his gun, and made his way back to camp without even venturing to look after his buffalo meat."—*Washington Irving.*

For several days they continued their westward course along the ridge dividing the tributary waters of the Missouri and the Yellowstone, climbing higher and higher, and suffering from the cold that prevailed at that altitude. They continued along and came upon the trail of a Crow band of Indians. This led them over rugged hills and down and across gullies, and they suffered great fatigue. Descending, they again encountered heat, and they suffered from the scarcity of water. They journeyed for over twenty-five miles without water, and the heat was so intense Donald Mackenzie's valuable dog died of thirst. Someone remarked that "there were some in the party that could have been spared easier."

At this time food, too, was scarce, and they all suffered terribly from hunger. Finally they killed and ate a wolf—and claimed that they enjoyed it!

At last they reached a clear stream, the fork of the Powder River. Here there were herds of buffalo, and they stocked up and rested. . . . "Rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

You remember that Messrs. Hunt and Mackenzie had, on August 17, discovered a large snow-clad mountain; that they now made their landmark. It was a peak of the Rocky Mountains.

CHAPTER X

THEIR way now led them into meetings with Flatheads, Blackfeet, Snakes, and other Indians, including a tribe called the Diggers, who ate herb roots. They were a very low grade of savages, and seemed to have an inferiority complex in regard to the other Indians, for they kept themselves secluded in caves, and generally made themselves "scarce".

One day our party met a confederated band of Shoshones and Flatheads, with whom they joined forces, and went on successful hunts. On September 9, 1811, they left their Indian friends and came to the Wind River. For five days they continued up the stream, covering a distance of eighty miles, crossing and recrossing the water, and scrambling over and around rocks and boulders.

They did not find much game here, although two grizzly bears were seen; but Donald Mackenzie could not get near enough for a shot, which was too bad, for the animals were so afraid of him that Davy Crockett, with his celebrated "Don't shoot, I'll come down, Davy", had nothing on Donald!

One day they sighted a herd of buffalo careening madly, with a troop of savages shooting them with bows and arrows in full chase. Seeing Hunt and Mackenzie and the others, they stopped abruptly and the buffaloes galloped off in one direction, while the Indians, fearing the white men, mostly hustled off in another. Our party gave chase and two young braves, not very well mounted, were overtaken. They were terribly frightened, as they had never before seen a white man, and gave themselves up for lost; but their fears were quickly allayed by kind treatment. They proved to be Snakes and conducted Mackenzie and Hunt and their companions to their camp.

The Indians were on the alert at first, but their apprehension was soon changed to joy, for some had dealt with the white men before, and confidence was established. They set food before their guests and entertained them to the best of their power. Hunt bought from them all of their good, fat, juicy buffalo meat as well as a considerable amount of beaver furs, paying for them liberally as an inducement to the hunters to get more. Both men were looking after John Jacob Astor's business.

On September 24, 1811, the party broke camp and continued for

points west: After a fifteen mile hike over a mountain range they came to a small stream, which one of the guides said was one of the headwaters of the Columbia. This was hailed with delight as it made them feel that they were nearing their destination.

They followed the stream for a couple of days and saw it gradually getting wider and wider. It was so swift that it nearly carried away some of the party while fording it. The horses had dangerous falls and one of them rolled with his load nearly two hundred feet down the hill and into the river. At length they reached a place where it was joined by a much larger stream with such a swift, Niagara-like current that, in disgust, Donald Mackenzie named it "Mad River". It looked as though it might be navigable and the Canadian voyageurs were pleased and in their element at the prospect of exchanging their horses for canoes.

On the bank of the river Hunt and Mackenzie held a conference with the other partners, McLelan, Crooks, and Miller, regarding their future arrangements, since the navigability of the stream was doubtful. They concluded that it could not be worse than what they had already gone through, so they voted to try the dangerous river.

They finally found the right kind of timber for building their boats, a small shipyard was established, and the men began to fell trees. In the meantime Hunt and Mackenzie allowed several of the men to leave, for they would not be needed in the nautical arrangements. One day two Snake Indians came into camp. They saw the white men making canoes and shook their heads, and made known that the river could not be navigated. This was bad news for our French-Canadian voyageurs, who were all set to go. But some of the scouts returned and agreed with the Indians.

Mr. Joseph Miller, who had become impatient and disgusted with their long land journey, having only a small share in the venture, wanted to try the boat system, but he was overruled.

The preceding year the Missouri Fur Company had established a post, and it was decided that they try to reach this place. The two Snake Indians offered to guide them there—they were nothing if not obliging—so the party started for the post on the upper branch of the Columbia River. On October 4 they broke camp and crossed the river and, after traveling four miles reached a mountain which took them four days to traverse. In their passage they encountered hot-springs, snow and about everything else between these extremes. At last, on a cold wintry day, (October 8), they arrived at the post of Mr. Henry, and the worn-out adventurers were glad to occupy the deserted log huts.

Timber was plentiful there, so they again started a little shipyard in which to build canoes. It was decided to leave the horses behind, so Hunt told the two Snake Indians of this decision and engaged them to remain and take care of the horses.

At this headquarters several different parties were organized; one, the beaver hunters, was headed by Robinson, the Kentuckian who had been scalped. When they were about to depart, Joseph Miller, the discontented partner, deliberately quit the company. Mr. Hunt, of whom Miller was a sort of protege, was much annoyed, and finally induced him to stay with them until the mouth of the Columbia was reached, when he would be sent home in one of the ships; so Miller left under the guidance of the two Snakes on October 10, 1811.

On the 14th, one of that forlorn caste known as the Diggers, a poor, half-naked creature, accompanied by his very miserable son, also naked, came from some lurking place among the caves and cliffs. They were nearly famished and food was given them. They wolfed this down, and then skulked about the camp for a while gathering up the feet and even the entrails of some beavers that were lying about, and finally slunk off with them to their den.

CHAPTER XI

ON THE 18th of October fifteen of the canoes were completed and they sailed away, leaving the two Snakes to take care of the horses and trusting to their honesty.

The voyageurs sailed down the stream gleefully, singing some of their French songs. All went well with them until they arrived in the Snake River. They made thirty miles after a cold trip, and camped for the night, keeping strict watch, however, for grizzlies. The following day they resumed their journey, and traveled about twenty miles; then the river current began to foam and brawl. Two of the canoes were upset, and much of their contents was lost; one drifted down the river and was broken on the rocks, but the men were saved.

It took nearly a day to go a short distance, as they were obliged to pass the canoes down cautiously by lines from the banks. After re-embarking they were again impeded by the rapids, and had to unload and carry their boats for a long distance. At these portages the Canadians were "right at home", and thus it went on. The party were real pioneers for this river had never before been navigated.

On October 24th, for the first time since embarking, they saw human beings, some Shoshones, who fled from them and left their tents with some small fish and grain therein. Later they met three Snakes, entirely naked, on a sort of raft, but they fled also, although later one of them came back; and tremblingly begged for some of the fish and grain, saying, "The Great Spirit will protect you".

On October 28th occurred a much more serious disaster. The river became very high and rough, and was broken by many dangerous rapids, which increased as they progressed. Mr. Crooks and an experienced Canadian, named Clippine, who acted as steersman were in the second canoe and this boat suddenly headed towards a rock. In a moment they struck, and the canoe split and overturned. Of the five persons on board, Mr. Crooks and one of his companions were thrown out into the roaring current, but, being exceptionally strong swimmers, succeeded in reaching shore. Two of the Canadians succeeded in climbing on top of a rock and were finally saved, but Clippine lost his life. This terrible event struck a chill into every heart.

They named this mighty, dangerous canyon, with its walls over two hundred feet high, and its dangerous vortex, "The Cauldron Linn". Beyond, the river kept getting worse. Our Astorians were discouraged and encamped along the shore of the Cauldron. Even the voyageurs, usually so cheerful and gay, were discouraged by the loss of Clippine, who had been one of the most popular of the Canadians.

It was decided to send exploring parties down each side of the river to see if it were navigable, but they found no favorable conditions. Moreover, after going about 40 miles, they reached dangerous falls, some forty feet high. They were at a complete loss, for they were in territory never before visited by white men and because of losing so many canoes, their provisions ran short. After a conference of the partners, it was decided to try a different procedure, for they were suffering from the shortage of provisions; it was thought that, by dividing their party, they would get along better than if all traveled together.

"Hunt left the Missouri on July 18th, and proceeded overland, in order to avoid the Blackfeet. There were sixty-four persons in the party, with eighty-two horses, seventy-six of which were laden with merchandise and supplies. He camped two weeks with some friendly Cheyennes, laying in buffalo meat, and from these Indians he secured thirty-six additional horses for mounts. A week was spent in the Green River Valley, hunting buffalo and curing the meat. The party was on the Snake River September 26th and at Fort Henry October 8th. Two detachments of trappers were left on the Snake, including Miller, who unexpectedly lost interest in the expedition. From the moment when the Snake River was reached, most of the party were anxious to get on the water, and at Fort Henry, Hunt could no longer resist and made the fatal mistake of entrusting their fortunes to the dangerous stream. The horses were left to the care of the Indians, and fifteen canoes were built. After nine days of gradually increasing forebodings, the first wreck occurred, at Cauldron Linn, the present dam site of the Twin Falls Irrigation System. One man was lost, and the party became thoroughly dismayed. The banks were explored for forty miles, with discouraging results, and four more canoes were lost on a trial trip. Three parties were sent out, and Crooks started to get the horses, but abandoned the attempt as hopeless and came back."

—Geo. W. Fuller, *"History of the Pacific Northwest."*

Returning to Donald Mackenzie and his voyageurs, a description of their trip shows that for miles all was easy going, then a roar was heard ahead, which gradually grew louder; the current quickened and across the stream stretched a long reach of turbulent, white foam. The head voyageur stood up and surveyed the rapids ahead. To the uninitiated eye nothing was seen but jagged rocks, impossible to pass. But the ex-

perienced leader quickly picked out a practical route, and he signaled to the steersman, who also stood up and studied the situation.

Now they are in the white, foamy water, and they descend the current with the speed of an arrow. It looks like sure destruction, but the crew, like the U. S. Marines, "have the situation well in hand", and deft paddling enabled them to avoid most of the obstacles.

We shall learn, through this biography, how some of these leaders came to grief.

"They wintered on the Missouri, and in the spring of 1811 continued their way up the river, partly by boat and partly by horseback, and, after many adventures, reached the Rocky Mountains. Their real troubles began when they attempted to descend one of the great branches of the Columbia. They were compelled to abandon their canoes, provisions became very scarce, and finally they cached the goods and baggage and broke up into several parties, each seeking a practicable route to the mouth of the Columbia. It was already late in the season, the country was destitute of game, and the situation had become desperate. Mackenzie, who had charge of one of the parties, called his little band together and said to them: 'Now, my friends there is still hope before us; to linger on our way, to return back, or to be discouraged and stand still, is death—a death of all others most miserable; therefore take courage; let us persevere and push on ahead, and all will end well; the foremost will find something to eat, the last may fare worse.' Encouraged by his example, they started on their long tramp to the sea. At one time for five days they were without a mouthful to eat. A beaver and its skin kept the party alive for three days. They became so weak that Mackenzie, whose courage rose superior to all trials, carried two of the men's blankets, as well as his own."—*L. J. Burpee, in "Queen's Quarterly", May, 1919.*

CHAPTER XII

WHEN hearing of some of the exploits of our hero, as told me when a small boy by my father, I often compared him with other Scottish heroes, like Wallace and Bruce; but I also compared him with the "Three Musketeers". Donald had the bravery and dash of D'Artagnan, the strength of Porthos, and—according to some of his enemies—the tact and artifices of Aramis, but withal, he had the nobleness of Athos, as will be seen throughout this biography.

From a letter from Astor to Thomas Jefferson, Esq., March 14, 1812, I quote in part:

"Sir: I am inclined to take the liberty of addressing you, from the belief that it will afford you some satisfaction to be informed of the progress that has been made in carrying on a trade with the Indians, which at the commencement was favored with your approbation. . . .

"In June 1810 I sent a party of men, say about seventy in number to ascend the Missouri with a view to make Columbia River and meet the people who had gone by water, as well as to ascertain the points at which it might be most proper to establish posts for trade etc. . . .

"The last account which I had of the party which ascended the Missouri was by letter of 17 July 1811, about 180 miles below the Mandan Village . . . They were well provided and had procured nearly one hundred horses to transport their baggage. The accounts as to ultimate success were fair and encouraging and they had no doubt of meeting their friends who went by sea, which I think they must have done in October last."

All of which shows that Astor was pleased with the Hunt-Mackenzie expedition to date.

Our Astorians were now divided into four desperate parties. Crooks and five men retraced their journey up the river. McLelan with three men went down the bank of the stream. Donald Mackenzie and five men started north across the desert plains, looking for the main stream of the Columbia River. Wilson Price Hunt feared to follow him across the lava desert of the Snake River Plains on account of lack of water, so remained behind with thirty-one men, Pierre Dorion, his squaw and (now) two children, and built several caches in which to hide their goods and provisions.

"Three days had been thus employed, since the departure of the

several detachments, when that of Mr. Crooks unexpectedly made its appearance. A momentary joy was diffused through the camp, for they supposed succor to be at hand. It was soon dispelled, as Crooks and his companions had become completely disheartened by this retrograde march through the bleak and barren country. So one trip of the party was a failure, and came to grief, and their expectation was to get news from McLelan and Reed, his companion, who had gone down the river and, as to Mackenzie's detachment, which had struck out across the plains, they thought it would have sufficient difficulty in struggling forward through the trackless wilderness. At length two of Reed's companions returned and were hailed with anxious eagerness, but their report was a disappointment. The river presented the same furious aspect, brawling and boiling along a narrow, rugged channel, between rocks that rose like walls.

"All of the party here at the camp became disgusted, and called the place the 'Devil's Scuttle Hole'."—*Washington Irving*.

The different routes taken were reminiscent of "You take the High Road, and I'll take the Low Road, and I'll be in Scotland before Ye" and we shall see later on how they all fared.

Mr. Hunt and his party finally broke camp, and, after many adventures, and a weary journey of 472 miles, on December 6th, 1811, they beheld a group of white men across the river. With the aid of horse-skin boats they crossed the river, and so became reunited with Crooks and his party, who by this time were nearly famished. But this is a chronicle of the exploits of Donald Mackenzie.

Hunt and Crooks compared notes, and Crooks related how, several days previously, he had spoken to Mackenzie on the opposite side of the river, but that it had been impossible to cross.

"The companions of Mackenzie and Reed were picked men and had found plenty of provisions, and were in better condition and more fitted to contend with the difficulties of the country, than those of Mr. Crooks, and when he lost sight of them, were pushing onward down the course of the river."—*Washington Irving*.

On December 13, 1811, the Hunt party, after many vicissitudes and nearly starving besides, saw several Indians on the opposite side of the river, and endeavored to trade with them. He at first offered a rifle for a horse, but finally succeeded in getting the horse for an old tin kettle and a few beads.

From information he had received, and the realization of the difficulties before them, Mr. Hunt was considerably worried. As Irving says: "This intelligence added to the anxiety of Mr. Hunt for the fate of Donald Mackenzie and his people, who had kept on."

(It is too bad that Mackenzie did not have reporters with him, nor

even a "scribbling clerk", for this lack of his forces me to get my information from others.)

At last Hunt reached an Indian village of thirty-four lodges. Here he found that the natives were better clothed, and possessed over two hundred horses, modern brass kettles, axes, and other articles, which led him to believe that he was getting nearer to civilization and the Pacific Coast. He learned with delight that the great Columbia River was only two days away, and was told that some white people had recently descended it. He hoped these might prove to be Donald Mackenzie and Robert McLelan.

CHAPTER XIII

AFTER leaving the Devil's Scuttle Hole, the parties under McLelan and Reed met Mackenzie's party among the Snake River Mountains—about a dozen men in all, mostly Canadians.

"All without horses, provisions or information of any kind, and they all agreed that it would be worse than useless to try to return to Hunt, and encumber him with so many starving men, and that the only course was to extricate themselves as soon as possible from this land of famine and misery, and make their way the best they could to the Columbia.

"They accordingly continued to follow the downward course of the Snake River, clambering rocks and mountains, and defying all of the difficulties and dangers of that rugged defile, which subsequently, when the rivers were fallen, was found to be impassable by Messrs. Hunt and Crooks.

"Though constantly near the borders of the river, and a part of the time within sight of the current, one of their greatest sufferings was of thirst. The river had worn its way in a deep channel through rocky mountains, destitute of springs; its banks were so high that they could not get down to drink its waters.

"They suffered the torments of Tantalus; water continually in sight, yet fevered with the most parching thirst. Here and there they met with rainwater in the hollows of rocks. Their sufferings from hunger were equally severe. They could meet with no game and subsisted for a time on strips of beaver skin, broiled on the coals. They were doled out to them in scanty allowances, barely sufficient to keep up existence, and at length failed them altogether. Still they crept feebly on, scarcely dragging one limb after another, until a severe snow storm halted them. To struggle against it was impossible, so cowering under an impending rock at the foot of a steep mountain, they prepared themselves for that wretched fate that seemed inevitable.

"When everything was hopeless, McLelan saw a bighorn under a shelving rock, and he set out to get within shot of the animal and his comrades watched him with breathless anxiety, for their lives depended upon his success; luckily he killed it on the spot, for if he had only wounded it, they were too weak to get it. They were so very weak that the declivity of the hill enabled them to roll it down. They fell to work and cut it up, yet exerted a remarkable self-denial for men in their starving condition, for they contented themselves for the present with a soup made from the bones, reserving the flesh for future repasts. This providential relief gave them strength to pursue their journey, but they frequently were reduced to almost equal straits, and it was only the small-

ness of their party, requiring a small supply of provisions, that enabled them to get through this desolate region with their lives."—*Washington Irving*.

Donald Mackenzie was the man for the part and was appreciated as a born leader.

To make the account of this part of the trip short, we will again quote:

"At length after twenty-one days of toil and suffering, they got through these mountains, and arrived at a stream of that branch of the Columbia, called Lewis River, of which Snake River forms the Southern Fork.

"In this neighborhood they met with wild horses, the first they had seen west of the Rockies. From hence they made their way to Lewis River, where they fell in with a friendly tribe of Indians who freely administered to their necessities.

"On this river they procured two canoes, in which they dropped down the stream to Astoria, where they arrived haggard and emaciated, and perfectly in rags on January 18, 1812."—*Washington Irving*, "*Astoria*."

"It was finally decided that the river was unnavigable. The merchandise was cached, and the expedition was divided. Crooks, with eighteen men, went down the left bank, and Hunt went down the right bank with twenty-two persons, including a half-breed interpreter, Pierre Dorion, his wife and two children. Both parties were short of provisions, and both were stopped by difficult travelling, where the river breaks through the Blue Mountains. Crooks and Day crossed to the right bank. Much of the journey was retraced in order to secure provisions from the Indians. Crooks was ill, and he and Day decided to winter among the natives. Hunt secured a guide and went on again, reaching Astoria on February 15th, 1812, where he found that his three exploring parties, headed by Mackenzie, McLelan, and Reed, sent out from Caldron Linn, and not heard from afterwards, had succeeded in uniting and had beaten him by a month. Hunt lost one man in the mountains, and a child born to Dorion's wife in the Grande Ronde died on the journey. At the time when the progress of Hunt and Crooks was brought to a stop by the mountains and Hunt sent some food across the river to the other party, one man became frantic at the sight of meat, upset a canoe and was drowned. Crooks and Day went on to the Grande Ronde before winter was over. Four Canadians who were with them decided to stay with the Indians, and they reached the Columbia in April. Some friendly Indians assisted them, but at the Dalles they were robbed and stripped of their clothing. They were going back to the tribe which had befriended them, when David Stuart's party from the Okanogan picked them up. Of the trapping parties left on the Snake, and Crooks' four Canadians, thirteen in all, seven appeared at Astoria about a year later."—*Geo. W. Fuller*, "*History of the Pacific Northwest*."

CHAPTER XIV

"MESSRS. MACKENZIE, McLelan and Reed had united their parties on the Snake River Mountains, through which they traveled twenty-one days to the Mulpot River, subsisting on an allowance by no means adequate to the toils they underwent daily and to the smallness of their number (which was in all eleven) they attribute their success in getting with life to where they found some wild horses. They soon after reached the fork called by Captains Lewis and Clark Kooskooske, went down Lewis's River and the Columbia wholly by water, without any misfortune, except the upsetting in a rapid of Mr. McLelan's canoe, and although it happened on the first day of the year, yet by great exertion they clung to the canoe till the others came to their assistance, making their escape with the loss of some rifles, they reached Astoria early in January the first of all to arrive.

"Three of the five men who remained with Mr. Crooks, afraid of perishing by want, left him in February on a small river on the road by which Mr. Hunt had passed in quest of Indians, and have not since been seen."—From "*Missouri Gazette*", May 15, 1813.

"Here they found the men who had set off from the Snake River Canyon under Mackenzie, McLelan and Reed. The three parties gravitated together in the hills and had forced their way through the canyons of the Seven Devils and Craig Mountains, against the terrifying obstacles, which had turned Hunt and Crooks back from their route. Another case of 'He said it couldn't be done'. But he did it."—*Constance Skinner*.

The Mackenzie crowd welcomed Hunt and his companions with loud cheers. The Scotchmen all clasped hands, and the volatile Canadian voyageurs embraced and kissed each other, while the taste of dog was quickly obliterated from the mouth by copious draughts of rum.

"Wilson Price Hunt, the leader of this party, seems to have possessed every qualification for this position except the essential one of experience, and his decision to take the southerly route, turned out to be the first of a series of errors, which with the best of intentions, he was to make during the course of his journey.

"There were four groups headed by the partners Hunt, Mackenzie, McLelan and Crooks, respectively; the fifth partner, Joseph Miller, had thrown up his shares in disgust on October 9, 1811. After nearly perishing with hunger the first arrivals, being the detachments of the veterans, Mackenzie and McLelan, arrived at Astoria January 18, 1812.

"Hunt's party arrived February 15, and Crooks, who was taken ill and too weak to travel, was robbed by Indians, who professed to be

friendly, even taking off all their clothes, and he did not reach Astoria until May 11, 1812."—*Kenneth Porter.*

"On January 18, 1812, the first overlanders arrived at Astoria, including the partners, Donald Mackenzie and Robert McLelan, and a clerk, John Reed.

"Just as Astor had shown favor to the Americans by Thorn in command of the 'Tonquin,' so he had advanced Wilson Price Hunt, an American, over the co-leader, Donald Mackenzie, a Canadian, to command the overland expedition.

"In spite of his ability and energy, Hunt was unequal to the great task of leading a discontented and motley crew on a journey, the nature of which he did not fully understand.

"Mackenzie, more experienced and more impetuous, was irked by delay, as well as by demotion. It is not surprising that this strong and courageous leader was first to arrive at Astoria."—*R. C. Clark "Willamette Valley."*

Incidentally, it is reported that John Jacob Astor said that he would rather have one French-Canadian than three Americans, thus again showing the wisdom of Donald Mackenzie in wanting to have more of the Canadian voyageurs in his party. But as we have seen, he was overruled.

BYSTANDER AND THE ASTORIANS

"To the Editor of The Globe: In a recent issue of The Globe 'Bystander at the Office Window,' when giving a sketch of the career of David Thompson, refers also to the Pacific Fur Co., saying that John Jacob Astor had already sent two expeditions from New York: One of these went overland and never reached the coast."

"Bystander must have been behind a green shutter on that occasion, for he failed to see the overland party, when their supplies were exhausted, divide into four companies. One under W. P. Hunt and one under Mr. Crooks took one side of the river; the other two parties the other side, under the leadership of Donald Mackenzie and Mr. McLelan. The latter, after enduring great hardship, rejoined Mr. Mackenzie's party.

"Mr. Mackenzie, addressing the united company, said: 'Now, my friends, there is still hope before us. To linger on our way, to turn back, or to be discouraged and stand still, is death—a death of all others most miserable; therefore, take courage; let us persevere and push on ahead, and all will end well; the foremost will find something to eat, the last may fare worse.' On hearing these cheering words, the poor fellows took off their caps, gave three cheers, and at once shot ahead. They were for five days without any food; they then caught a beaver, on which they subsisted for three days more, the beaver making only about a mouthful each for nine men.

"At this time some of his men were so reduced that Mackenzie, who was a very large and powerful man, had to help some of his men; and carry the equipment of two of them along with his own. He alone, of

all the party, stood the trial well; and, by still cheering and encouraging his men on, he brought them at length to the main waters of the Columbia, at Walla-Walla, a little below the great forks, from thence they descended in canoes with the current to the long-looked-for Astoria on January 18, 1812.

"Mr. Hunt and his party arrived February 15, and Mr. Crooks and his party on April 15.

"Bystander" says also 'that it was to David Thompson the Astorians sold their rights.' The Astorians sold their rights and property to John George Mactavish, Angus Bethune, and Joseph La Rocque. The agreement was approved of later on the arrival of Joseph MacGillivray, John Stuart, and Alexander Stuart of the North West Fur Company. It was John Thompson, not David, who had been on the Columbia at that date.

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

38 Coolmine Road, Toronto."

—*Toronto Globe*, Sept. 13, 1922.

The author is glad to hear of this article, and to know that two such historical errors did not go unchallenged. The contributor of the article, Alexander Mackenzie, was the grand-nephew of Donald, and was, therefore, a cousin of the writer. Before his death he was engaged in writing a history of the Mackenzie family, and the above article apparently, as modern slang goes, "got his goat".

By way of commenting on the different partners and leaders of the Pacific Fur Company, and the success of the Mackenzie party, we here give another quotation:

"This party was under the leadership of Wilson Price Hunt. Subtly opposed by the North Westers at Mackinaw and by the Missouri Fur Company at St. Louis, it was with only endless delays and difficulties that Hunt had been able to procure a proper and sufficient personnel. His expedition, which stories of Sioux and Blackfoot hostility had caused him to increase from thirty to sixty members, consisted of the partners Hunt, Mackenzie, Ramsay Crooks, Robert McLellan and one Joseph Miller who in a strange fit of sulks turned trapper and abandoned the expedition in the mountains; a number of trappers, hunters, voyageurs and the interpreter, Pierre Dorion with his courageous and devoted Indian wife and two small children.

"Hunt was a most loyal, devoted, conscientious and even able man but not entirely fitted for the command. His career, as personal representative of Astor, was marred by several well meant but serious mistakes. Instead of following the Lewis and Clark route as planned by Astor, he allowed himself to be persuaded that his large, well-armed party could not safely continue up the Missouri through the country of the Blackfeet—which they unquestionably could have done. Instead he ordered the canoes abandoned at the Arikara villages, bought horses from this people and the party proceeded westward from there, by way of the Black Hills and the Big Horn Mountains to the main ridge of the

Rockies. There Hunt, refusing to take the advice of trappers who had already crossed the Divide, turned south from a point on Wind River. They managed, however, by hard travel through difficult passes to reach tributaries of Snake or Lewis River—a branch of the Columbia. There their real troubles began. Rashly they abandoned the horses, and building canoes, embarked on the river which in time became impossible to navigate. Now they must proceed on foot, carrying their indispensable burdens. Winter was coming on; it was a bleak region barren of game, inhabited by a few famished bands of poverty stricken Indians. Snow impeded their progress; for many weary months starvation walked with them; a dog, a skeleton horse bought from the natives, a beaver skin or a few roots kept life in their emaciated bodies; two of the voyageurs were drowned, one having gone insane from hunger. The parties separated; some of the members, unable to proceed, were left behind, among these, Ramsay Crooks with the hunter John Day. Months later these two men reached the Columbia where they were robbed of guns and ammunition and stripped naked by the thieving Falls' Indians.

"Pierre Dorion's heroic wife gave birth to a baby during those fearful days in the mountains, but she must march with the men, and, after but one day's respite, uncomplainingly took the trail. In a short time the baby died.

"At last the various contingents, some by one route, some by another, reached the Columbia and in February, 1812, most of the party were united at Astoria, where Donald Mackenzie had already arrived."—*Flandrau, "Astor and the Oregon Country."*

Of an interesting event regarding the Dorions while in the Reed party, which Donald Mackenzie had sent to the Snake Country, we read:

"Reed's party on the Snake River had to be brought in, but just as messengers were starting, Mario Aloe, the wife of Pierre Dorion, arrived at the mouth of the Walla Walla with a tale of bloodshed. Her own conduct and fortitude in connection with the loss of Reed's party entitled her to a place of first rank among frontier heroines. Reed went into the Snake Country with the Dorion family and five French Canadians. Two of these men died from disease and injury and another was killed by the Indians while trapping. Three of the hunters whom Reed was seeking joined the party. A house was built as headquarters for the winter trapping, and there Reed and one other man usually stayed while the rest were out. At the time of the tragedy, Dorion and three others were at a hut near their line of traps. A friendly Indian brought word to Reed, late one evening, that a band of Snakes were approaching with murderous intent, and Dorion's wife took her two children, got a horse and started for the trappers' hut. She lost her way in the night, spent the first day under cover from a storm, spent two more days in travelling and hiding, and, just as she came in sight of the hut, met one of the men badly wounded. He said that Dorion and the other men had been killed. She put the wounded man on her horse with one child and turned back, travelling at night. It was not possible to go far next day and the man

died that night. Mrs. Dorion went on, and on the second day reached the house, finding that Reed and his companions had been murdered and cut to pieces. She hid her children in the woods, building a small fire occasionally to warm them, and then rolling them up again in her Buffalo robe. On two nights she stole down to the house and secured a stock of dried fish. After resting three days, she loaded the horse, set the children on top of the pack, and led the animal through the snow for nine days. Selecting a lonely spot in the Blue Mountains for winter quarters, she killed and dressed the horse and hung the meat on a tree. Here she spent nearly two months in a hut built of pine branches and moss and packed with snow. Then she started with the children to cross the mountains on foot, reaching the plains on the fifteenth day. She had to carry the children much of the way, and they had little to eat the last week, and nothing at all for two days. Smoke could be seen in the distance, and she left the children wrapped in the robe and went ahead, scarcely able to crawl. Darkness came on and she had to sleep. At noon the next day, she dragged herself into a camp at Walla Walla (where they cared for her and brought back her children that night.)"—Geo. W. Fuller.

It seems to me that Mrs. Pierre Dorion performed a most heroic deed which should rank with the achievements of Laura Secord, the Canadian heroine of the War of 1812, or of Mollie Pitcher, the American woman of the Revolutionary War.

Speaking of Dorion's wife, and the horrible butchery by the Indians:

"On being interrogated, she could give no reason for the murderous attack of the savages. It appeared to be perfectly wanton and unprovoked. Some of the Astorians supposed it an act of butchery by a roving band of Blackfeet."—*Washington Irving*.

Others, including Donald Mackenzie, with a greater probability for correctness, have ascribed it to the tribe of Pierced-nose Indians in revenge for the death of their comrade, hanged by order of Mr. Clark.

Thus we see how my grandfather, Donald Mackenzie and his party won the great race from the Missouri to the Pacific.

In describing the journey of Hunt, the leader of one of the other parties, in the great race to the Pacific, we quote:

"As a matter of fact, Hunt's party was not the first, though it was the most important band of the Astoria overland outfit to reach the mouth of the Columbia. Mackenzie, Reed and McLelan, who had been left far behind back toward the Rockies, in some way best known to themselves made it straight through across lots until they cut the Lewis and Clark trail on the Clearwater. They built boats there and got down the Snake and Columbia, reaching Astoria on January 18, 1812, almost a month ahead of Hunt.

"There remained back on the trail somewhere Crooks and Day, who had stayed on the Snake among the Indians, with their Canadians. It

was always easy for the French voyageurs to take up life among the savages; wherefore, three of the Canadians promptly abandoned their white companions, accumulated dusky mates and settled down, not caring whether Mr. Astor made any money or not. The other Canadian became exhausted and was left with the Shoshones. Crooks and Day managed to go on, always with the aid of Indians. By April of 1812 they had reached the Columbia River. In May they were found by a party of Astorians under David Stuart and taken down to the Post, which they reached May 12, 1812, more than a year out of St. Louis and after hardships of the extremest sort.

"These westbound Astorians still had men and goods scattered all across the western part of the continent. There were four men left back by Crooks and the two trapping parties left on the head waters of the Snake—thirteen men in all. Of these seven got on through to Astoria, a full year later, reaching the post January 15, 1813.

"These events sound simple in the telling, but what an astonishing series of experiences they cover! In this wild journey they had traveled more than thirty-five hundred miles."—*Emmerson Houghton, in "Saturday Evening Post"*

Thus we have several descriptions of the Astorians and their famous adventures along what really proved to be the greater parts of the noted "Oregon Trail", especially the eastern and western ends. Both Ross Cox and Franchère in their narratives describe the arrival of Mackenzie and his men at Astoria.

"Their concave cheeks, protuberant bones, and tattered garments," says the former, "strongly indicated the dreadful extent of their privations; but their health appeared uninjured and their gastronomic powers unimpaired." Franchère is more dramatic. "On the 10th or 18th [January]—there is a discrepancy in the dates between Ross Cox and Franchère—he says, "in the evening two canoes full of white men arrived at the establishment. Mr. McDougal, the resident agent, being confined to his room by sickness, the duty of receiving the strangers devolved on me. My astonishment was not slight, when one of the party called me by name, as he extended his hand, and I recognized Mr. Donald Mackenzie, the same who had quitted Montreal, with Mr. W. P. Hunt, in the month of July, 1810 . . . [They] arrived in a pitiable condition . . . their clothing nothing but fluttering rags."

CHAPTER XV

"THE destruction of the 'Tonquin' [which had been dispatched by Astor with supplies] left Astoria defenseless, and might have proved fatal to the enterprise, but whilst these scenes were yet fresh in the minds of the Astorians, and augmented the gloom occasioned by these harassing and perilous situations, the timely arrival of Donald Mackenzie with the first division of the overland party, made them forget for the moment, that their friends of the 'Tonquin' were no more."—*Alexander Ross, "Oregon Settlers."*

In referring to the "Tonquin" with its ill-fated Captain Thorn, Constance Skinner says, in the "Adventures of Oregon",

"Her Captain, Jonathan Thorn, was a Naval Officer on leave of absence. He was a man of rigid determination and easily moved to wrath, by the smallest infringement of the hide-bound rules of his code; a faithful, loyal man, but without the least understanding of human nature, and too lacking in imagination to have any sympathy, or good feeling towards persons who were different from himself, and whose characters, therefore, could not commend themselves toward him."

This was yet another of the many mistakes of Astor in his choice of leaders, but this biography will show that for tact and diplomacy, as well as for the utmost bravery and loyalty, when in his employ, Donald Mackenzie proved his capacity.

Again, Grinnell says in his book:

"Mackenzie, on his way up the Columbia, did not get beyond the Cascades, for here he found the river frozen, so he camped and spent the winter among the Indians, showing, in his dealings with them, remarkable tact and judgment."

At the beginning of Spring, Astoria prepared to send forth various expeditions, as there were many important things to do; for instance, to send a supply of goods to the trading post of David Stuart; also to visit the caches, left at the Cauldron Linn; to John Reed, the young Irishman, was assigned the task of taking dispatches across the continent to John Jacob Astor in New York. Reed was to trace his way back over the mountains by the same route by which he had come, and he had for companions a Kentucky hunter and two Canadians. They thought per-

haps they might meet the unfortunate Mr. Crooks, who had not yet arrived at Astoria.

The fiery partner, R. McLelan, had become dissatisfied with the few shares of stock he owned and requested more, but was refused. Being self-willed and determined, he was allowed to accompany Reed. Reed prepared himself with true Irish zeal, and strapped the tin case, containing the important papers for Astor, on his back. He intended to sleep with it on his back, "never to part with it but with his life".

So on March 23, 1812, the different groups departed. Their route would be the same for four hundred miles, through dangerous passes and rapids, and with desperate freebooters and other marauders to contend with. There were about eighteen in the party, at Mackenzie's suggestion, for they had learned from experience in coming out that a small group succeeded better than large groups of sixty or more.

In April they arrived at Long Narrows, that place of dangerous thieves, and since it was necessary to portage, they hired some Cathlasco Indians to help them with their horses . . . with "the gallant Irishman striding along at the head with his case glistening on his back".

The Indians proved unreliable, and when passing through canyons, would sneak up some defile, and then carry away bales of goods. Many knives and pocket handkerchiefs disappeared, and the nice shining tin case of John Reed interested them strangely. It was in imminent jeopardy, for the savages supposed the bright tin case must be "great medicine".

The party was surrounded by about 150 Indians, and McLelan and Reed stood guard over their important package. When one of the Indians attempted to hoodwink McLelan by waving a buffalo robe with one hand, while trying to stab him with the other, McLelan promptly shot him through the heart.

Reed was too slow in getting his rifle ready. He received a blow over the head with a war club and was robbed, and the tin box, the cause of it all, was taken. Reed was weltering in blood and was about to be dispatched by an Indian with tomahawk in hand, when Stuart and seven other men arrived, and the Kentuckian shot the miscreant on the spot. The Indians were in a panic and two of the younger ones actually fainted. Stuart, after they had recovered, ordered that they should be deprived of their arms, their undergarments taken off, and a piece of cloth tied around their waists, in imitation of a squaw, an Indian punishment for cowardice.

The Indians attempted revenge and then tried to negotiate for the wounded Reed, who they claimed would die anyway. They argued that their chief could offer him up as a sacrifice, and his tribe would then be placated; however, they compromised after some diplomacy, and the Wishram Indian heroes departed across the river, after exchanging tobacco for blankets. The savages then immediately began drinking the blood of some of their horses.

"The tin case, however, containing the important dispatches for New York, was irretrievably lost; the very precaution taken by the worthy Hibernian to secure the missives, had, by rendering them conspicuous, produced their robbery. The object of Reed's overland journey being defeated, he gave up the expedition."—*Washington Irving*.

Later in this history we shall see how Donald Mackenzie safely delivered to Astor the most important documents, together with money, etc., and demonstrated that he could "carry a message to Garcia".

On the way back to Astoria, they were hailed by English voices, which proved to be those of the wretched Ramsay Crooks, and his faithful John Day, the Kentuckian, who recounted all the exciting, harrowing experiences they had had. Well, to make a long story short, they all finally reached Astoria May 11, 1812.

"Mackenzie penetrated some hundred miles in the Willamette River, but more with a view of exploring the southern quarter, seeing the Indians and studying the topography of the country, than for the purpose of providing beavers. What was to hinder such a daring and energetic man as Donald Mackenzie from taking such excursions?"—*Alexander Ross*.

It was on April 18, 1812, that Mackenzie set out with five or six men for far into the interior. Their journey took them though a pass 5,200 feet high, which, incidentally, has been named the McKenzie Highway in honor of our explorer.

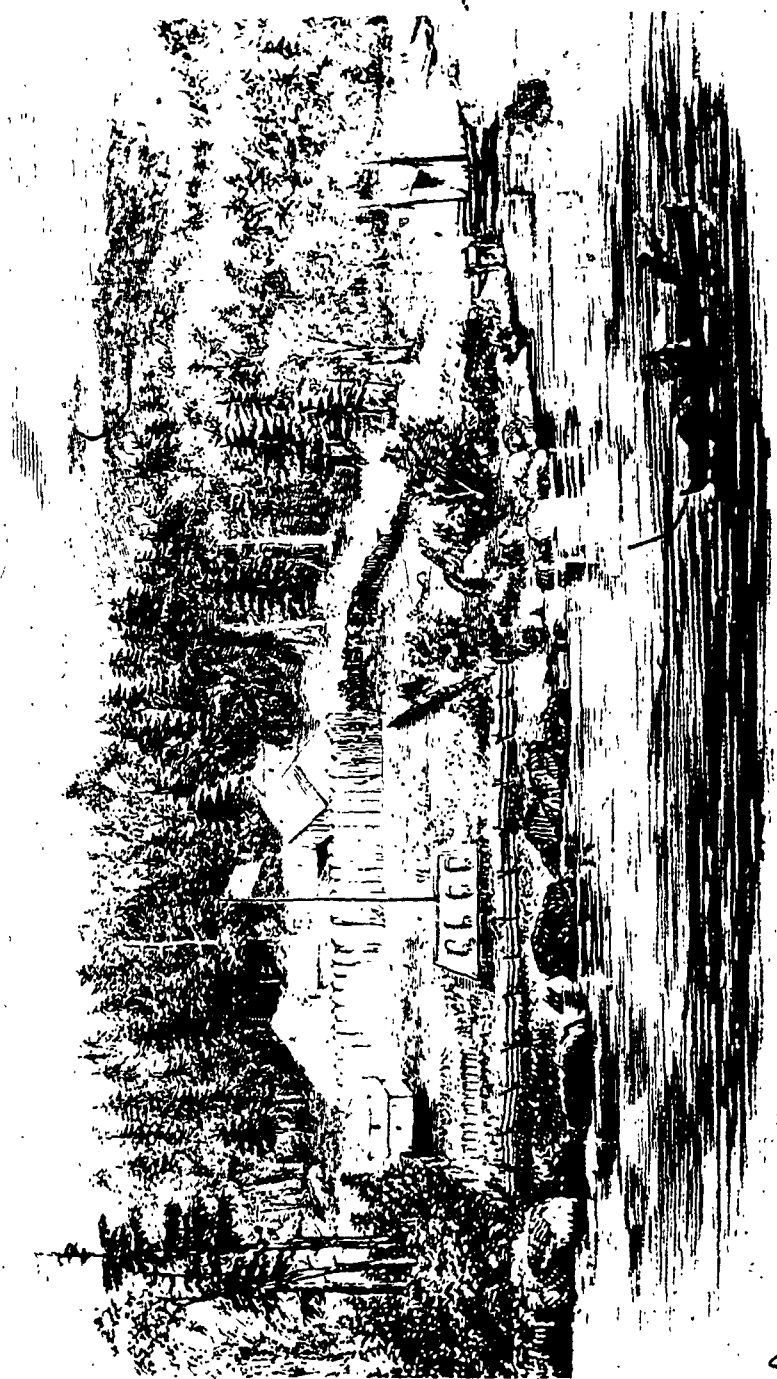
"In his journey, during the spring of 1812, Donald Mackenzie explored the country southward from the Columbia, some hundred miles or more, ascending the Willamette to the country of the Calapooyas, and to the stream which bears his name to this day.

"The object of this expedition was the examination of the country, its topography, soil and climate, rather than hunting."—*Bancroft, "History of the Northwest Coast."*

(In this, he was very much like his famous cousin, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who, together with his brother, Sir Roderick, was Donald's patron saint.)

"On the way out Jervais, one of Mackenzie's men, had beaten a Wakiakum for stealing. This aroused the indignation of the tribe, and





Astoria—as it was in 1813

their mutterings of vengeance reached McDougall's ears, who immediately dispatched a letter telling the party to beware. The message was delivered to Mackenzie while at the hostile camp at the mouth of the Willamette, and where preparations were at that moment being made to surprise his party. Hastily repairing to their boats to embark, they found the tide so low that they could not leave the bank quickly enough to prevent attack.

"Mackenzie, ever ready, come what might, turned to the angry savages a bold front, and began questioning them as to the most suitable place for a fort, saying, after some time, that he would camp there that night, and in the morning look further.

"This so threw the Wakiakums off their guard, that they left the intruders for the present, intending to revisit them towards morning with a spirit of vengeance, but before they reached the camp, the party was well on its way to Astoria, Mackenzie availing himself of the first rise of the tide to shove off and be gone."—*Bancroft, "History of the Northwest Coast."*

CHAPTER XVI

IN A book of this size it is impossible to include many interesting events regarding the sea voyage of some of the Astorians; the space must be devoted to Donald Mackenzie.

On July 6, 1812, Mackenzie, Clarke, John Reed, Stuart and the rest encamped at a place noted for robbery and treachery, and they were prepared for any eventuality. Each one was equipped with a surtout made of the skin of an elk, which was a sort of armor shirt; it was arrow-proof and would even resist some musket balls. They posted themselves in military style, but, after all, nothing happened, except a canoe upset, and some of the goods sunk. The savages lurking around soon seized upon it, and immediately ripped open a bale of goods and divided the contents.

Apparently hijacking was common, and numerous savages were set upon and robbed by others.

"In fact, they had scarcely set their first watch one night, when an alarm of 'Indians' was given. 'To arms!' was the cry; a war party of Shoshones had surprised a canoe of the natives; had murdered four men and two women."—*Washington Irving*."

On July 19, 1812, our parties arrived at a smoother part of the river and were able to make better speed. Meeting some Indians, Mr. Crooks recognized two who had robbed him. He had them seized and bound hand and foot; they quite expected to be killed, but Crooks was not revengeful, and said he would let them go if they returned the property they had stolen.

Besides all their troubles with the Indians (and we shall have to omit many of those tales), they frequently ran across rattlesnakes, which infested the rocks about the rapids and the portages. At one time they found a nest of them basking in the sun. Mackenzie and his military partner, McLellan, killed and wounded thirty-seven of them, and for protection strewn tobacco leaves around the camp, since they were supposed to be abhorrent to reptiles.

On reaching the Walla Walla the combined parties, that had thus far journeyed together, were to separate, each for its own particular destination.

The Walla Walla Indians were a friendly tribe, and being like the Cheyennes, equestrian in their habits, the travelers procured many horses.

The different leaders had various adventures, but we will confine ourselves to Donald Mackenzie's exploits.

"In June, 1812, Mackenzie left with a party of men to establish a trading post on Lewis River—now Snake River—one of the great tributaries of the Columbia. Stuart and Clarke, two of the other partners, set forth at the same time in charge of parties, one for the Okanagan and the other for the Spokane country. They all traveled up the Columbia together. At the Cascades they were held up by a large party of Indians. Clarke, who was in supreme command, became intimidated by their threats, and knew not whether to advance or retreat. For several days he remained inactive, trying to temporize with the natives. Finally Mackenzie lost patience, took over the command himself, ordered the tents to be struck and the parties to advance. The Indians fell back, and they got through without molestation or loss.

"The previous day Mackenzie had noticed in one of the chiefs' lodges a rifle that had been stolen from one of the traders some time previously. He determined to recover it. As soon, therefore, as the camp had been safely moved above the Cascades, he took eight men, well armed, with him and went direct to the chief's lodge. Then stationing four of his men at the door, he himself went in with the other four and demanded the stolen rifle; but the chief denied that he had it or that it was in his lodge. Mackenzie insisted that it was there, and said he was determined to have it; and seeing that fair means would not avail he drew his dagger and began to turn over and cut up everything that came in his way, until at last the rifle was discovered, when he upbraided the chief for falsehood and dishonesty, took the rifle, and with his party made for the door of the lodge. The Indians were now assembling together in crowds; but before they had time to decide on any step, Mackenzie and his men were out of their reach, carrying the rifle with them. 'The business,' adds Ross, 'was well timed, for had they delayed some minutes longer in the lodge, it is hard to say what the consequences might have been.' This was characteristic of Mackenzie's method of dealing with the Indians. He never made idle threats, and never faltered once he had made up his mind to carry a thing through. As a result he was respected and feared by the same Indians who showed their contempt for some of his white companions."—*L. J. Burpee, in "Queen's Quarterly", May, 1919.*

"In the spring of 1812, now that all of the known wintering partners, save Ramsay Crooks, had arrived at Astoria, plans were drawn up for carrying on the trade during the year. Robert McLelan, discouraged by his arduous journey across the continent and the unpromising state of affairs discovered upon his arrival, followed the example of Joseph Miller, resigned from the Company on March 1.

"On May 14, 1812, Ramsay Crooks followed the example of Miller

and McLelan, and 'threw up five shares in the Company.' But Donald Mackenzie, another partner, did not get cold feet, but stuck to his post, and he was sent to the Snake country to winter and recover the goods cached there by Hunt. Mackenzie now detached a small band, under the command of John Reed to visit the caches at the Cauldron Linn, and to bring the contents to his post, as he depended in some measure on them for supplies and ammunitions.

"When gone about a week, Reed discovered that the caches had been robbed by the Snake Indians, guided by some whites. This intelligence was extremely perplexing to Mr. Mackenzie, and it was confirmed by two Indians bearing Mr. Crooks' English saddle. Reed reached Cauldron Linn and gathered up the goods that were in some of the caches not robbed, and met here, Robinson, our scalped Kentuckian and two others, and finally reached Donald Mackenzie's Post on the Shahap-tan."—*Kenneth Porter.*

The Beaver had sailed from New York October 10, 1811, and on November 9, 1812, arrived off Astoria.

"The arrival of the Beaver with reinforcements and supplies gave new life and vigor to affairs at Astoria. These were means for extending the operations of the establishment, and founding interior trading posts. Two parties were immediately set on foot to proceed severally under the command of Donald Mackenzie, and John Clarke, and establish posts above the forks of the Columbia; at points where most rivalry and opposition were apprehended from the North West Company.

"A third party headed by David Stuart was to repair with supplies to the post of that gentleman on the Okanagan.

"In addition to these expeditions, a fourth was necessary to convey dispatches to Mr. Astor, at New York, to replace those unfortunately lost by John Reed.

"It was confided to Robert Stuart; R. McLelan again expressed his determination to return to the Atlantic Coast, and even Crooks, forgetting his awful experiences, was ready to go back, and preferred it to Astoria. To paraphrase Shakespeare 'Not that he loved ~~his~~ trip more, but Astoria less.'

"On June 29, 1812, the combined parties started, and agreed to stay together for mutual protection through the dangerous passes, etc., and to separate at the forks of the Columbia.

"John Day, the brave Kentuckian, on account of the suffering he had gone through became insane, and finally was taken back to Astoria by some Indians, where he eventually passed away.

"This reminds me of a story my grandmother told me regarding an old French soldier, whom she knew, who had been in the retreat from Moscow, and he also went insane from his sufferings, and he would wander around during the day, crying 'Cold! Cold!'"—*Washington Irving.*

CHAPTER XVII

AS REMARKED previously, the lack of original writings of the writer's grandfather, Donald Mackenzie, forces him to get information from any and all sources available. In Grinnell's "Beyond the Old Frontier", speaking of Clarke's wintering at Spokane, fighting Indians, and becoming frightened by arrows, we find: "...and it required the determination of Donald Mackenzie and Stuart to induce him to go forward." This is not quoted to show up the fright of Clarke, for he was an unusually brave man, but to emphasize the courage of Mackenzie.

"Mr. Clarke, however, viewed their situation as desperate, and the thought of advancing as utterly hopeless. Donald Mackenzie then told him that he could wait no longer, but would proceed with his own party alone. Mr. Stuart said the same. To this threat, Mr. Clarke replied that if they could pass, he could pass also, but would not answer for the consequences. Mackenzie replied that he would answer for them, and therefore took upon himself the command, and immediately ordered an advance; got through the suspicious passes, adopting judicious arrangements and succeeded without a loss. Meanwhile affairs were not so good at Astoria; food was getting scarce, and many of the men and clerks were sent to the Willamette and other streams, and succeeded in getting plenty of game and fish, and hopes were raised that the 'Beaver' would arrive, and some feared that she might be wrecked like the 'Tonquin'; no one indulged in these apprehensions more than D. McDougall, who was in charge of the establishment, and the official notice dated 'Astoria, Columbia River, June 26, 1813,' says,

"It is likewise resolved and agreed upon that Mr. Duncan McDougall shall continue at this place as usual with a party consisting of forty strong to guard it against the natives of whom we have reason to suspect ill designs should no reinforcements arrive.

"To secure this place on which is our chief dependence, too much precaution cannot be taken. And as there is no stock of provisions for its support Mr. Donald Mackenzie shall go and winter in the Wallamet or thereabouts with four hunters and eight men and pay every attention to procure a constant supply of that indispensable article."—*Alexander Ross, "Oregon Settlers."*

Donald Mackenzie found himself among Indians who were buffalo hunters, not beaver trappers, so he determined to remove to a better field; but on visiting Spokane to consult with Clarke, he met the North Wester, John George McTavish, with strong reinforcements. McTavish told him

that war had broken out between Great Britain and the United States, so, again putting his goods in cache, and feeling somewhat discouraged, he hastened to bring the important news, which illustrates the loyalty of this Scotchman to his American Company. This was on January 15, 1813.

"Years later, Sir George Simpson, Governor-in-Chief in Canada, in his 'Journal' written a few years later, says:

"The Nez Perces Tribe, when Chief Factor Donald Mackenzie first visited them, were much more bold, saucy and independent than they are now, and hostilely inclined towards the whites, but he, by extraordinary good management, obtained much influence over them.

"He, however, kept a watchful eye upon them and never allowed them to enter the Gates of the Fort, except for the purpose of trade, and then not exceeding two or three at a time, and occasionally a few of the chiefs."— *L. J. Burpee.*

Incidentally, Alexander Ross, who succeeded Mackenzie, followed his plans as far as caution went.

"Mackenzie spent part of the winter on Snake River, among the Nez Perces tribe, but to little advantage. They were an indolent and roving race, who scorned the drudgery of crawling about in search of beaver. 'Such a life,' they said, 'was only fit for women and slaves.' War and buffalo hunting were their principal occupations. Toward the end of the year Mackenzie learned that war had been declared between Great Britain and the United States, and hurried down to Astoria to consult with the other partners. In the absence of Hunt, the principal partner, who had gone north with the company's ship, the *Beaver*, to the Russian settlement, McDougall and Mackenzie decided that the only practicable plan, in view of the fact that British men-of-war might at any time enter the river, was to abandon Astoria and remove the goods and furs into the interior."— *L. J. Burpee.*

On October 6, 1813, when the party under the leadership of Donald Mackenzie, accompanied by McTavish and the North Westers, arrived at the Fort, they were in bad shape and lacked provisions. McTavish was dependent upon the Astorians and received but scanty supplies, and, as the ship did not arrive, the North Westers were in bad condition. They proposed buying the whole establishment, and the Astorians were willing, for they expected and feared the arrival of the British man-of-war, the "*Isaac Todd*". The Nor' Westers tried to delay matters, for they reasoned, if the British captured Astoria, they would not need to pay at all.

Donald Mackenzie wanted to wait until April 1.

"While the two partners [Mackenzie and Clarke] were in conference in the wigwam, an unexpected visitor came bustling in upon them. This

was John George McTavish, a partner in the North West Company in charge of the rival trading posts in that neighborhood.

"Mr. McTavish was the delighted bearer of bad news. He had been to Lake Winnipeg, where he received an express from Canada, containing the declaration of war and President Madison's proclamation, which he handed with the most officious complaisance to Messrs. Clarke and Mackenzie. He moreover told them that he had received a fresh supply of goods from the North West posts, and was prepared for vigorous opposition to the establishment of the American Fur Company. He capped the climax of this obliging but belligerent intelligence, by informing them that the armed ship 'Isaac Todd' was to be at the mouth of the Columbia about the beginning of March to get possession of the trade of the river, and that he was ordered to join her there at that time.

"The receipt of this news determined Mackenzie. He immediately returned to Shahaptan, broke up his establishment, deposited his goods in cache, and hastened with all of his people to Astoria."—*Washington Irving*.

All of which shows that loyalty to the Astorians was one of his strong traits; he appeared in Astoria as another Paul Revere, and, as we know, he was the first Astorian to reach the mouth of the Columbia, January 18, 1812.

At Astoria, McDougall was quite despondent, and:

"While in this moody state, he was surprised on January 18, 1813, by the sudden appearance of Mackenzie, wayworn and weather beaten by a long wintry journey from his post on the Shahaptan, and with a face the very frontispiece for a volume of misfortune. Mackenzie had been heartily disgusted and disappointed at his post. It was in the midst of the Tushepaws, a powerful and warlike nation, divided into many tribes, who possessed innumerable horses, but not having turned their attention to beaver trapping, had no furs to offer. According to Mackenzie they were but a 'rascally tribe'."—*Washington Irving*.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHEN Hunt sailed on the Albatross, it was with the intention of finding a vessel which could be chartered to remove the stores from the Columbia and take the expedition home by sea. While he understood that the enterprise was at an end, he believed that the merchandise and furs could be saved. If Hunt had remained in command at Astoria, or, if, he had returned in time, it is likely that no sale would have been made. At the Marquesas, he found David Porter with the American frigate Essex, but could not induce him to go to the Columbia. At the Sandwich Islands, Hunt learned that Astor had sent out his annual ship, The Lark, in spite of the war, but that the ship was lost. The Lark had nearly reached the islands when she capsized in a heavy sea. The masts were cut away, and the ship righted, but remained mostly under water, kept from sinking only by the quantity of casks of rum in the hold. After remaining lashed to the bowsprit four days and nights, the crew managed to erect a jury mast, with a platform out of reach of the waves. Two Sandwich Islanders secured some wine, and a little food by diving into the cabin. One man was lashed to the wheel, up to his waist in water. The winds were favorable, and land was sighted on the twelfth day. The crew got ashore a few days later, on the island of Maui. At least five men perished during the ordeal. The survivors were stripped by the natives, who also appropriated the cargo of the ship, which drifted on the beach and broke up. King Kamehameha restored the men's clothing but claimed that the cargo had been cast up by the waves and was therefore his. Hunt purchased the brig Pedlar, of Boston, and the Captain of The Lark was placed in command. They arrived at Fort George in February, 1814. There was little for Hunt to do, and he sailed in a month with Farnham and several other clerks, who elected to go home by sea. McDougall became a partner of the North West Company, and Cox, Ross and McLellan entered its service."—Geo. W. Fuller.

"Mackenzie started up river once more to inform Stuart and Clarke, and having done so went on to his post on Snake River. Here he learned that a cache, in which he had buried all his goods before going down to Astoria, had been robbed by the Indians. He at once summoned the chiefs, and curtly demanded the return of the goods. They all denied any knowledge of the theft, and put the blame on the young warriors, whose conduct they said was truly regrettable, but the goods were gone, and nothing could be done. Mackenzie thought otherwise, and at once resolved on a bold and hazardous step, to dash into the heart of the Indian camp and recover what he could. Ross, our western Boswell, tells the story in his own way:

"Next morning, after depositing in a safe place the few articles he had brought with him, he and his little band, armed cap-a-pie, set out on foot for the camp. On their approach the Indians, suspecting something, turned out in groups here and there, also armed. But Mackenzie, without a moment's hesitation, or giving them time to reflect, ordered Mr. Seton, who commanded the men, to surround the first wigwam or lodge with charged bayonets, while he himself and Mr. Reed entered the lodge, ransacked it, turning everything topsy-turvy, and with their drawn daggers cutting and ripping open everything that might be supposed to conceal the stolen property. In this manner they went from one lodge to another till they had searched five or six with various success, when the chiefs demanded a parley, and gave Mackenzie to understand that if he desisted they would do the business themselves, and more effectually. Mackenzie, after some feigned reluctance, at last agreed to the chiefs' proposition. They then asked him to withdraw; but this he peremptorily refused, knowing from experience that they were least exposed in the camp; for Indians are always averse to hostilities taking place in their camp, in the midst of their women and children. . . . The chiefs went from house to house, and after about three hours' time they returned, bringing with them a large portion of the property, and delivered it to Mackenzie, when he and his men left the camp and returned home, bearing off in triumph the fruits of their valor, and well pleased with their hair-breadth adventure.

"The Indians, annoyed that the whites had got the upper hand, determined either to drive them out of the country, or to force them to pay extravagant prices for the horses that they knew Mackenzie must have, both to feed his men and to move the goods if Astoria should be abandoned. Mackenzie offered higher prices than usual, but the chiefs were inexorable. Finally the wily trader fell back upon a stratagem to bring them to terms. He moved his camp to an island where he was secure from attack, and from thence sent out small parties by night to the grazing grounds, shot the fattest horses they could find, and brought in the meat, leaving the price stuck upon a pole beside the head of the dead horse. The ill-used Indians stood this for a time, but finally, after they had lost some of their best hunters, asked for a parley, and agreed to sell horses to the whites at the market price—the latter, on their part, to give up their marauding practices."—*L. J. Burpee.*

En passant, Mr. Burpee, as we have seen, refers to Alexander Ross as Mackenzie's "Boswell", and now, with this biography, Donald Mackenzie's grandson is trying also to be his "Boswell".

In the foregoing pages, the bravery and strength of Donald Mackenzie's person and character have gradually been unfolded, but he was a diplomat as well. His dealings with the Indians showed that he knew their weaknesses; he could either be a William Penn among them, or use force with equal success.

In an old school book, the "National Fifth Reader"—and some of our readers, will remember it—ran a story called "The Stolen Rifle", regarding one of the incidents in Mackenzie's career:

"On the opposite side of the river was the village of Wish-ram, of freebooting renown. Here lived the savages who had robbed and maltreated Reed, when bearing his tin box of dispatches, and it was known that the rifle of Reed's was still retained as a trophy.

"Mackenzie offered to cross the river and demand the rifle, if any one would accompany him. It was a hairbrained project, for these villages were noted for the Russian character of their inhabitants; yet two volunteers promptly stepped forward, Alfred Seton, the clerk, and Joe de la Pierre, the cook. The trio soon reached the opposite side of the river. On landing, they freshly primed their rifles and pistols. A path winding for about a hundred yards among the rocks and crags led to the village.

"No notice seemed to be taken of their approach. Not a solitary being—man, woman or child—greeted them. The very dogs, those noisy pests of an Indian town, kept silence. On entering the village a boy made his appearance, and pointed to a house of larger dimensions than the rest. They had to stoop to enter it: as soon as they had passed the threshold, the narrow passage behind them was filled by a sudden rush of Indians, who had before kept out of sight.

"Mackenzie and his companions found themselves in a rude chamber of about twenty-five feet long, and twenty wide. A bright fire was blazing at one end, near which sat the chief, about sixty years old. A large number of Indians, wrapped in buffalo robes, were squatted in rows, three deep, forming a semi-circle round three sides of the room. A single glance sufficed to show them the grim and dangerous assembly into which they had intruded, and that all retreat was cut off by the mass which blocked up the entrance.

"The chief pointed to the vacant side of the room opposite to the door, and motioned for them to take their seats. They complied. A dead pause ensued. The grim warriors around sat like statues; each muffled in his robe, with his fierce eyes bent on the intruders. The latter felt they were in a perilous predicament.

"Keep your eyes on the chief while I am addressing him," said Mackenzie to his companions. "Should he give any sign to his hand, shoot him, and make for the door." Mackenzie advanced and offered the pipe of peace to the chief, but it was refused. He then made a regular speech, explaining the object of their visit, and proposing to give, in exchange for the rifle, two blankets, an ax, some beads, and tobacco.

"When he had done, the chief rose, began to address him in a low voice, but soon became loud and violent, and ended by working himself up into a furious passion. He upbraided the white men for their sordid conduct, in passing and repassing through their neighborhood without giving them a blanket or any other article of goods, merely because they had no furs to barter in exchange; and he alluded, with menaces of

vengeance, to the death of Indians, killed by the whites at the skirmish at the Falls.

"Matters were verging to a crisis. It was evident the surrounding savages were only waiting a signal from the chief to spring upon their prey. Mackenzie and his companions had gradually risen on their feet during the speech, and brought their rifles to a horizontal position, the barrels resting in their left hands: the muzzle of Mackenzie's piece was within three feet of the speaker's heart.

"They cocked their rifles; the click of the locks for a moment suffused the dark cheek of the savage, and there was a pause. They coolly, but promptly, advanced to the door; the Indians fell back in awe, and suffered them to pass. The sun was just setting as they emerged from this dangerous den. They took the precaution to keep along the tops of the rocks as much as possible, on their way back to the canoe, and reached their camp in safety, congratulating themselves on their escape, and feeling no desire to make a second visit to the grim warriors of the Wish-ram."—*Washington Irving*.

"Arrived at his abandoned post, Mackenzie found his cache rifled. What made it worse was that with the goods stolen, he was to have paid for the horses required for the contemplated journey homeward.

"Mackenzie was one absolutely a stranger to fear. He knew not what it was. Further than this he was cool and clear headed in his intercourse with savages, and understood their temper and habits of thought thoroughly.

"At the Dalles, when the feeling against the white men was hottest, on his last journey from Fort Astoria, with two companions he crossed the river, entered a secret conclave of grim warriors, even then meditating such harm to the fur hunters, as was in their power to put into operation, and with weapons drawn, demanded a gun, which had been stolen. The gun was not forthcoming, but the white men recrossed the river with their lives, which was a marvel."—*Bancroft*

We know the results of what happened next day, as has been recounted previously in the description given by Irving.

After the stolen rifle episode, the party resumed its journey next morning, and near the falls of the Columbia again encountered the rival North West Company under the leadership of McTavish, with his Canadian voyageurs chanting their songs. It was "Greek meeting Greek", or rather Scotch meeting Scotch, and a parley ensued. The McTavish crowd was joyfully en route to the mouth of the Columbia to meet their British ship the "Isaac Todd".

Mackenzie and McTavish halted and, forgetting their hostilities, combined parties and camped for the night; while the voyageurs of both parties fraternized and called each other brother.

CHAPTER XIX

IN THE "History of the Pacific Northwest" regarding the "Inland Competition" we read:

"At the time when the Eastern Expedition started in June, 1812, David Stuart, Ross and others returned to Okanagan and from this base engaged in various trading trips until the following spring. Mackenzie led a party into the Nez Perces country for the winter, and Reed went up the Snake and recovered what remained of the goods which had been cached near the Caldron Linn. A party headed by John Clarke, one of the partners who came on the Beaver, and including Ross Cox, a young Irish clerk, was entrusted with the important task of establishing a post to compete with Spokane House of the Nor' Westers.

"Clarke's party was the largest and carried most merchandise. He proceeded overland from a point about fifty miles up the Snake to the location of Spokane House, at the junction of the Little Spokane with the Spokane River, and there he built Fort Spokane, 'at the corner of the opposition post.' A curious incident of the journey was the adventure of Ross Cox, who was lost for thirteen days. He strayed from the column and fell asleep. He tells an amusing story of his wanderings in his adventures on the Columbia River, though he says he has 'rather softened down than overcharged the statement.' Cox was inclined to draw a long bow, and bears, wolves and snakes were never so plentiful in the Spokane Country as they were in his imagination. It is nevertheless remarkable that he never reached his companions, who believed that he could not survive more than six days. His property had been sold at auction the day before he appeared at the Fort. It was his good fortune at last to come upon some kindly Indians, who gave him first aid and took him to the Post.

"Clarke was an old Nor' Wester and knew the tricks of his competitors. He adopted a dashing air and kept several of his most able-bodied men about him as aids. They wore feathers in their caps as insignia of their office. He assembled the Indians for speech making and gave a ball for his men, in the new fort. Outward relations between the two groups of traders were the most jovial. At the same time each was sending out scouts to watch the Indian trappers and to get the first pick of their spoils. Meanwhile, Mackenzie was learning that the Nez Perces were not trappers. They preferred buffalo hunting and horse trading. He resolved to abandon his post and paid a visit to Clarke. While he was at Fort Spokane, John G. McTavish, a North West partner, arrived with a brigade and the news of war. Mackenzie hastened back to his post, cached his goods and went to Astoria."—*Geo. W. Fuller*

On July 1, 1813, a resolution was passed by McDougall, Mackenzie, Stuart and Clarke, partners of the Pacific Fur Company, to abandon Astoria, as in justice to Mr. Astor. Owing to the terrible state of affairs, war, and no possible way out, they decided that it was the best thing to do, and we read from the official document:

"Having already experienced so many unforeseen disasters in the prosecution of our plans and Human life being so uncertain, it is hereby agreed and concluded that W. P. Hunt drew three setts of exchange on John Jacob Astor Esq. of New York to the amount of twenty thousand dollars to be left with D. MacDougall in case of being disappointed in said Hunt's return, to meet the demands of our people at St. Louis or elsewhere. . . . It is further agreed and concluded that D. Mackenzie proceed as soon as may be safe to divide the party, up the Columbia to see Messrs Stuart & Clarke or send expresses to inform them of the change of measures & to bring down a part or all the furs we may have in the upper country by the fifteenth day of February & all the natives of the Sandwich Islands. [See quotation on page 83]. And that he proceed to see Mr. McTavish or any other person in charge of the North West Co's posts on the Columbia & its dependencies for the purpose of knowing what arrangements we can make with him to take a part and what part of our men with him into their employ. That he inform himself in what way we can pay over the balance of wages due the men which the said Mr. McTavish may employ & what goods and how many he will take in payment. The prices he would allow for Beaver and for goods and in fine to make a conditional arrangement to deliver the men and property at any given place, though by no means to bind ourselves (because we have no doubt we shall have a vessel to take all off): But should Mr. Mackenzie succeed in prevailing on Mr. McTavish to come with him to this place it is understood that he come to no arrangement whatever further than holding out such inducement as is necessary to bring him down. It is also understood that when Mr. Mackenzie shall have seen Messrs. Stuart and Clarke or either of them that they decide on the propriety of coming here or of remaining in the interior to go across the country. It is also understood that in all cases Mr. Mackenzie is at liberty to act at his discretion in forming any arrangements with the said Mr. McTavish or the person acting for the North West Company. It is further concluded and agreed that Mr. D. McDougall remain as usual in charge of this establishment & for the facility of the transaction of business it is also agreed that in case W. P. Hunt should not be able to return it is left solely with Mr. McDougall to finally conclude any arrangements we may be able to make with whoever may come forward on the part of the N. W. Co."

Digressing for a moment—Ross Cox, the young Irish clerk (who later became a good historian), a "scribbling clerk", and a firm friend of Donald Mackenzie, frequently matched wits with Donald, when the nationality of each became apparent. When Cox was asked of what

country he was native, it is said the following occurred. Said Cox, the Irishman, "I am Irish and very proud of it," to which Donald Mackenzie, the Scot, replied, "I am Scotch, and very fond of it." This was one of the few occasions when the Irish got the worst of it, and probably explains why the Scotch have a sense of humor—it's a gift!

"Mackenzie arrived safely at his deserted post on the Shahaptan, but found to his chagrin that the caches were rifled by Indians. Here was a dilemma, for he had depended on the stolen goods to purchase horses of the Indians, and sent Mr. Reed to the posts of Messrs. Clarke and David Stuart, with the letters of Mr. McDougall, and the resolution to break up, and depart from Astoria."—*Washington Irving*

Of Clarke we read:

"He was a tall, good looking man and somewhat given to pomp and circumstance, which made him an object of note in the eyes of the wondering savages. He was stately, too, and had a silver goblet, out of which he drank with a magnificent air, and then locked it up in a large *garde vin*, a present which originally came from Mr. Astor.

"A silver goblet, like the shining tin case of John Reed, was too glittering a prize for the Nez Percés, and they also regarded it as "Great Medicine," and you guessed it—it was stolen. The culprit was finally captured and Clarke condemned him to death, and although the Indians interceded, and even some of Clarke's companions thought the sentence too severe, and also deemed it not good policy, he was hanged and struggled and screamed in a frightful manner, but the other Indians stood around in silent awe. To say nothing of the needless severity of this act, its impolicy was glaringly obvious.

"Clarke and his party embarked about the same time in their canoes, and early next day reached the mouth of the Walla Walla, where they found Messrs. Stuart and Mackenzie awaiting them, Donald Mackenzie having recovered part of the goods stolen from his cache.

"Clarke boastfully told Mackenzie of how he had signally punished the Pierce-Nosed Indian, and expected admiration for his hardy act of justice, but much to his mortification was strongly censured as inhuman, unnecessary, and likely to provoke hostilities.

"Donald Mackenzie knew the Indian trait and human nature too well to have done such a foolish and cruel act, for the simple sin of stealing."—*Washington Irving*

CHAPTER XX

THE Beaver, with Hunt aboard, had left Astoria in the previous August on a trading voyage and had not returned, and nothing had been heard of her. McDougall and Mackenzie felt that they must reach a quick decision. They were agreed that the Astoria enterprise must be abandoned and that all movable property should be removed to the interior before the arrival of a British war-ship which was reported to be making for the Columbia. Mackenzie returned to his post, found his cache robbed and recovered much of his goods by a raid on the Indian camp. Subsequent efforts of the Indians to avoid selling him horses for food were defeated by daring strategy. Clarke came down to the Snake and contributed to the unrest among the natives by hanging an Indian for theft. Mackenzie, Clarke and Stuart met at a rendezvous on the Walla Walla, with their parties, and got away safely from an increasing host of excited Indians, arriving at Astoria on June 14th 1813. Clarke and Stuart disapproved of the decision of the other two partners but were finally talked into agreement. A resolution was signed on July 1st, by the four partners present, to abandon the enterprise. It was decided that Stuart and Ross should return for another winter on the Okanagan, that Clarke should go back to Fort Spokane and Mackenzie should shift his operations from the interior to the Willamette Valley. All were to meet at Astoria in May, 1814, and start for the East on June 1st. Reed was sent with hunters and trappers to winter in the Snake Country, where he was to gather in the stragglers from Hunt's overland party and await the main expedition on its homeward march. All except Mackenzie left Astoria on July 5th.

McDougall was empowered, in the event of Hunt's failure to return, to arrange with McTavish for the sale of all goods and furs to the North West Company. If the enterprise was to be abandoned, a cash sale was thought preferable to the chance of transporting the stores safely across the country. Hunt arrived in August [1813] on the ship Albatross and was obliged to assent to the decision of his partners. One of Astor's mistakes was in issuing independent orders to the captains of his ships. It was Thorn's undoing, and it prevented Hunt from returning to Astoria, when he wished to do so. He was supposed to be the head of the enterprise, but when he sailed north on the Beaver, he found that the Captain's instructions were to trade with the Russians and take the furs to Canton. The Captain might have acceded to Hunt's request to be landed at Astoria, but the ship needed repairs and he decided to go to the Islands. Hunt was only a passenger and was obliged to kill time on board the Beaver until she touched at the Sandwich Islands. Here he waited many months until

he got a chance to charter the Albatross, to take him to the Columbia. After a short stay at Astoria, Hunt departed in the Albatross, taking some thirty-two Sandwich Islanders who had been in the employ of the Company. Hunt would have detained the ship to transport the Astorians and their stock of furs to New York, but the Albatross was under charter of another passenger to go to the Marquesas. So the last chance to retire from the field in good order and without the sacrifice of the spoils of the enterprise was lost."—*Geo. W. Fuller*

Regarding the abandonment of Astoria, Ross gives an account of the speech of Donald Mackenzie. Neither Clarke nor Stuart agreed at first with McDougall. For two days Donald Mackenzie could not decide; finally,

"Gentlemen," said he, "Why do you hesitate so long between 'two opinions?' Your eyes ought to have been opened before now to your own interests; in the present critical moment, there is no time to be lost, let us then by a timely measure, save what we can, lest a British ship of war enter the river and seize all. We have long been dupes of a vacillating policy, a policy which showed itself at Montreal, in refusing to engage at once sufficient able hands."

It seems to the writer that Mackenzie was right in his opinion, that they had not taken with them more of the efficient men that he wished to engage at Montreal, but had been overruled by Hunt. After Clarke and Stuart had agreed to the abandonment of Astoria, W. P. Hunt arrived; he was overwhelmed with surprise when he learned of the resolution, but by degrees he was brought to acquiesce with all the other partners, and decided perhaps it was advisable to wind up the business with as little loss as possible to John Jacob Astor; and thus the resolution became unanimous.

When McDougall's intention to break up was announced, three of the clerks who were British subjects passed into the hands of the North West Company, and departed with McTavish for the interior.

On October 2, 1813, about five weeks after Hunt had sailed in the Albatross, Mackenzie set off with two canoes and twelve men for the post of Stuart and Clarke, to apprise them of the new arrangements.

"Donald Mackenzie had not ascended the river one hundred miles, when he met a squadron of ten canoes, sweeping merrily down river under British colors, the Canadian oarsmen, as usual, in full song:

"It was an armament fitted out by McTavish together with some clerks, and altogether about seventy-five men. They had heard that the frigate "Isaac Todd," and "Phoebe," were on the high seas, and were on the way down to await their arrival. Mr. Clarke, a passenger in one of the canoes, heard this alarming intelligence and told Donald Mackenzie. Mackenzie immediately determined to return with him to Astoria," and

veering about, the two rival parties encamped for the night. The leaders, of course, observed a due decorum, but the subalterns could not resist their chuckling exultation, boasting that they soon would plant the British Standard on the walls of Astoria, and drive the Americans out of the country.

"In the course of the evening, Mackenzie had a secret conference with Clarke in which they agreed to set off privately before daylight, and get down in time to notify McDougall of the approach of the North Westerns."—*Washington Irving*

An amusing account of this incident is given here:

"The two Astorians, Mackenzie and Clarke accompanied the brigade. They had fallen in with McTavish up the river while on their way to the upper posts and had turned back in the hope that they might succeed in gliding down ahead of him, and so get news to McDougall and plan their moves before the Nor' Wester's arrival.

"But their chance never came to leave that Nor' Wester behind in the night. McTavish had given orders to his men to sleep with one eye open and an ear to the ground.

"The two Astorians did slip their canoes noiselessly into the stream one morning before dawn, but only to see in the first light, two other canoes full abreast of them, and with what cordiality they could muster, they said "Good morning" to Mr. McTavish, similar to a "Good morning, Judge," of the present day.—*Constance Skinner, "Adventures of Oregon"*

It is a novelty, perhaps refreshing to some, to hear of Donald Mackenzie's being foiled for once, and so the incident is recorded here.

"The latter, McTavish, however, was on the alert. Just as Mackenzie's canoes were about to push off, they were joined by a couple from the North West Company squadron, in which were McTavish, two clerks and eleven men and so the two parties traveled together again and arrived at Astoria October 7, where negotiations were made in selling out.

"The North Westers encamped under the guns of the Fort, and displayed the British colors. Later on more North Westers arrived and another Mr. Stuart, and encamped with McTavish, and was much disgusted in the liberal terms offered by McTavish to the Astorians and insisted upon a reduction in price."—*Washington Irving, "Astoria"*

Thus you will see that differences of opinion were rife on both sides regarding the amount agreed upon. Speaking of McDougall,

"Notwithstanding all of his representations, several of the persons present, acquainted with the whole course of affairs, and among them Mackenzie himself, his occasional coadjutor, remained firm in the belief that he acted a hollow part."—*Washington Irving*

Shortly after this McDougall became a member of the North West Company.

CHAPTER XXI

HUNT at this time was not entertaining very cordial feelings toward McDougall:

"As soon as his wishes were known in this respect, McDougall came to sound him on behalf of the North West Company, intimating that he had no doubt the peltries might be purchased at an advance of fifty per cent. This overture was not calculated to soothe the angry feelings of Mr. Hunt, and his indignation was complete when he discovered that McDougall had become a partner in the North West Company, and had actually been so since December 23. He had kept his partnership a secret, however, had retained the papers of the Pacific Fur Company in his possession, and had continued to act as Mr. Astor's agent, though two of the partners of the other company, Mackenzie and Clarke, were present.

"The drafts of the North West Company in his favor for the purchase money not having been obtained, and with some difficulty, he succeeded in getting possession of the papers. The bills, or drafts were delivered without hesitation. The latter was to be remitted to Mr. Astor, and on the next day, April 4, Donald Mackenzie, Clarke and the rest of the Astorians who had not joined the North West Company, set out to cross the Rocky Mountains."—*Washington Irving*

Regarding the abandonment of Astoria, we quote here from "Life of John Jacob Astor":

"After consultation the two partners, then at Astoria, Mackenzie and McDougall, with the clerks who were admitted with a voice but no vote, it was decided that, since the war would make it impossible for Astor to send any more ships, the establishment must be abandoned by the beginning of summer, at the latest, as this would allow time for the arrival of a ship, should one have been sent from New York according to schedule, in the fall of 1812."—*Kenneth Porter*

It seems to the writer that all information available proves that Donald Mackenzie was extremely loyal to Astor, and did what he thought best for the interests of his company; he did not wish to lose all, but tried to save as much as possible.

Provisions were running low, and they had more furs than they could carry away, so on March 31, 1813, Mackenzie and a party left to notify all the winterers in the interior of this decision, and to procure horses and provisions. In the meantime a great many men were sent away to conserve food.

On April 11, 1813, J. G. McTavish and his two canoe loads of the rival North West Company arrived at Astoria; and during May and June the different members of the Pacific Fur Company began to arrive from their winter rendezvous with furs, venison, and so forth, while Mackenzie, Stuart, and Clarke brought in 140 packs of furs from the Okanagan and Spokane. At last all of the Pacific Fur Company partners were assembled and it became necessary to consider again the decision to abandon the country. It was past the date on which it was originally decided to abandon, but Cox, Stuart and Clarke wished to continue the profitable trade, for even though food was running short, the furs were accumulating.

Porter, describing Clarke during his regime at Spokane, says:

"Clarke met the situation in the customary fashion with trickery and sharp practice. . . . It can be easily understood why Clarke and Stuart wished to continue this profitable trade even though goods were running short, moreover as they had largely disregarded Mackenzie's instructions to secure horses and provisions for the return overland."

Hence Donald Mackenzie did not share their optimism.

On June 25, 1813, the Astorians agreed to divide the trade for the coming winter with the North West Company, and the latter agreed to forward messages to John Jacob Astor by their "Winter Express".

David Stuart was to winter in the northwest part of the Columbia; Clarke with the Flatheads; Reed in the Snake Country; McDougall was to guard the Fort, while Donald Mackenzie was to winter in the Willamette region with a large number of Canadians, to secure provisions.

On May 1, 1814, the parties were to assemble and McDougall was empowered to sell the furs and goods to McTavish, rather than expose them to overland traffic. So early in July, 1813, the different parties left Astoria for their posts, but Donald Mackenzie remained behind; plying up and down the river, collecting dried salmon.

Wilson Price Hunt arrived on the "Albatross" on August 20, 1813, according to Irving and Ross (although Franchere says August 4, but a record kept on the spot shows that this is another of the latter's errors). Hunt was surprised to hear of the proposed abandonment, but, as Porter says, "He was finally convinced that the company's main interest was now to devise some safe way of abandoning the enterprise without too much loss". So we see, all the partners agreed with Donald Mackenzie; and the question, "What is all the shooting for?" seems to demand an answer.

On October 2, 1813, Donald Mackenzie again went up the Columbia River, and as usual, did not remain away long from Astoria, for he met a strong detachment of Nor' Westers, consisting of McTavish, Bethune

and others, accompanied by Clarke, whom they had lured away from his post. Of course, the trade fell into the hands of the North West Company. Mackenzie decided to return with them and the two parties arrived at Astoria, October 7, 1813.

"Negotiations at once began between the leaders of the two parties, the consequences of which have furnished the most fruitful subject of controversy in the whole history of Astoria:

"McTavish showed the Pacific Fur Company's partners a letter from his Uncle, an agent of the North West Company at Montreal. It was dated May 9, 1813, and announced that a frigate from England had brought word of the 'Isaac Todd' accompanied by a frigate and ready for sea, March 18, with orders to 'destroy everything American on the North West Coast.' This latter passage was copied by Donald Mackenzie and the other two Pacific Fur Company partners on October 9, 1813.

"This put matters on an entirely different basis again. No ship could be expected from New York and Hunt would not return with a vessel for some months. On the other hand, the 'Isaac Todd' and her consort might be expected almost any day."—*Kenneth Porter, "Life of John Jacob Astor"*

It is gratifying to note that the more recent the histories of the fur traders, the more we find vindication of Donald Mackenzie in advocating the abandonment of Astoria.

"It was easy for Irving, years after the event to point out how the Astorians should have acted in this situation. He and his disciples declare that if affairs had been differently managed, the Astorians might not have had to abandon the settlement. According to Irving's plan the Canadians of the North West Company could have been scattered with the help of the Indians, the furs sent up the Columbia, and the landing parties from the British vessels either defeated, or left to take possession of an empty fort, to which the Astorians could have returned when the British sailed away. Franchere, in his English edition, published more than forty years after the event, describes such a plan with approval. (He would!—*Ed.*).

"However, when Franchere wrote his French edition, in 1820, he gave no hint of such a plan, which must have been suggested to him by the reading of Irving's official account."—*Kenneth Porter*

Even if the Astorians had been able to drive away the North Westers, with the help of the Indians, a British man-of-war was a different proposition—they with their wooden palisaded fort, and a few canoes—and besides the Indians would probably have gone over to the British; moreover, the Canadians, who formed the majority of the Pacific Fur Company employees, had no desire for an actual battle against their countrymen and friends of the North West Company, and most of the American citizens were pacifically inclined.

On October 16, 1813, an agreement was reached and signed by McDougall, for the Pacific Fur Company, and by McTavish and John Stuart for the North West Company; and Duncan McDougall was given the right, in case of emergency, to act as he thought in the best interests of the concern, especially as he had the consent of all the partners present. The North West Company paid all wages due the Pacific Fur Company employees, also furnished provisions and gave them all a free passage home. McTavish of the North West Company delayed in carrying out the terms of the sale's agreement, apparently hoping for the arrival of a British ship, which would enable him to secure better terms.

"McDougall declined to give up the furs, and he and Donald Mackenzie solved the problems by resorting to bluff. They put the fort in a condition of defense, trained their guns on the North West Company camp, and sent an ultimatum to their leader ordering him to sign the bills within two hours or withdraw to other quarters. The bills were signed and surrendered and the affair brought to a close."—*Alexander Ross, "Adventures of the First Settlers"*

This story is probably true as Ross was there; also it seems to be characteristic of Donald Mackenzie, "King of the Northwest". It appears to the writer that the partners were acting in good faith, and were willing to adapt themselves to circumstances, to retain or gain as much as possible for their company and for John Jacob Astor.

CHAPTER XXII

BEFORE leaving, Captain Black of the Raccoon took formal possession of the fort and of the country in the name of his Britannic Majesty, raised the British flag and changed the name of the establishment to Fort George—a ceremony which was to have a subsequent effect not anticipated by the British.

"In December, 1814, the treaty of Ghent was signed, closing the War of 1812 and providing 'that all territory, places and possessions whatsoever taken by either party from the other during or after the war (except certain islands in the Atlantic) should be restored without delay.'

"Now it appeared that the grandiloquent performance of Captain Black raised the Astorian episode from a mere commercial transaction between the agents of two fur companies, in which case it would probably have been irrevocable, to an act of war, repealed by the treaty.

"Fort George automatically reverted to Astor and owing to his solicitations a man-of-war was sent to the northwest coast. There, in August, 1818, Captain Biddle of the U. S. S. Ontario, formally received the establishment from the British. He raised the American flag and asserted our supremacy over the river and surrounding country."—*Kenneth Porter*.

Continuing the account of the closing out of the affairs of the Pacific Fur Company, we quote:

"The next March, 1814, was spent in finally closing out the affairs of the Pacific Fur Company. Hunt was indignant at the low price received for the furs, apparently not considering that only their sale at any price had prevented their seizure by force and is said to have 'determined to make an effort to get back the furs,' perhaps by purchase, since Irving says that McDougall approached Hunt on behalf of the North West Company, intimating that he had no doubt the peltries might be repurchased at an advance of fifty per cent. If such an offer was made in good faith, Hunt showed poor judgment in refusing the proposal, which was rather generous in the circumstances."—*Kenneth Porter*.

Irving has stated that not quite \$40,000 were allowed for furs worth upwards of \$100,000; consequently to purchase these furs at an advance of only 50 per cent, or at a total price of about \$60,000, would have been a good bargain.

Most of the time between March 4 and March 12, 1814, was used by Hunt in closing the business and arranging for the payment of the North West Company. The "Isaac Todd" had not arrived and the Indians

began to be cool to the Canadians; things looked more favorable for Hunt, but instead of trying to secure more advantageous terms, he signed the original agreement on March 10 in place of McDougall. None of this puts Mr. Hunt in a favorable light as a business man, and even Irving speaks of him as lacking so many essential qualities compared to Donald Mackenzie.

While in Astoria Donald Mackenzie often came in contact with Russian fur traders, who boasted of the number of furs to be had in Alaska; even his cousin, Sir Alexander, thought that the future of Alaska was assured. Thus Donald must have been favorably impressed, anyway, he seems to have been "sold" on that Russian possession, and later in this biography we may see results.

During his stay in Astoria and vicinity Donald Mackenzie explored the Oregon country and the Willamette River for several hundred miles, and the largest tributary of the Willamette, the McKenzie, now bears his name, as its discoverer. Thus the Mackenzies have given their name to two rivers, the other being the great Canadian stream named after Donald's cousin, Sir Alexander Mackenzie.

In handling Indians diplomatically, Donald Mackenzie ranks with Daniel Boone, Buffalo Bill, et al. He was an all-round athlete, could wrestle anyone, and, as we have seen, was a dead shot, and was noted for his bravery and coolness.

"In the spring of 1812, Mackenzie had explored the Willamette for several hundred miles. During the journey one of his men had beaten an Indian of the Kalapuya tribe. Nothing was said at the time, but it appeared the Indian and his friends had determined to exact vengeance. The following year they waited for Mackenzie at the mouth of the Willamette, on his way down to Astoria from Snake River. He had no suspicion of their intentions, until he read a note of warning which McDougall had sent him by a friendly Indian. The situation was then extremely awkward, as his boat had been left by the tide high and dry on the beach. Always fertile in expedients, however, he feigned the greatest confidence in the Indians, told them he had some thoughts of building a post there, and would spend the night with them in order to look for a favorable site. Some he set to work clearing space for a camp, and kept the rest occupied in looking out for a place to build. While they were congratulating themselves on the ease with which they could make away with him during the night, the following tide set the boat afloat, and Mackenzie and his men quickly embarked and pushed out into the river, before the savages could recover from their astonishment."—*L. J. Burpee, in "Queen's Quarterly," May, 1919.*

"Mackenzie was on his way to the Willamette, when he met and re-

turned with McTavish and a party of seventy-five Nor' Westers in ten canoes. Clarke had accompanied them from Fort Spokane. They camped near the Astoria establishment, and negotiations began. The Astorians were now in a hurry to sell, for McTavish brought more definite news of the coming of the British ships. McTavish tried to delay, as it would not be necessary for him to give bills of exchange, if a British warship or the armed ship of the North West Company should arrive and seize all the American property. McDougall got ready a fleet of boats to transport his stores to the Willamette, if a sail should be sighted. Then Mackenzie devised a plan by which matters might be brought to a head. The Nor' Westers were dependent for supplies on the Astorians and were also protected by the guns of the fort from the Indians, who showed a disposition to harass them. One morning, the Astorians closed the gates, manned the bastions and trained the guns on McTavish's camp, and a message was sent giving him the choice of closing the sale in two hours or removing to other quarters. The agreement was promptly signed and the British flag was unfurled above the factory. Employees of Astor's company who wished to go home were allowed free passage to Canada, and others were taken into the service of the North West Company. After all deductions had been made for back pay guaranteed by the company to its employees, Astor received \$40,000.00. The goods purchased were worth at least \$100,000.00, and Astor, himself, placed the value at nearer \$200,000.00.

"Alexander Stuart and Alexander Henry, partners of the North West Company, arrived from Lake Superior, on November 15, in two canoes, manned by sixteen voyageurs. The British sloop of war Raccoon anchored in Baker's Bay on November 30th. When she was sighted, it was McTavish's turn to load the stores for a retreat up the river, in case it should be an American warship. When Captain W. Black of the Raccoon landed at Astoria with his officers, they viewed the sale of the property as a clever deal on the part of the Americans and a good joke on themselves, since no prize remained for them to take. But Franchere points out how much more clever it would have been if the Americans had not sold their goods, but had moved them up the river. The British officer could only have destroyed the empty fort. As it was, there was nothing to do except take possession in the name of his king. A comedy interlude was furnished by Chief Concomly, who for some time had been McDougall's father-in-law. The Chief professed great fondness for the Americans, was desolated because they had sold out and offered eight hundred warriors to fight any British ship that might come. McDougall reassured him, and exacted his promise not to go aboard the British ship; but Concomly visited the Raccoon, and to the Captain he expressed his admiration for the British ships and spoke contemptuously of the Americans. Black gave him an old flag, a laced coat, cocked hat and sword. On the following day Concomly came sailing across to Astoria in full uniform and flying the Union Jack."—*Geo. W. Fuller.*

CHAPTER XXIII

THE LOSS of Reed's party of nine men brought the death toll of the Astoria enterprise above sixty. It was a costly experiment in every way, wasteful of life and wealth. Of the three ships sent from New York, the Tonquin was blown up and The Lark was wrecked; the Beaver reached Canton, but the trip was a financial failure, largely because of the Captain's timidity. The merchandise of the overland party was lost, and the furs secured in trade by the Astorians were sold at one-third of their value. The Pacific Fur Company capitulated to its chief rival, and the British flag floated over the Fort which was to have been the key to American supremacy in the Pacific Northwest.

"It proved fortunate, after all, for American interests in Oregon that Captain Black took formal possession of Fort George, instead of resting content at finding that the American property had passed into British hands. The treaty of Ghent provided that all territory or places, possession of which had been taken during the war, should be restored without delay. President Madison did not know of the creation of Fort George, but he instructed the American plenipotentiaries to take measures which would insure the preservation of the Post at the mouth of the Columbia. This clause of the treaty would not have applied if Black had not taken possession. The result was that the American sloop of war Ontario with Captain James Biddle, and the British frigate Blossom with Captain F. Hickey, and a Special Commissioner for the United States, J. B. Provost, visited the Columbia in 1818, and 'The Settlement of Fort George' was surrendered. The British Government had previously notified the North West Company that 'due facility should be given to the re-occupation by the officers of the United States'."

Should not Donald Mackenzie, by surrendering, have credit for this? And that Oregon belongs to the United States?

"While the Astor experiment failed as a private enterprise, it succeeded in this important political particular, and there were various far reaching utilities. The impracticability of the Snake River Route to the coast was proven by Hunt's experiences. Stuart's returning party found the south pass through the Rockies and traced a large part of the future Oregon Trail. The rich promise of the Willamette Valley was revealed."

All of which shows that the surrender of Astoria proved to be a good thing eventually, and to Donald Mackenzie should be given the credit for helping fortify the title of the Oregon Territory, and placing the boundary line on the 49th parallel.

The North West Company filed claims for compensation for losses during the War of 1812, and among the cases was the one of the brig "Caledonia", which had helped to convey the Roberts Expedition to Mackinaw, and which was boarded by a party of Americans opposite Fort Erie, Ont., October 9, 1812. She carried a large quantity of North West Company furs and was grounded at Black Rock. The armed "Detroit" was boarded at the same time, her cables were cut and she was destroyed by fire. The author mentions these two incidents because they took place within view of his Canadian home along the Niagara River; (and they are quite pertinent, at that).

In a letter from Astor to James Monroe, (afterwards President) dated August 17, 1815, regarding the abandonment of Astoria, we read in part:

"And in the meantime they sent some fifty or sixty men across the country to join with their people on board the ship. When these people arrived at Columbia, they brought with them the news of the war, and also that the Phoebe and others had sailed with intent to destroy us and take possession of our Fort.

"At this time, our Chief Agent, Mr. Hunt, was absent, and he had unfortunately left some discretionary power and appointed a Mr. McDougall (a Canadian) as subagent. This man, it is believed has been bought over by the North West Company and induced to an arrangement with them by which our people should abandon the place and property in consideration of the sum of \$42,000."

Finally, it was accomplished and the Bill of Sale (Copy in Hudson Bay House, London) recited that the Pacific Fur Company had been dissolved on July 1 by Donald Mackenzie, McDougall, Stuart and Clarke with intentions of abandoning the trade and all posts, furs, stock sold to the North West Company in Halifax currency; agreement made to transport all to Montreal, and payment made in three installments. On August 4, 1813, Hunt arrived, displeased, but he could do nothing about it. On December 13, 1813, Astoria fell into the hands of the British and become Fort George.

We have seen that, paradoxically, this resulted in its becoming American again by the terms of the treaty of Ghent.

In comparing the different versions of the abandoning of Astoria, one must not forget that Alexander Ross' history is based on his journal written at that time, and that, therefore, its information is firsthand.

R. G. Thwaite says, "For a just estimate of the transaction, the reader must balance probabilities between the conclusions of Irving,

Franchere, and Ross, and likewise the emergencies arising from the Anglo-American War."

"I shall not attempt to enter into the historical controversy that has raged around the transfer of Astoria to the North West Company. The question was threshed out at Astoria, all the partners being present except Hunt, and in October, 1813, the trading goods and furs were sold to the North West Company for \$80,500. The following month a British sloop of war, the Raccoon, entered the river, and her commander, Captain Black, landed and took possession of the place in the name of His Majesty. Astoria was re-christened Fort George. According to Franchere, Astoria had been represented to the Admiralty as an important American colony, and Captain Black was correspondingly disgusted when he saw the palisades and log bastions of the little fort. 'What,' he exclaimed, 'is this the fort which was represented to me as so formidable? Good God! I could batter it down in two hours with a four-pounder!' When Hunt returned in February, he expressed some dissatisfaction with the terms of the transfer, but, in view of the visit of the Raccoon, probably recognized that the situation might have been much worse. Astor, however, when the news reached him, would listen to no explanation of what he apparently regarded as a treacherous abandonment of a great and promising enterprise."—*L. J. Burpee; in Queen's Quarterly, May, 1919.*

CHAPTER XXIV

AS THE abandonment of Astoria seems to be the high-water mark in the career of the Astorians, we will give here a quotation which seems to the writer to be a just opinion.

"Mr. Hunt was sadly disappointed when he learned the decision of the partners, but when asked to propose another measure was at a loss to do so. Escape was impossible either by land or by sea. Cruisers were watching them without, ready even now to pounce upon them, and as well might a rich laden caravan have attempted to fly across the Rocky Mountains and escape the terrible Blackfeet Indians and others . . . a child might see this. Hunt saw it and was quickly satisfied. He not only indorsed the steps already taken by his partners but he authorized McDougall, in case of his absence, to conclude arrangements with McTavish as best he could."—*Bancroft, "History of the Northwest."*

"Mr. Irving lays himself open to the severest criticism and censure. This is his line of reasoning, Astor set his heart upon the acquisition of great power and property on the Pacific Coast, therefore Astor was a magnanimous man, one to be highly exalted and whose schemes by their virtues should be successful. They failed, someone must be blamed, but not Astor.

"McDougall being in charge, and being likewise the first to suggest capitulation, was as fit a person as any. Hence McDougall was a bad man, disloyal to the enterprise from the beginning, in proof of which he gave McTavish food and protection, when he might have left him to starvation and the savages. . . . When forced to come to terms, or see the whole property swept away, makes a better bargain for the Astor Company than the North West Company will ratify, and is obliged to take less. Finally when visiting the British ships, he is coldly received by his countrymen for saving to Astor \$80,500, which would otherwise have fallen to them as prize money, hence he was incompetent and a villain."—*Bancroft.*

Bancroft points out the inconsistency of Irving, who said in his "Astoria", regarding the three British warships coming up the Columbia, "Here then was the death warrant of unfortunate Astoria."

We have neither the space nor the time to point out all the inconsistent and prejudiced accounts given by Irving, which are drawn to our attention by Bancroft, but they are well worth reading. For instance, "Had Hunt been present," he (Irving) says, in most disordered logic, "the transfer, in all probability, would not have taken place." And yet

he has but just said that if the transfer had not been made just at the time that it was, "the property surely would have been captured by the British and the proceeds from the sale of it divided as prize money among the captors" etc., etc. All of which is submitted to our readers to digest, and also with a view to "giving the devil his due".

Bancroft, in his "History of the Northwest Coast" is a warm defender of McDougall, as witness the following: "Hence it seems to me unfair to throw the blame upon the partners present, and more particularly upon McDougall, after Hunt had authorized him to act as he did, and assisted him in carrying out his measures."

"We may as well, however, set aside what might have been done with a force of United States citizens under a loyal and determined commander, for there was no such body present.

"Astor did not select men of that character, or for that purpose. It was a commercial troop, and not an army. In a war with the United States how could Astor expect British to level guns against British in his interests, or even in their own?"

"Hunt saw that neither he, nor McDougall, nor Mackenzie could compel them to it, and so he yielded his assent to the sale. Then why fling odium upon men for not accomplishing impossibilities?"

"The assertion that McDougall's interests lay in the direction of a partnership in the North West Company is idle until proved. The interest of every member was the success of the Pacific Company and all seemed to act upon that principle. I find not the slightest taint of treachery in this transaction."—*Bancroft*.

That seems to be the consensus of opinion; now that the different histories have been written.

"Once the Pacific Fur Company party had fixed its capital at Astoria, leading members were delegated to establish additional posts at distant points. It was the policy to pre-empt good trading grounds, as well as to win the ultimate support of the United States Government by pushing the boundary line far north. Donald established the most distant post from Astoria on the Shahaptan. His trading settlement was considered an encroachment upon the territory of earlier and rival companies. He was burdened, too, with constant fights with Indians in that region. Supplies did not arrive and the opposition of the rival companies increased. Donald went to the nearest trading post of his associates for conference. While in consultation with Messrs. Clarke and Stuart, a partner of the Northwest Company, John George M'Tavish, arrived from the region of Lake Winnipeg, bearing the news that war had been declared between the United States and England. He added the true or false information that an English ship had been sent to seize Astoria. Mackenzie determined to break camp and return to Astoria. There was a conference between the Astoria coterie ensued during the summer of 1812. It was decided to abandon Astoria. M'Dougall and

Mackenzie argued for abandonment in view of all circumstances, while less influential partners were against immediate departure. But the will of the stronger men prevailed, and the return was made over the Rockies in several parties. While Washington Irving speaks in terms of personal praise of Donald Mackenzie, he reflects the attitude of his patron, John Jacob Astor, in severely criticizing the position of M'Dougal and Mackenzie in persuading the co-partners to abandon Astoria. This critical view of the decision of Mackenzie and associates finds favor in the 'History of the Lewis and Clarke Expedition,' published by direction of the United States Government in 1842. The Historian Ross takes a sounder view of the decision of Mackenzie, and he is inclined to look at the vexatious question from the standpoint of the whole issue, rather than to determine it from the viewpoint as to whether Mr. Astor lost money and suffered in prestige. There can be no question but what the decision of Mackenzie in relation to Astoria was a source of long resentment; but after the war of 1812, Mr. Mackenzie joined with Mr. Astor in seeking to impress upon the United States Government the need of renewed efforts in the Oregon region. The abandonment of Astoria did not mean the downfall of the entire Pacific Fur Company project. In fact Hunt and Mackenzie laid the foundation for the large Astor fortune on that very trip over the Rockies."—*Ernest Cawcroft, "Donald Mackenzie, King of the Northwest."*

Alexander Mackenzie, an historian of Toronto, Ont., wrote me to bring out these facts:

1. The Astorians were short of supplies, which they were promised and expected for trading with the Indians.
2. Had they refused the offer of the North West Fur Company, the whole concern would have been seized, and they themselves made prisoners on the arrival of the warships which were due.
3. By selling out they saved a considerable amount which Donald Mackenzie, my grandfather, carried overland with him and delivered to his partner, John Jacob Astor.

I think history *has* vindicated him, and even Irving says, although reluctantly, that neither the Captain of the "Tonquin" nor Wilson Price Hunt were suitable men for their positions, but admits that Donald Mackenzie was especially suited in every way.

In commenting upon the fine article of "Donald Mackenzie, King of the Northwest," written by Ernest Cawcroft, Alexander Mackenzie, of Toronto, wrote me, "It is very valuable. My principal objection to it is that he fails to place the difference between your grandfather and John Jacob Astor clear enough to show that the true cause of the blame lay in Mr. Astor."

We learn that on March 12, 1814, the business was practically closed and Donald Mackenzie received a draft for \$1483.24, payable at

Montreal. Wilson Price Hunt now took over the agreement from Duncan McDougall, and appointed Donald Mackenzie to the important task of carrying the important papers, etc., to be delivered to John Jacob Astor, or his agent in Montreal, thus showing the trust the partners had in Mackenzie, who started eastward on April 4, 1814.

"Delivered up all of the papers and documents of that concern into the hands of Donald Mackenzie This delivery was confirmed by Hunt."—*Franchere*.

"The papers, bills and other documents belonging to the American adventurers were put in the possession of our respected friend, Donald Mackenzie, Esq., in order to be delivered to Astor, of New York, and along with the party was the Company's express for headquarters. The whole left Fort George under a salute with flying flags."—*Alexander Ross, "Fur Traders of the Far West"*

"Although the creating of Astoria resulted in nothing but loss and disappointment to its founder it was a factor of the greatest importance in, deciding the destinies of the Oregon Country.

"When the joint sovereignty of England and America came to an end in 1846, the fact that the first permanent establishment on the Columbia was American, and that our claims to the mouth of the river had been acknowledged by England after the close of the war, had a most favorable effect in securing for the United States the boundaries she believed to be rightfully hers.

"Events have amply proved the prophetic truth of Jefferson's words written to Astor in 1813 and which form a noble tribute to the founder of Astoria: 'I view it (Astoria) as the germ of a great, free, independent empire and that liberty and self-government spreading from that, as well as this side, will insure their complete establishment over the whole. It must be still more gratifying to yourself to foresee that your name will be handed down with that of Columbus and Raleigh as the founder of such an empire'."—*Flandrau "Astor and the Oregon Country"*

We now leave Astoria for a time, to follow Donald Mackenzie on his long journey back to New York.

CHAPTER XXV

WE FIND a particularly good account of Mackenzie's return journey in L. J. Burpee's interesting address as it appears in the "Queen's Quarterly", (May, 1919), so in this chapter we quote from it extensively:

"Hunt, with several of the clerks returned to New York by sea. Mackenzie, Stuart, Clarke, Franchere and others left with the North West Company's overland brigade for Montreal on the 4th of April, 1814. Our faithful chronicler Ross remained behind on the Columbia, and we must turn to Franchere for an account of the overland expedition. Their route led up the Columbia to the Rocky Mountains, through Athabaska pass, and down the Athabaska. They left Fort George in ten canoes, which were abandoned on the west side of the mountains. The mountains were crossed partly on foot and partly on horseback, to Rocky Mountain House on the Athabaska, where canoes were again available. Franchere speaks feelingly of the toilsome tramp over the mountains, where the snow was deep and rapidly melting. 'It was,' he says, 'as if we had put on and taken off at every step a very large pair of boots'."

The parties would frequently separate and travel in groups—Stuart, McDonald and Donald Mackenzie would form one group—and then meet together again at a little lake, or some river.

May 26th was a day of events. They discovered coal in the bed of the river, and later met a canoe, the occupants of which told them of the defeat of Capt. Barclay in battle on Lake Erie.

Continuing Burpee's account:

"From Rocky Mountain House they followed one of the recognized routes to Fort Vermilion on the Saskatchewan. Hallet, who was in charge of this post, is described by Franchere as a polite, sociable man, loving his ease passably well. Franchere, rummaging about, found a large unused cariole in one of the sheds. Hallet explained that, having horses, he thought he might as well enjoy an occasional sleigh-ride, and had his men build a cariole. The workmen, however, had neglected to take measurements of the doors of the building before constructing the cariole, and as a consequence Hallet had been faced with the disagreeable alternative of pulling down the building or leaving the cariole where it was. 'It was like to remain there a long time,' Franchere dryly concludes. An interesting point noted here—particularly interesting in view of the long and bitter conflict between the North West and Hudson Bay Com-

panies—is that the trading posts of the two companies were built side by side, and surrounded by a common palisade, with a door of communication, for mutual succor in case of attack by the Indians. This arrangement applied to a number of trading establishments of the rival companies. It served a double purpose; they could keep a watchful eye on one another, and at the same time combine against the common enemy."

On June 1, 1814, Donald Mackenzie and his party reached the confluence of the river Pembina; they left pemmican and other provisions for Franchere and others of the party. They continued on their way and ascended Little Elk River which gave them much difficulty. They were obliged to work their way along as they had done in the Hunt-Mackenzie overland journey.

Then came Red Deer Lake, and lots of duck eggs to live on; several portages to Beaver River, and, at last, the Saskatchewan, which Franchere describes as one of the most beautiful rivers in the world; here they visited two old French forts, which, according to the guide, were the furthestmost posts of that nation—they were probably the high-water mark of French penetration, similar to the ruins of the Roman Walls, which were pointed out to the writer in the Highlands of Scotland.

After a thrilling trip, with thirty-six portages in one day, they entered the Kamismistiqua River, and beheld a fine waterfall, which seemed like a small Niagara Falls; and, at last, at the mouth of the river they found Fort William on Lake Superior, where the combined party was glad to rest.

Again we quote from the L. J. Burpee article:

"The travellers rapidly descended the Saskatchewan to Cumberland House and Lake Winnipeg; ascended Winnipeg River to the Lake of the Woods, and Rainy Lake House, and through a network of small lakes and rivers to Fort William, and Lake Superior. Franchere's description of this famous headquarters of the North West Company is worth repeating, as [it is] much the most complete we have: 'Fort William,' he says, 'has really the appearance of a fort, with its palisade fifteen feet high, and that of a pretty village from the number of edifices it encloses. In the middle of a spacious square rises a large building elegantly constructed, though of wood, with a long piazza or portico, raised about five feet from the ground, and surrounded by a balcony, extending along the whole front. In the centre is a saloon or hall, sixty feet in length by thirty in width, decorated with several pieces of painting, and some portraits of the leading partners. It is in this hall that the agents, partners, clerks, interpreters, and guides, take their meals together, at different tables. At each extremity of the apartment are two rooms; two of these are destined for the two principal agents; the other two to the

steward and his department. The kitchen and servants' rooms are in the basement. On either side of this edifice is another of the same extent, but of less elevation; they are each divided by a corridor running through its length, and contain each a dozen pretty bedrooms. One is destined for the wintering partners, the other for the clerks. On the east of the square is another building similar to the last two, and intended for the same use, and a warehouse where the furs are inspected and repacked for shipment. In the rear of these are the lodginghouse of the guides, another fur-warehouse, and finally a powder magazine. The last is of stone, and has a roof covered with tin. At the angle is a sort of bastion, or lookout place, commanding a view of the lake. On the west side is seen a range of buildings, some of which serve for stores, and others for workshops; there is one for the equipment of the men, another for the fitting out of the canoes, one for the retail of goods, another where they sell liquors, bread, pork, butter, etc., and where a treat is given to the travellers who arrive. This consists of a white loaf, half a pound of butter, and a gill of rum. The voyageurs give this tavern the name of *Cantine salope*. Behind all this is another range, where we find the counting-house, a fine square building, and well-lighted; another storehouse of stone, tin-roofed; and a jail, not less necessary than the rest. The voyageurs give it the name of *pot au beurre*—the butter tub. Beyond these we discover the shops of the carpenter, the cooper, the tinsmith, the blacksmith, etc.; the spacious yards and sheds for the shelter, reparation, and construction of canoes. Near the gate of the fort, which is on the south, are the quarters of the physician, and those of the chief clerk. Over the gate is a guard-house. As the river is deep at its entrance, the company has had a wharf constructed extending the whole length of the fort, for the discharge of the vessels which it keeps on Lake Superior, whether to transport its furs from Fort William to the Sault Ste. Marie, or merchandise and provisions from Sault Ste. Marie to Fort William.' It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the ordinary trading post in the interior was a very different affair from this."

We should mention that there were two classes of people here, those who stayed the year around, and these were called *hivernants* (whatever that is!); the others were known as *mangeurs de lard* (pork eaters). Alternate names were "comers" and "goers".

On July 21, 1814, Donald Mackenzie, together with Stuart, McDonald, Clarke and Franchere, and a little girl and a crew—a company of 14 altogether—embarked in a long canoe from Fort William. They passed the night on one of the islands in Thunder Bay, and on the 24th ate at a trading establishment, called La Pic, where they dined on fish.

On July 26, when crossing Michipicoton Bay they met a canoe having on board Captain McCargo and his crew from one of the schooners; he explained that they had escaped from Sault Ste. Marie, from an

American force of 150 men, and had been compelled to burn their vessel. Our travelers visited the Sault, on the border of Canada and United States, but did so with the greatest caution, as war was still going on.

On July 22 they ascended French River, which took them away from the trouble zone; then on through Lake Nipissing, entering the Ottawa early on July 28. They passed Kettle Falls, swift, swirling currents, that nearly threw them on the rocks. (This reminds the author of his trip to Montreal in 1920, where they tell of an Irish pilot on one of the St. Lawrence River boats who claimed he "knew every rock in the river". When passing through the rapids the boat hit one of them. One of the passengers yelled, "I thought you said you knew every rock in the river," and the Irishman replied, "Sure, that's wan of thim!")

The party finally arrived in Montreal on September 1, 1814, and Donald Mackenzie and John Clarke later made their way to New York.

On November 12, 1814, a notice appeared in the New York Press announcing "The firm of the Pacific Fur Company is dissolved". It was signed by John Jacob Astor, Donald Mackenzie and John Clarke, and thus did the "King of the Northwest" fulfill his contract, and deliver safely the valuable documents, etc., entrusted to him. However, the amount was less than Astor expected, and he was angry and disappointed.

Donald Mackenzie remained for a few months in New York after delivering the proceeds of the sale at Astoria, and tried again to associate himself with Astor. But he did not succeed, as Astor still felt that he had been betrayed; but the author claims that most of the historians side with his grandfather, and that, as events proved, it was best for all concerned. Indeed, from my father, I learned that Astor saw things differently in later life; so, as the lawyers say, "That is my case". Also, long after the abandonment of Astoria, a splendid tribute was given Donald Mackenzie by Astor himself, as Washington Irving learned when he interviewed Astor.

Continuing to quote from Burpee's article:

"Astor was at this time still deeply engaged in ambitious schemes for controlling the western fur trade. As to his opinion of Mackenzie, Alexander Ross wrote: 'Mr. Astor placed great confidence in his abilities, perseverance and prudence', but this, of course, was written before Mackenzie had forfeited the old gentleman's good opinion by recommending the surrender of Astoria. That the adventurers of the fur trade did not always hold one another in the highest esteem, we have further evidence in the narratives of Alexander Ross and Ross Cox. Although they were together on the Columbia for several years, Cox completely

ignores Ross's existence in his book, and Ross only mentions Cox to poke malicious fun at him."

And, as I have noted, Ross and Franchere were not the best of friends, either.

In a letter from Astor to Ramsay Crooks, December 10, 1814, one part of it reads:

"Your old friends, Donald Mackenzie, King and Clarke have been here 14 days. They are now in Canada, and the latter gentleman has become a partner in the Hudson Bay Company, who are going on against North West. It is not unlikely but Mackenzie will also join them."

The above is correctly copied, but I hardly understand it—it is rather obscure.

"But it must not be inferred that Mackenzie and his friends accepted in silence the Washington Irving version of the betrayal of Astoria. The Astoria money and portable properties were delivered to Mr. Astor in New York by Mackenzie, and the home view of this debatable question may be gleaned from an obituary tribute appearing in the Mayville Sentinel the week of his death. 'Washington Irving in his Astoria,' writes the editor of the Mayville Sentinel on January 25, 1851, 'has in his own happy style narrated a few of these adventures, which in one of the most important transactions of his life, relative to the betrayal of Astoria, he has done him great but undoubtedly undesigned injustice. To him, and to him alone, was Mr. Astor indebted for all that was saved from the ruin which treason had wrought.'

"But the days of personal vexation are over for both men. The Astoria episode adds to the fame of both Astor and Mackenzie. The trip over the Rockies and the assertion of American title to the mouth of the Columbia laid the foundation for the otherwise dubious 54 degrees 40 minutes fight in later years. It is true that the contest well nigh precipitated another war between the United States and England.

"The part that our Scottish hero, and subject of the King of England, played in laying this foundation was recognized by Daniel Webster when he visited Mackenzie at Mayville for the purpose of securing data for the diplomatic contest which culminated in the settlement of the boundary dispute in a manner satisfactory to the United States in what is known as the Webster-Ashburton Treaty.

"Beckles Willson, in writing the 'History of the Hudson's Bay Company,' in 1900, pays an unwitting tribute to the services of Astor and Mackenzie, when he says:

"This brings us to the whole point involved in the American contention, which deprived Great Britain of a vast territory to which the United States possessed no shadow of right. A year before the amalgamation of the rival companies, the northwest coast for the first time engaged the attention of the American Government, and what came to be known as the Oregon question had its birth. The States possessed no title to the country, but a strong party believed that they had a right

to found by occupation a legitimate title to a large portion of the territory in question. A bill was introduced in Congress for the occupation of the Columbia River region. It is curious to reflect that the restoration of Fort George (Astoria) by the British was one of the strong arguments used at that time.

"I departed from the consecutive tracing of Mackenzie's career for the purpose of picturing such distant but dependent and related events as the trip over the Rockies in 1810, and the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842. It is evident that Mackenzie realized that he had participated in a history-making enterprise, despite the charges and counter-charges of treason and bad faith. This conclusion is attested by the repeated efforts of Mackenzie to renew the interest of Astor after the war of 1812, and the latter attempt to induce the President of the United States to afford proper diplomatic and military support for this continental enterprise."

—Ernest Cawcroft, in *"Canadian Magazine"*, February, 1918.

"H AVING apparently been refused by Astor, Mackenzie again entered the service of the North West Company. We find him at Fort William in 1816, and the same year he is back again at Fort George on the Columbia. The administration of the Columbia department by those representing the North West Company had been far from satisfactory, and the council at Fort William had decided that the work on the Pacific Coast was to be divided into two departments, one to include the establishment at Fort George, the shipping interests, coast trade and general outfitting business; the other, which was placed under Mackenzie, to embrace the entire management of the trading posts in the interior. This appointment gave great umbrage to the partners who had been mismanaging the affairs of the Company. They therefore set themselves, as men will do under such circumstances, to make Mackenzie's task so difficult that he would be glad to get out of the country, and as Keith, who had charge at Fort George, sided with the malcontents, Mackenzie's position was not an enviable one. That he rose to the occasion, and, in spite of all obstacles turned what had been a most conspicuous and expensive failure into a very profitable fur-trading district, establishes beyond question the man's indomitable courage, resourcefulness, and good judgment. With such meagre supplies as he was able to extract from his colleagues at Fort George, and with a motley crew of men—Ross says a 'medley of savages, Iroquois, Abanakees, and Owhyhees', or Sandwich Islanders—he set out for the interior, built posts, handled the natives with tact, courage and judgment, and returned to Fort George with such a cargo of furs as compelled the reluctant admiration of those who had opposed him. An incident on his journey inland illustrates his success with the Indians. At the Cascades, that ominous spot where traders had been repeatedly pillaged of their goods, one of his boats was destroyed on the rocks. Mackenzie without hesitation delivered over to one of the chiefs the boat's cargo of sixty packages of trading goods—representing uncounted wealth to an Indian. When the brigade returned the chief delivered over the whole cargo, safe and untouched, after being six months in his possession. 'Nor,' says Ross, 'did we ever learn that the Indians molested him in the least during this seasonable act of friendship.' Mackenzie again showed his knowledge of Indian character in using them as couriers. The company's important despatches from Fort William were usually escorted down the river to Fort George by a special brigade. This involved a great waste of labour needed in other directions: Mackenzie had a better plan. He sent for the chiefs at Walla Walla, handed over the despatches to them and requested that they send

them down to Fort George. They were handed down safely from tribe to tribe, and answers brought by the same hands, in far less time than had ever been found possible in the past."—*L. J. Burpee, in "Queen's Quarterly", May, 1919.*

Another quotation regarding this incident:

"After much wrangling, Mackenzie was given a meagre outfit. So hazardous was this undertaking regarded, that not a man about the fort would accompany Mackenzie as his second. It was this very quality of rugged determination and fearless energy, that actuated the Council in choosing this man for that mission, hoping thereby to infuse new life into the Western business.

"With forty men, Mackenzie embarked from Fort George, and reached the Cascades without accident. There, instead of quarreling with the natives, as had been the custom of late, he made friends with them; gave presents, took the children by the hand, and appointed agents of observation for the purpose of bringing to punishment those who injured travelers, in which capacity the chiefs were proud to act.

"So complete a revolution did this bring about in one short day, that the valuable cargo of a boat which was wrecked in the rapids, being intrusted to one of the chiefs, was kept untouched, and finally restored at the expiration of six months.

"After a thorough examination of the condition of trade in the interior, Donald Mackenzie returned, reaching Fort George June 16, 1817." *Bancroft, "History of the Northwest Coast."*

"Donald Mackenzie reached Fort George from Montreal October 1816, to enter on his new duties. Mr. Keith, already noticed in our narrative, had been nominated to preside at the establishment of Fort George, and had the shipping interest, coast trade, and general outfitting business in under his sole management.

"The gentleman appointed to superintend the Department of the Interior, was none other than the same Donald Mackenzie, who had been one of the first adventurers to this part of the country, and who occupies so conspicuous a part in the first division of our narrative. To his share fell the arduous task of putting the whole machinery of the new system into operation.

"Mr. Keith being one of themselves, his appointment gave no offense; but that a stranger, a man, to use their own words, 'that was only fit to eat horse flesh, and shoot at a mark,' should have been put over their heads, was a slur on their reputation.

"So strongly had the tide of prejudice set against Mr. Mackenzie, that Mr. Keith, although a man of sound judgment and good sense, joined in the clamor of his associates, and under the advice of Mackenzie, the costly mode of conveying expresses throughout the country being used, they resolved to use the natives, with the exception of for the annual general express."—*Alexander Ross, "Fur Traders of the Northwest."*

As we noted, Donald Mackenzie was received by the Columbia managers with a chilling and studied politeness, and it was, no doubt, mortifying to his feelings to witness the shyness of his new associates; it was obviously their object to drive him back to whence he came, if they could do so.

"But Mackenzie, as stubborn as themselves, knew his ground and defied the discouraging reception he met with, either to damp his spirits or to cool his steady zeal. He, therefore, lost no time, but intimated to Mr. Keith his wish to depart for the interior as soon as convenient, the season being far advanced and the journey long."—*Alexander Ross*.

The writer cannot help remarking that it is refreshing to get this information firsthand from Ross, who was present, and who may be relied upon; Ross is so different from some of Mackenzie's envious and jealous narrators.

"Mr. Keith, however, raised many objections. He alleged the scarcity of men, the lateness of the season, and the want of craft. Nor were these objections altogether groundless. 'Your departure,' said he, 'will disarrange all our plans for the year.' In answer to which, Mackenzie handed him his instructions, a letter from the Agents at Montreal, with a copy of the minutes of Council at Fort William. After perusing these documents, Mr. Keith throwing them on the table, said, 'Your plans are wild; you will never succeed; nor do I think any gentleman here will second your views, or be so foolhardy as to attempt an establishment on the Nez Perces' lands, as a key to your future operations, and without this you cannot move a step.' These remarks are uncalled for; I have been there already," replied Mackenzie. "Give me the men and the goods I require, according to the resolutions of the Council. I, alone, am answerable for the rest." So saying they parted.

"During all this time, the Nor. Westers might be seen together in close consultation, avoiding as much as possible the object of their dislike. Their shy and evasive conduct at length aroused Mackenzie to insist on his right. 'Give me the men and goods,' said he, 'as settled at headquarters, I ask no more; those I must have.' 'You had better,' replied Mr. Keith, 'postpone your operations till another year.' 'No,' rejoined Mackenzie, 'my instructions are positive, I must proceed at once,' and here the conference again ended."

"Keith and his adherents had denounced every charge as pregnant with evil, and Donald Mackenzie's schemes as full of folly and madness; they therefore labored hard to counteract both. The Chief of the Interior, Mackenzie, stood alone, I being the only person on the ground who seconded his views, and that was but a feeble support. Yet, although he thus stood alone, he never lost sight of the main object. The coolness between the parties increased; they seldom met; the wordy dispute ended, a paper war ensued. This new feature in the affair was not likely to

mend matters, but ~~was~~ what Mackenzie liked. He was now in his element. This went on for two or three days, and all anxiously awaited the result. The characters of the men were well known; both firm and both resolute. At this stage of the contest Mackenzie called me into his room one day and showed me the correspondence between them.

"You see," said he to me, after I had perused the note, 'that in war as in love, the parties must meet to put an end to it.' 'I cannot see it in that light, yet,' said I; 'but I can see that the wisest of men are not always wise. Delay is his object; you must curtail your demands, and yield to circumstances. You do not know Mr. Keith; he does everything by rule, and will hazard nothing; you, on the contrary, must hazard everything. In working against you they are working against themselves, and must soon see their error. It is the result of party spirit. Mr. Keith has been led astray by the zeal of his associates; left to himself, he is a good man, and there is yet ample room for a friendly reconciliation.'

"A note from Mr. Keith was then brought into the room and distinctly stated what assistance Mackenzie could obtain, and after reading it and throwing it down among the diplomatic scraps, Mackenzie observed to me, 'It is far short of what I require; far short of what I expected, and far short of what the company guaranteed; yet it is coming nearer to the point, and is, perhaps, under all circumstances, as much as can be expected. It is a choice between two evils, and rather than prolong a fruitless discussion, I will attempt the task before me with such means as are available; if a failure is the result, it will not be difficult to trace to the proper source'."

"Donald Mackenzie now prepared for his inland voyage, and had the reader seen the medley of savages, Iroquois, Abanakees and Owwhyees, that were meted out to him, he would at once have marked the brigade as doomed. But that was not all, a question arose, according to the rules of the voyage, who was to be his second? And this gave rise to another serious difficulty. One said the undertaking was too hazardous ever to succeed, he would not go; another that it was madness to attempt it, and he would not go; and a third observed, that he had not been appointed by the Council, he would not go; so Mackenzie was left to go alone."

"Never during my day, had a person for the interior left Fort George with such a medley crew, nor under such discouraging circumstances, and certainly, under all the difficulties of the case, Mackenzie would have been justified in waiting until he had been better fitted out, or provided with means adequate to the undertaking.

"Disregarding all dangers, his experiences and loyal zeal buoyed him up, and ultimately carried him through in spite of all the obstacles that either prejudice or opposition could throw in his way.

"Although Mackenzie's personal absence was pleasing to his colleagues, yet in another point of view it was extremely mortifying, be-

cause they had failed in their object, either to discourage or stop him, and measuring his sagacity with their own, they still cherished a hope that the Indians would arrest his progress; his failure was, therefore, looked upon as certain.

"Let us inquire how it happened that a man 'only fit to eat horse flesh, and shoot at a mark,' should have been put over the heads of the Columbia managers. Incomprehensible as it was to them, it was perfectly clear to us. In the first place, the trade of the Columbia, under their guidance, had not advanced one single step beyond what it was when they first took possession of it, nay, it was worse, which a very superficial glance at affairs would demonstrate beyond a doubt.

"It also shows that the fame of Donald Mackenzie, and his successful career, was becoming well known. In other words, 'they said it couldn't be done, but he did it'."—*Alexander Ross.*

AFTER Ross left Fort George, he had a little dog, which an Indian stole. In trying to escape, the dog scratched one of the captor's children and two Indians with guns in hand appeared. The dog lay at his master's feet, and one of the Indians cocked his gun. Ross told the Indian he would shoot him, if he shot the dog, and the Indians in crowds gathered around. However, Mackenzie, strong in knowledge of Indian character, smoothed things over, made a little gift to the child, gave the chief tobacco, and they both went away with the apparent good-will of the whole camp."

Again: "During this same summer, Mackenzie had trouble with the Iroquois—seemingly the most untrustworthy servants—who tried to kill Donald Mackenzie, perhaps with the idea of taking all the property of the expedition. However, Mackenzie's quickness and readiness enabled him to put the Iroquois to flight."—Grinnell, *"Beyond the Old Frontier."*

Another account of matters up to date:

"In the summer of 1816, news of a radical change of policy came to Fort George with the express. It appeared to the eastern Partners that business on the coast was marking time, and that the bourgeois in Oregon were absorbing all the profits in their leisurely manner of life. It was therefore ordered that all the northern district west of the Rockies, known as New Caledonia, should get its supplies from Fort George instead of from the East. The Columbia District was divided, and the Western District was instructed to extend its enterprises in a southerly direction, toward California. Instead of trading with the Indians, through established posts, strong trapping parties were to be sent to range the country for furs. James Keith was placed in charge of the trade on the Coast, the shipping to China and the general outfitting. Donald Mackenzie, who had been with Astor's Company and had chosen to return to Canada, was sent out as head of all the operations in the Inland Empire. This seems to have been a bitter pill for the resident bourgeois to swallow, and when Mackenzie appeared, every possible obstacle was placed in his way. Mackenzie knew the country and was firm in demanding everything for which his instructions called. Keith was obliged to outfit his expedition, but the men provided were a motley crew, and no white man could be found to accompany him as lieutenant. The proprietors at Fort George were glad to see him go, but were mortified because he succeeded in starting. Their own first attempts to trade in the Willamette Valley were failures and resulted in bloodshed, literally because they did not know

enough to offer the Indians a smoke. By patient and intelligent negotiations, Ross appears to have reopened the Southern trade route.

"Mackenzie started for the interior late in the Fall, and the disgruntled proprietors at Fort George took comfort in the thought that bad weather or the Indians would stop him. His failure was considered certain. At the Cascades, he found that the Columbia was choked with ice and he was compelled to stay in the camp of the natives until the ice broke up. They regarded him, however, as one of their first and best friends and he adopted a new plan by which his forty men were distributed among the lodges of the chiefs, ostensibly as boarders, but in reality as spies. He kept enough men with him to guard the supplies. He knew at all times what was going on, and the natives were pleased at the evidence of good fellowship and the payment which they received. He was treated as a person of authority, on an equal footing with their own chiefs. He lost a boat and was obliged to leave 5,400 pounds of baggage with one of the chiefs when the ice broke and he could proceed. On the return of the brigade, six months later, the sixty packages of goods were delivered over, safe and untouched. Mackenzie visited his interior posts and made plans for the year, met the other winterers at the rendezvous and came down with the spring brigade to Fort George.

"The returning brigade of 1817 was the first which could report a year without casualty or bloodshed, and the quantity of furs secured was considerably augmented. Good feeling prevailed at the council meeting, and there was a disposition to accord better support to Mackenzie, but circumstances prevented him from getting it.

"The fur companies were now engaged in keen rivalry east of the mountains, and the promised reinforcement of voyageurs could not be sent to the Columbia. A supply of Sandwich Islanders was sent for, and in the meantime the brigade set out for the interior with half the usual complement, and most of the men were Iroquois. The natives along the river were unusually numerous and had apparently decided to levy tribute upon the passing expeditions. Mackenzie's open and fearless manner often disarmed the savages. He went among them with presents of tobacco, and he forced smiles from the most sullen by his kindness to their children. At his camps, the arrangements which he made to keep the horde of natives at a safe distance had the appearance of ceremonious efforts to do honor to their chiefs. With similar pretexts he kept the chiefs in his camp at night. Though he went about at will and unarmed, he permitted none of his men to cross the line. Every move which the brigade made was carefully planned and safeguarded. At night the boats were carried out of the water, to form a rampart about the camp."—Geo. W. Fuller, *"A History of the Pacific Northwest."*

Washington Irving, in one part of his "Astoria", describes the country over which the travelers had come, as told him by Donald Mackenzie. It is too long to be quoted, but it shows that Mackenzie had wonderful descriptive powers, and again I lament the dearth of his original notes.

"Mr. Mackenzie's successful trip commanded the admiration of all the council of the head men at Fort George. Those who had formerly been opposed to him were now loud in his praises, and the establishment of Fort Nez Percés, and the gaining of a foothold in the Snake Country, were warmly praised. He remained at the Fort only seven days and then started back again; his report of the prospects in the Snake Country was gratifying, but his people were giving great trouble."—Grinnell, *"Beyond the Old Frontier."*

Ross Cox, during the summer of 1816, was at Spokane House, and, lack of congenial company rendering every amusement "dull, stale and unprofitable," was becoming discontented and wishing to return to dear old Ireland, when Donald Mackenzie, with two canoes and twenty men arrived from Fort William. Cox also received a letter, as follows:

"Fort George, Sept. 30, 1816.

"Dear Sir:

"In accordance to your most earnest request of being discharged from our service ensuing spring, we give way to the voice of nature and humanity, which cannot, will not, for a moment allow us to hesitate when the object is to reanimate and cheer up the drooping spirits of your venerable and aged parents. At the same time, rest assured that on no other condition could we ever be induced to part with your most useful services, more particularly at a period when we are on the eve of being put to such shifts to fill up the different requisitions.

"As to your character, as far as prudence, integrity, and perseverance, joined to an increasing desire to please and render yourself useful, can command regard, you certainly are deservedly entitled to ours, and no encomium on our part could add to our high opinion of your merit.

"In expectation of seeing you next spring at this place, prior to you taking your final departure, we remain with sincere regard,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Donald Mackenzie,

For North West Company."

Mackenzie had inaugurated a successful mail service of his own by arrangements with chiefs of the different tribes between Okanagan and Fort George; promising the Indians that if expresses arrived safely they would receive handsome presents.

He forwarded dispatches to the sea, and received an answer, as will be seen by another letter from Donald Mackenzie to Ross Cox:

"Spokane House, Feb. 12, 1817.

"Dear Cox:

"It was but yesterday, on my return from the Nez Percés, that I had the pleasure of perusing your much esteemed letter of the 29th of December. My despatches reached Fort George in thirty-six days, and were

answered on the 12th of December; so that in sixteen days from the Fort they reached your place. The safety of this conveyance will, I hope, do away with the necessity of the usual fall voyage to the sea. On arriving here I found that I had ninety souls to provide with the necessities of life, and therefore determined upon an excursion to Lewis River. Your friend, Mr. McDonald, accompanied me, and, besides the Canadians, I took ten Sandwich Islanders, whom I armed and accoutered quite en militaire. The Nez Percés did not half relish the swarthy aspect of these invincibles and fancied I intended to resent former grudges. However, we did not see them all.

"My trip has simply answered the purpose of obtaining provisions for the passing day, which, at this post, I assure you has been no contemptible attainment. The horses I purchased are already nearly consumed. You will, therefore, I trust, excuse my sending two of my people in your direction. I have ordered them to encamp in your environs, and the Nipising, who is a chasseur, is to supply your board with game. It will prove a seasonable variety to your dried salmon. I regret the frost prevents me sending you potatoes, they would be of no service. I have received accounts from Mr. McMillan. He informs me, he was nearly surrounded by the Blackfeet; but they were prevented by hunger from advancing to the Fort. He has had a lucky escape. Should you be induced to alter your mind about quitting the Company, I shall feel very happy by your remaining with us. You may rely on all that I have told you. You need feel no scruples on that head. I passed an agreeable time with our friend Finan. He is a most worthy mortal, and deserves to be remembered to you.

"Yours, etc.,

"Donald Mackenzie."

All of which shows the friendship which existed between Scotch and Irish. Ross Cox relates, regarding his stay at Okanagan and surrounding country, "rattlesnakes were frequently eaten by the Canadians, who skinned them as eels are skinned and then spitted them on a stick run through the body, and roasted before a fire." No wonder our genial Irishman wanted to go to Ireland where there are no snakes.

Bancroft's "History of the Northwest Coast" seems to be full of episodes in the life of our hero, so we again quote him:

"Meanwhile Donald Mackenzie was ubiquitous, now we find him at Fort George, now at Okanagan, Spokane, Kamloops, or Shushwap, and then at Fort George again. In April 1817, with twenty-two men, he made a tour to the Shoshones, which was preliminary to the most important movements in that direction.

"In earlier days his reputation turned more on his abilities as a shot, than a business man; but it now appeared that for managing savages and manipulating fur trading matters, he far surpassed anyone in the North West.

"During the season of 1817, by his wisdom and prudence, insurrec-

tion was prevented, and the country saved to the Company. He inspired his subordinates with enthusiasm, and displayed a wonderful faculty for accomplishing important results through unconscious agents.

"Up to the present time, and contrary to the wishes of the magnates at Fort William, Donald Mackenzie's plans for establishing a post among the Walla Walla had been frustrated by the partners at Fort George. It was plain enough to the mind of any man who would allow his brain to act, that a post near the junction of the two great branches of the Columbia would be desirable.

"In the summer of 1818, peremptory orders were received from Fort Williams, at Fort George, to place at the disposal of Mackenzie, one hundred men, for the purpose of erecting a Fort among the Nez Percés, and these orders were accompanied by a sharp reproof for the obstacles which had been thrown in his way these past two years. So on July 11, 1818, Donald Mackenzie, seconded by Ross, encamped on the Columbia about a half mile from the Walla Walla River, and Fort Walla Walla was built upon the site where Lewis and Clark ratified their peace meeting by fasting, and no demonstrations of joy welcomed them by the Indians. 'What do the white people here?' asked the red men, 'Are they going to kill us as they did our relatives?' As Will Rogers says regarding boasts of numerous claimants as being passengers on the 'Mayflower', 'They may have come over in the "Mayflower", but my people were there to meet you.' And it was seen that their friendship, if desired, must be paid for.

"Mackenzie had not many goods, nor provisions. Driftwood was the only material accessible, and this was not fit for all purposes. The greater part of the timber had to be cut a hundred miles distant and floated down stream. Meanwhile the savages congregated about the place in sullen and speechless multitudes. They wanted pay for the building material used, and finally refused to sell the Fort Builders food, which caused them no small anxiety; but the work was completed.

"It was necessary to have an amicable understanding with the natives, and with great difficulty, and after much smoking and many presents, this was accomplished. And not only did they promise friendship for the white man, but engaged in a treaty of peace with the Shoshones, whom they delighted above all things to kill. Like the epitaph on the tomb of Alkali Ike of wicked memory, 'Angels could do no more.'

"Trade was then opened, and a regular land office business was done. Two hundred more horses were bought, and fifty-five men were sent into the Shoshone Country with three hundred beaver traps and a supply of trading goods. The command of the expedition was under Donald Mackenzie, while Ross remained in charge of the Fort. A sad incident occurred; the oldest and most renowned chief of the Walla Walla, between war and disease had lately had taken from him five noble sons, and now another, the last one and youngest, was taken, and the old chief said he would not remain behind. After the grave was dug and

the coffin lowered, the broken-hearted father threw himself into the grave and ordered it to be filled, which was done amidst loud laments.

"As an apostle of peace, Mackenzie crossed the Blue Mountains, and introduced himself to the Snake Nation; whereat they were greatly pleased, as indeed savages always are at anything new. Some twenty-five Iroquois of Mackenzie's Company revolted, and went trapping on their own account. No sooner than they were their own masters than they traded all their own effects for Shoshone women, and dropped to their lowest depths of demoralization. Tired at length of this, they returned to their allegiance to Donald Mackenzie.

"Donald Mackenzie came from Montreal to establish a fort at Walla Walla. . . . This was not agreeable to the oldsters, but he was firm, and his coming opened up a new era, as he was the man for the time. Taking forty men, he went up the Columbia; had a boat wrecked at the Cascade and entrusted its cargo to a chief who cared for it six months and was proud of the confidence shown him.

"In 1817 he made matters more agreeable than they had ever been before. He came nearer to bringing order out of chaos than anyone had under northwest management; he proved more capable, as a manager of savages as well as of business matters, than any who had preceded him. He accomplished results with little apparent effort and inspired his subordinates to have faith in him, as well as in themselves.

"In the summer of 1818 order came to Fort George to furnish Mackenzie one hundred men to build a fort on the Walla, or Nez Perces, as it was called. Up to that time the Fort George magnate had frustrated his efforts, so nothing had been accomplished. The magnates of the Company had now asserted themselves; for he went to Walla Walla (now Wallula) and commenced work with a large force.

"The Indians were not friendly; timber was cut and floated down a hundred miles, and the natives looked on sullenly, wanted pay for everything used, and would not sell them food; but work went on until there was a fortress well built and well defended. Then Mackenzie had to make peace with the Cayuses and other tribes. Finally he won them over to be friends, and made a peace between them and the Shoshones, so that the business of trading need not be interrupted until McLaughlin came. Mackenzie was the greatest and most successful of all the chief factors of the Northwest Company, or of all of the Columbia region.

"The next year Donald Mackenzie was called east again and promoted to command at Red River, so his good management was lost to the Western department."—S. A. Clark, *"Pioneer Days of Oregon History"*

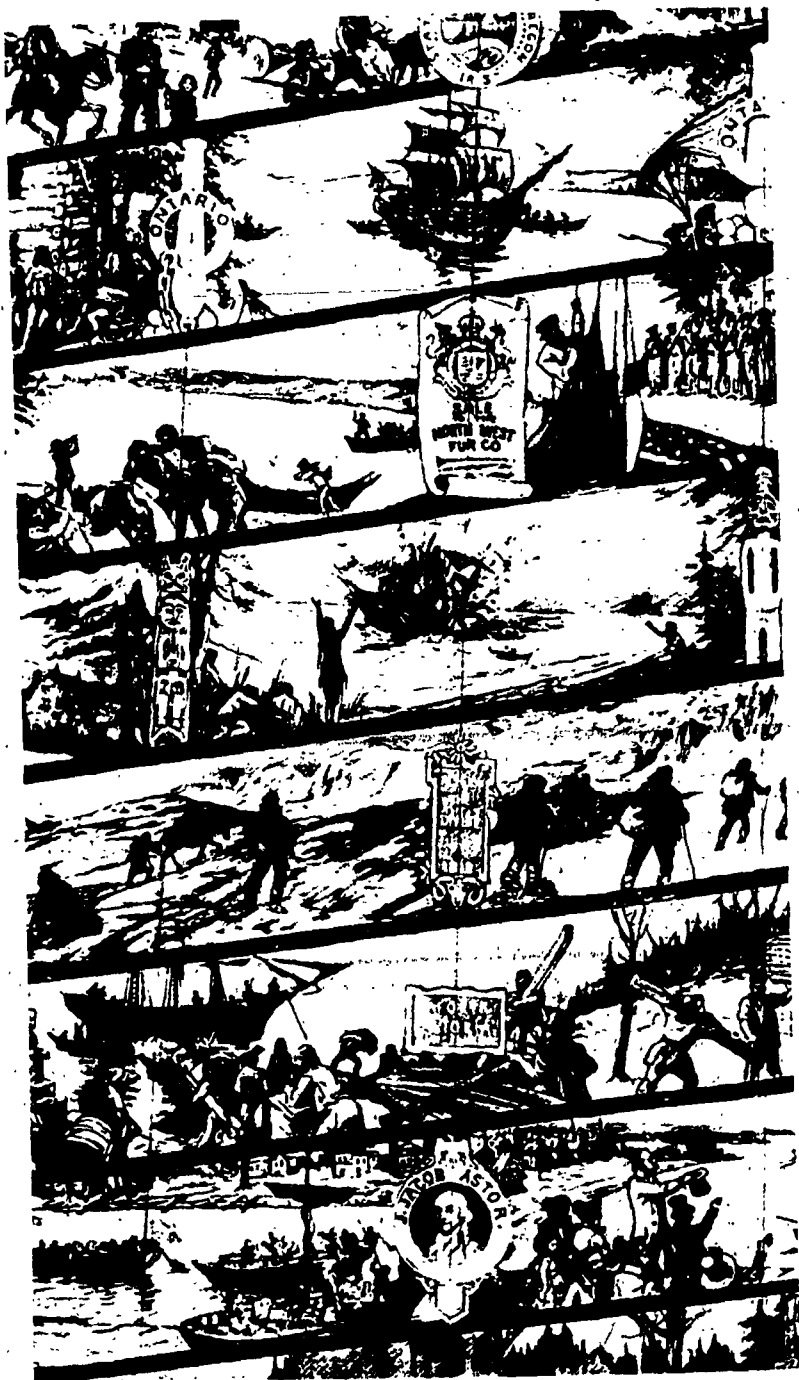
The article regarding our hero closes with the statement that "none of the Northwesterners save Donald Mackenzie possessed the necessary traits to combat the constant trouble, robbery, murder and treachery on the part of the natives."

Before leaving this Astoria-Fort George-Columbia-Willamette coun-



The Astoria Column

Designed under the direction of Electus D. Litchfield
Photograph by Frank Woodfield, Astoria



Detail of Astoria Column, illustrating activity of Donald Mackenzie

try we wish to acknowledge receipt of a folder issued by the merchants of Eugene, Oregon, "McKenzie River Highway". Here is Donald MacKenzie much honored. We give a few quotations from "Early History of McKenzie Pass".

"In 1812, Donald McKenzie, after whom the river is named, one of the Astor's Pacific Fur Company, and trappers from Astoria, explored the Willamette and McKenzie River valleys looking for beaver. Trappers soon exhausted the beaver, as David Douglas, a botanist, reported them practically extinct in 1826. . . . McKenzie Bridge, elevation 1300 feet; most popular base for hikes, fishing and hunting." [They claim all of the biggest fish stories originate here.] "In this area are beautiful lakes. We arrive among Alpine timber, and mountain parks, which give way abruptly to one of the most appalling, the most breath-taking sights Mother Nature has to offer us—the lava fields. One tourist could only mutter Dante's Inferno. We cannot take time to describe more of this wonderful scenery, but perhaps the high-water mark, both literally and figuratively, is the McKenzie Pass—5324 feet. The majestic Three Sisters and even beautiful Mt. Hood, sixty miles away, may be seen. This celebrated McKenzie Highway ranks second to the famous Columbia River Highway, and connects with the Dalles-California Highway at Bend, Oregon."

We regret we cannot quote the entire contents of this beautiful pamphlet issued by the merchants of Eugene, Oregon, and given to us with the compliments of Mrs. Alberta S. McMurphy and Miss Anna Taylor, of Inglewood.

CHAPTER XXVIII

WE QUOTE here a description of Donald Mackenzie's voyage down the Snake River in September, 1818:

"The return trip down stream was not a new one to Mackenzie, for this was the route he had followed in 1811 in the party of the Astorians. As this region was the southern Idaho, it is interesting to note this early trader's description of the country: 'Woods and valleys, rocks and plains, rivers and ravines alternately met us; but altogether it is a delightful country. There animals of every class rove about undisturbed. Wherever there was a little plain, the red deer were seen grazing in herds about the rivers, and where there was a sapling the ingenious and industrious beaver was at work. Otters sported in the eddies; the wolf and the fox were seen sauntering in quest of prey; on the spreading branches of stunted pines sat the raccoon secure. The badger sat quickly looking from his mound; and in the numberless ravines, among bushes laden with fruit, the black, brown, and grizzly bear was seen. The mountain sheep and goat, white as snow, browsed on the rocks and ridges, and the big-horn species ran among the lofty cliffs. Eagles and vultures flew above the rivers.

"When we approached, most of these animals stood motionless. The report of a gun did not alarm them; they would give a frisk at each shot and stand again. Hordes of wild horses were likewise seen. They were the wildest of all the animals, for none of them could be approached. One band of these contained more than two hundred. Caverns without number are to be seen in the rocks on each side of the river, and the shapes of the rocks were often picturesque."

"Imagine such a paradise for the modern Idaho sportsman; Ross concludes his account of this expedition by saying, 'The Snake expedition turned out well; it made up for all deficiencies elsewhere, and gave a handsome surplus besides.'

"To manage such a large party safely and efficiently called for careful planning and constant vigilance."

Mackenzie, on his return to the interior, ordered an outfit, with supplies, to be sent him, and in April, 1819, a party of fifteen men, under a clerk named Kittson, a new man in the service, was sent to take Mackenzie his supplies and reinforce him.

Kittson was full of confidence that he could handle and defeat all of the Indians on the continent (but he evidently "took in too much territory"). He did fairly well until he got into the Snake Country, and here,

first, a dozen horses were stolen, and then later all of them. (The Snakes seem to have been about as good as the Crows, as first-class horse thieves!)

Meanwhile, Donald Mackenzie had had the usual difficulties with his Iroquois, who could not be trusted with goods to trade with the Snakes.

When Kittson did not arrive, Mackenzie sent out ten men to look for him. Two days later they met the Indian horse thieves, and killed one of them, while another was wounded and the third escaped. Kittson with his men now joined Mackenzie, handed over his supplies and received the furs from Mackenzie; then set out again for Fort Nez Percés.

"When Mackenzie and Kittson separated, the former had only three men left with him, for his Iroquois did not arrive as expected. While waiting for them a threatening party of Mountain Snakes appeared at the camp, and were very ugly and impudent, so much so that Mackenzie took from his pile of goods a keg of gunpowder and lighting a match, threatened if the Indians continued to advance, to blow up the whole party. Taken by surprise, they hesitated, and without a word suddenly took to flight. As soon as the war party had gone, Mackenzie and his men, with their property, crossed the river to an island where they remained twenty-two days until the return of Kittson. Mackenzie and Kittson were in bad shape. On one side were the Nez Percés, on the other side the Blackfeet, and all about were the Snakes, but Mackenzie purposed to winter there, as well he might."

This reminds one of General Grant's, "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer."

"Collecting his scattered forces to the number of seventy-five men, Mackenzie, nothing daunted, made from this encampment a second excursion into the Shoshone Country. War with the Blackfoot was then fiercely raging, and frequent hostile encounters rendered trapping and traffic anything but safe and agreeable occupations. Three of his Kanakas were murdered by native bandits. After a season of anxiety, Mackenzie returned to Walla Walla in June, 1820."—*Bancroft*.

In 1824 Sir George Simpson, Governor-in-Chief of Canada, visited the Cascade Country, and in his "Journal", says:

"It was not so many years ago, on this very spot, they attempted to pillage a brigade under the charge of Messrs. A. Stuart and Keith, when the former was severely wounded, and two of the natives killed; but since that time they have given little trouble, and this favorable change I think may be ascribed to prompt and decisive conduct of the whites, and second to the judicious, firm and conciliatory measures pursued by Chief Factor Donald Mackenzie, who had more intercourse with them, than any Gentleman in the Country He even passed the greater part of a winter among the natives of this portage (having been taken by ice on the way to the interior); placed a great part of his property under their charge, and in possession of Chiefs, and took his departure, with-

out the loss of a single article, and this very circumstance has, in my opinion, done more toward restoring tranquility, and establishing confidence and a friendly intercourse than either our numerous forces or presents."

"A serious defect in the routine of the interior was that the brigade had first to go to Fort Okanagan, whence Ross travelled north to his post at Kamloops. This compelled the others to go a long way out of the direct road to Spokane House. There was much talk of establishing a central point of separation and rendezvous at the mouth of the Snake, but the argument was advanced that the Indians here were numerous and unchangeable. Ross says that the real reason why Spokane House was so long retained as the post for the interior and the residence of the Chief Proprietor lay in its social attraction. 'At Spokane House', he says, 'there were attractive buildings; there was a ball room even, and no females in the land so fair to look upon as the nymphs of Spokane; no damsels could dance so gracefully as they; none were so attractive.' But Spokane House was not celebrated for fine women only; there were fine horses also. The race ground was admired, and the pleasures of the chase often yielded to the pleasures of the races. Mackenzie had been sent to the interior by the eastern magnates of the Company to get results, and with an eye to business rather than bourgeois comfort, he declared that Spokane House was an expensive luxury. This did not increase his popularity with the Proprietors, but this position was confirmed by an order which came from the East in 1818. He was instructed to build a fort among the Nez Percés as the central depot for the interior, and Ross was appointed to take charge of it. The Council at Fort George were told that they must place 100 men at Mackenzie's disposal, and they were censured for the delays of the preceding two years. On July 11, 1818, Mackenzie, Ross and ninety-five men camped near the mouth of the Walla Walla River, on the site selected for Fort Nez Percés, a misnomer, as the Indians in the vicinity were Walla Wallas and Cayuses. The site was remarkable as the spot at which Lewis and Clark had held a peace celebration, but it also was considered a danger point.

"After many days of parleying, an understanding was reached, which depended largely on the success of the traders in making the Snake Indians a party to the agreement. An expedition was equipped with fifty-five men and one hundred ninety-five horses, to cross the Blue Mountains under the leadership of Mackenzie. Disquieting reports soon began to come in, and Oskonoton, one of Mackenzie's Iroquois, came back in an exhausted condition. He brought no news of the main party, but said that twenty-five of his comrades had secured Mackenzie's consent to hunt and trap in a small river which appeared to be well stocked with beaver. If permission had not been granted, they would have deserted. A band of Snakes came along and the Iroquois bartered their horses, guns and traps with these Indians for women, until they had little left and no choice except to remain with their new associates. This man had protested the actions of his comrades and had been pursued when he left them. He

was cared for until he received his strength and was then sent to Fort George. On an expedition to the Cowlitz region, soon afterwards, he was murdered while attempting to rescue a companion. After a period of great anxiety at the Fort, Mackenzie and six men came in. They had travelled six hundred miles on snowshoes, in the Blue Mountains, but were in good health and spirits. They confirmed the story of Oskonoton. After the irresponsible Iroquois had been left behind, the rest of the party met several bands of Snake Indians, who professed willingness to make peace with the Nez Percés. The country was found to be exceedingly rich. At that time it was full of deer, fox and beaver, mountain sheep and goats; black and brown grizzly bear displayed curiosity rather than alarm at the approach of the hunters. There were hordes of wild horses, which ranged like deer over the foothills.

"With a week's rest at the Fort, Mackenzie and his six Canadians set out to determine the navigability of the Snake River. After a voyage of two months, the boat with four of the men returned. Mackenzie and the other two had gone to find the hunters, who were at a distance of twenty days' travel, in a country where it had been asserted that less than fifty men could not set foot with safety. He sent back a letter in which he set a rendezvous at a definite place and date, and asked that a party be ready to meet him. Ross forwarded twenty-six men at the appointed time, but was obliged to entrust the command to a youthful and inexperienced clerk, who was promptly robbed of all his horses as soon as he entered the Snake Country. By good luck, ten of Mackenzie's men, sent out to discover why the relief party had not arrived at the appointed time ran into the thieves and recovered the horses. The several parties were united, Mackenzie contrived to round up most of his stray Iroquois, and the expedition was a commercial success. Mackenzie sent his furs to the Fort and remained in the Snake Country, where the summer of 1819 was a succession of adventures and narrow escapes, for he had got into the zone of fighting between the Snakes and a Blackfoot invasion, besides constant collisions with robber groups of the local natives. With the return of the transport party from the Fort, he had seventy-five men. In June, 1820, Mackenzie arrived at the Fort with one hundred fifty-four horses, loaded with beaver furs and escorted by several hundred Cayuse riders. He spent another year in the Snake Country, with even better returns.

"On Donald Mackenzie's second expedition to the Snake, and tributaries, in 1819, he went southeast to interview some of the Chiefs, and he wrote from 'Black Bear's Lake', on September 10, to Alexander Ross, 'that he travelled up Bear River to at least as far as Bear Lake, a journey which would take him farther south in this section of the interior basin than any white man heretofore.'—George W. Fuller, *"Opening the Snake Country."*

CHAPTER XXIX

“IN SEPTEMBER, 1818, Mackenzie, having already established a post among the Nez Perces Indians, organized an expedition to explore the country of the Snake nation—a formidable task, as the Snakes were a large and warlike confederation, and their attitude toward the whites was extremely doubtful. They had also been at war for some time with the Nez Perces, with whom Mackenzie was trading. He travelled through a country much of which had never before been seen by white men. Deer and bear and mountain sheep, besides many of the smaller fur-bearing animals, were seen in abundance, showing by their actions that the report of a gun was still without any sinister meaning to them. The explorer also passed numerous herds of wild horses, galloping backwards and forwards on the slopes of the mountains, with their flowing manes and bushy tails streaming in the wind. It was not until late in 1819 that Mackenzie was able to carry out one of the principal objects of his expedition, that is, to meet the principal chiefs of the Snakes, arrange a peace between them and the Nez Perces, and secure permission to build trading posts in their country. The great camp of the Snakes, as Mackenzie describes it to Ross, must have been most impressive. Of the three tribes making up the confederacy, he estimated that there must have been ten thousand assembled, their lodges, arranged in a certain definite order of their own, covering a space of some seven miles. This great gathering was governed by two chiefs, brothers, both well over six feet, and well proportioned. They are described as very intelligent men, with an almost autocratic power over their followers. On learning the object of Mackenzie's visit, they called together the council of the tribes, and after an entire week spent in Indian oratory, the peace was ratified, for the time being at any rate. Mackenzie presented each of the two principal chiefs with a flag as an emblem of peace, and no doubt made the usual distribution of presents. After wintering in the Snake Country, he returned to Fort Nez Perces in June, 1820, with a rich cargo of furs. The following month he was off again to the Snake Country, where he spent another year, again reaching Nez Perces in July, 1821. I find a casual reference to his work of this period in a letter of January, 1819, from Sir Alexander Mackenzie, then in Scotland, to Sir Roderick Mackenzie, in Montreal. 'By a letter of Angus Bethune's', he says, 'I heard of Donald's situation on the Columbia. It is one of considerable personal risk, but advantageous had he been able to reach the proper hunting grounds. It is now believed, there are plenty beaver in that country, and it will be very hard if it is wrested from us through ignorance of our negotiators.'”—*L. J. Burpee, "Queen's Quarterly", May, 1919.*

Again referring to Fuller, in his article called "Trading in the Snake Country", we quote:

"Donald Mackenzie's exploits in opening the Snake Country for trade, under the Nor'westers, have been related: He left the Northwest in 1822. Alexander Ross was in charge of Fort Nez Perces, and, though the merger of the fur interests had taken place, it would be another year before the new government could be established in the Columbia District. So the annual expedition to the Snake Country was fitted out as usual and was placed under the command of Finan McDonald. When McDonald returned from his Snake trip, instead of making rendezvous at the Fort, he took his men to Spokane House. 'He had passed many years among the fascinating pleasures of the far-famed House', says Ross, 'and the moment that Mackenzie had turned his back on the Columbia, old prejudices were revived.' McDonald's trip was successful financially, but it was unfortunate in other respects. One of his men was murdered by Piegans, and seven others were killed in subsequent fighting. McDonald, himself, was badly wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun during a squabble with his own Iroquois.

"Ross took the next season's expedition into the Snake Country. He started from Spokane House with forty men and recruited the number to fifty-five in the Flathead Country; it was a motley crew, composed of two Americans, seventeen Canadians, five half-breeds, twelve Iroquois, two Abinakis, two Nepissings, one Solteau, two Crees, one Chinook, two Spokanes, two Kootenais, three Flatheads, two Kalispels, one Palouse, and one Snake slave. Five of the Canadians were over sixty years of age, and two were about seventy. The confusion of tongues was a difficulty, and when the Iroquois began to sing hymns, mutiny was to be expected. Twenty-five of the men were married, and consequently twenty-five women, with sixty-four children, had to be taken along. The expedition started with three hundred and ninety-two horses, and the cavalcade was more than a mile long. Ross, unlike Mackenzie, was a journalist and he has left a full account of the adventures and hardships of a typical expedition into the Snake Country in the twenties, in his 'Fur Hunters of the Far West'. In spite of the dangers of the country and the difficulty in keeping his heterogeneous party in line, he brought back five thousand beaver skins."

On April 18, our party passed Priest's Rapids and arrived at Okanagan on the 23rd, where Ross and some of the others, who had taken service with the North West Company, had arrived. On April 29, they arrived at Kettle Falls and met John Stuart and Clarke back from Spokane after an unsuccessful trip to procure horses and provisions.

Donald Mackenzie, John Stuart and McDonald then left the party and went ahead to procure horses and supplies from the east side of the mountains. On the 12th of May they began their march across the mountains to the headwaters of the Athabaska River. They followed the stream

upward; first they waded some swamps, then through a dense forest, and so found themselves upon the gravelly bank of the Canoe River. They had to cross this stream ten times in one day, often up to their necks in the terribly swift current. On its banks were five or six feet of snow, and it was necessary that they go in single file, each putting his foot in the prints of the others.

On May 17 they arrived at Rocky Mountain House, where they waited two days for the rest of the party. By descending the Athabaska, making portages, going down the Beaver and up the Moore River, thence to Fort Vermillion and down the Saskatchewan to Cumberland House; to Winnipeg, Lake of the Woods, and so on, they finally arrived at Fort William, July 14, 1822.

"Donald Mackenzie had come to the Columbia at the request of the North West Company, on a five years' contract. The period had now expired, and the object of his mission was fully accomplished. He had established beyond question, even on the part of those who had for several years mismanaged the affairs of the Columbia department, the fact that the upper waters of the Columbia and its tributaries offered an exceedingly valuable field to the enterprising and resourceful fur-trader. Incidentally he had carried out some important bits of exploration, which did not go altogether unrecognized. Franchère notes that Mackenzie's name was given to one of the large eastern tributaries of the Willamette, which it will be remembered he explored in 1812; and Ross writes in 1825, 'the largest (tributary of the Columbia) we have met with since passing the Kootanais River. I have named McKenzie's River, after my companion and fellow-traveller of former years.'

"Mackenzie, having completed his work on the Columbia, decided to return east, but the season being then too far advanced, he spent the winter at Nez Perces, and finally crossed the mountains in the autumn of 1822."—*L. J. Burpee.*

Here we will bring to a close the account of the active American career of our hero, Donald Mackenzie, a faithful Astorian and Nor' Wester, with a final quotation:

"In 1821 the most stirring and valuable man that the Northwestern had in Oregon, Donald Mackenzie—who came first with Hunt to the Columbia, and gradually became the leader of affairs in the upper country; who had made friends with the Wascos, had built Fort Walla Walla, had opened the Snake River and the Nez Perces country, and had improved his department as much as Keith at Astoria had suffered his to decline—after another tour on the Snake River crossed the mountains to York Factory, where his abilities were so much valued that he was made Governor of Red River Department—the place next to the Governor General. He was easily the most capable man of the partners in Oregon,

though of the type of Simpson—a hard military character, valuing peace, as a condition of trade."—Lyman, "History of Oregon."

Part II will show Donald with a still greater record, as a partner in the great Hudson Bay Company, and for eight years as Governor of the vast Northwestern Provinces of Canada.

We append copies of three documents that are of interest, in connection with Donald's Astoria days:

"I, Robert McLelan do hereby relinquish all right title and claim to all the shares or interest in the Pacific Fur Company towit—two and half shares—and do also relinquish all profit emolument or privileges arising from my having been a partner thereof.

"Witness my hand and seal this first day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twelve.

In presence of

(Signed) ROBERT McLELAN"

(sigd) JOHN REED.

"I, John Clarke do hereby agree to become a party to the within agreement as one of the partners of the company within described and will faithfully perform all the Covenants and agreements in the same contained in like manner as I should be bound to do if I had been named therein as a Party of the second part and had actually executed the same.—It being understood that I shall be entitled to and have and hold three of the said shares as herein before provided for. Witness my hand and seal this fourteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and twelve 1812.

In presence of

(Signd.) JOHN CLARKE"

John Reed.

"Resolved that Ramsay Crooks having expressed his intention of withdrawing from the Concern, be permitted to do so, and that he be no longer considered a partner of the Pacific Fur Company, nor in any way entitled to any right, privilege or emolument arising from his having been a Partner thereof.

May 14, 1812.

WILSON P. HUNT
DONALD MACKENZIE
DUN: McDUGALL
DAVID STUART
ROBERT STUART
JOHN CLARKE.

"Resolved that Joseph Miller having been permitted to retire from the concern on the 9th day of October last, be considered from that date to have no interest whatever in the Pacific Fur Company, and that he is no longer entitled to any right, privilege, or emolument arising from his having been a Partner thereof.

Astoria, Mouth of Columbia River

June 29, 1812."

"Mr. Ramsay Crooks

Sir

Your having been allowed to withdraw as a Partner from the Pacific Fur Company and relinquished all right title or claim to your Shares or Interest in a certain Instrument of Writing executed the fourteenth day of May last We do hereby exempt you from any losses, charges or responsibility which might arise in consequence of your having been a Partner.

"Provided however that you act in strict conformity to said Instrument of Writing executed the said 14th May, last.

Signed WILSON P. HUNT

D. MACKENZIE

D. McDOUGALL

DAVID STUART

J. CLARKE."

PART II

DONALD MACKENZIE

*His career as governor of the Northwest Provinces of Canada
and his retired life in the United States.*

CHAPTER I

IN PART I of this biography we have read some of the remarkable adventures of Donald Mackenzie in the United States. We shall now follow his still more interesting career in Canada, and learn why he is indeed an "international" hero and how he earned the title, "King of the Northwest".

When it became known that I was contemplating writing a biography of Donald Mackenzie, I received a letter from which I will quote:

"38 Coolmine Road,
Toronto, Ont., January 22, 1922.

"My dear Cecil:

Thank you with all my heart for the magazines and the write up of your trips I wish you would copy the report and send it to me. . . . As you are interested in Northwest History, you should send to Ottawa, to A. G. Doughty, Esquire, the Dominion Archivist, Parliament Building, for some books that they published recently. They are free—1348 pages in two volumes and a package of maps The Donald Mackenzie you will find previous to 1835 was your Grandfather. . . . Tell the Archivist that you are a grandson of Donald Mackenzie Governor of the Red River Territory 1825-1833 The titles of the books are "The Canadian Northwest, Its Early Development" and "Legislative Records" by E. H. Oliver.

"I am now writing to another Hudson's Bay man so must say goodbye.

Very sincerely, your cousin,
Alexander Mackenzie."

Here I quote another letter from a relative of one of the personages mentioned in this volume:

"44 Victoria St.,
April 5th, 1934.

"Major Cecil W. Mackenzie,
Fort Erie, Ontario.

"My dear Mr. Mackenzie:

I took note of an article in the Toronto Globe referring to your return to Canada, and was particularly interested in the part that referred to you as being a relative of the late Sir Alexander MacKenzie.

"I came to Toronto from Williamstown over forty years ago, and when I was a boy frequently heard the old people speak of Sir Alexander MacKenzie. In fact, there is a bell on the Church that was built in 1812 upon which his name has been inscribed as the donor.

"There are quite a number of MacKenzies in that locality but I don't know of any who are related to the late Sir Alexander. If you know of any perhaps you would be good enough to give me some light on the subject.

Yours very truly,

D. M. Robertson"

Regarding the above letter, I wrote Mr. Robertson that I was a cousin of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, of whom Robert E. Pinkerton, in his excellent "Hudson's Bay Company" says:

"Peter Pond, about to depart after a quarter of a century in the fur trade, meets the most famous of all Nor' Westers, Alexander Mackenzie, as he enters the North West Company. Pond represented the old type of trader, Mackenzie the new."

And, regarding Sir Roderick, Donald's brother, Pinkerton says:

"Roderick, a cousin of Alexander, just arrived from the Highlands of Scotland, hardly more than a boy, but . . . to rise to prominence in the North West Company."

In one of Alexander's letters to Roderick, he writes:

"Dear Rorry:

"Should opponents come alongside of you, you must do as they do—you will require to give them [the Indians] many presents, as they will often tell you that they will get more at Small's Post—Petit Boeuf [an Indian] is very troublesome at times, so you must take care of yourself—You never met with so troublesome Indians as the Chippewyans, continually asking things for nothing, etc."

I quote this to show how Donald Mackenzie followed the example and advice of his illustrious cousin and brothers; but, to paraphrase Shakespeare,

"Alexander was the noblest Scot of them all."

Another historian writes, regarding the family:

"It is always difficult, and as a rule impossible, to identify a Mackenzie, or McKenzie, whose full name is not given, and in the present case, I am entirely in the dark. I speak of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the most commanding figure of these annals; of his cousin the Hon. Roderick Mackenzie, of Donald Mackenzie the overland Astorian, whom we shall find on the Columbia with Alexander Henry, and of James Mackenzie, brother of Hon. Roderick and Donald. . . . James Mackenzie entered the North West Company in 1794. He arrived at Grand Portage from Athabaska in 1798. There he had charge of Fort Chippewyan, winter of 1799-1800 . . . became a partner in the North West Company in 1802 and settled in Quebec in charge of the King's Ports leased by the Company. He died in Quebec in 1849, leaving two sons and two daughters. One of the former, Keith Mackenzie, of the Hudson's Bay Company, was living in 1889; one of the daughters became Mrs. Patrick, and the other was, in 1889, widow of Lt.-Col. McDougall of Kingston."

Summed up, this information shows that all of Donald's brothers were distinguished, and again I say, no wonder he followed their example and came out to Canada. As Commodore Schley said, "There is glory enough for all."

We find some more interesting correspondence in the Mackenzie family, but it reached me too late for inclusion in Part I of this biography. I quote it at this time, as it is one of John Jacob Astor's letters to his partner, Donald Mackenzie:

"New York 26. Decr. 1814.

"Donald Mackenzie, Esq.,

Montreal

"Dear Sir:

"I wrote you last month but do not recollect the date, as I kept no copy. I only today rec'd your letter of the 18th of last month and I am sorry to see you are easy. I think your ability are such as must always render you the means of Respect & Independence.

"Mr. Day tells me that his establishment here gives him more than 6 to 8000 \$ pr. Annum & being Snuck & Safe he does not lick to change his situation—I think I mentioned to you in my last that from the last accounts than from Europe I rather believed in a speedy peace; we have yet nothing better and I remain of the same opinion 8 or 10 days more must decide this unpleasant state of suspense. In the meantime nothing can be safely undertaking—I should think in case of Peace to go into the Indian trade again.

"I think I should do well and at same have satisfaction of Repairing past Injures—I do not know what your Brother alluded to when he said I was under obligations to their house.

"I drew on them for money which they owed to me & they have accepted my bills, but as to any other thing, I know nothing off, as they have after been mystaking & suposed that I owed them money when I did not—they may possibly at present Lay under the same mistake. One thing is sure that I do not want their aid & another thing is that I have certainly as much credit abroad as they share & all that we did belongs to us.

"I do not even except their connections in England, at present I recommend you to have a little Pention—I wish Mr. Muffet were at liberty—I believe that I mentioned to you that I had a pleasant arrival, a large ship Europe with a pretty valuable cargo & my son on Board of her—he has improved pretty well, but wishes to return to Europe which gives me some Distress, should I see Mr. MacGillivray which I do not esspect very soon I shall certainly keep a good countenance for I see no reason why I should do otherwise. Its true I have been swindled out of fortune but that does not effect my heart nor give up my spirits. I hope you will always keep yours and that as you say live to die the day when

you will look at them as even now you ought to Do with Destain—Such is the expectation of Peace here that goods have fallen 40. pct.

"I am Dear Sir your faithful friend

John Jacob Astor."

The above letter has never been published before, and although the meaning may be rather dubious, I have not changed it, since I feel it shows that the two former partners were friendly. I take it the word "easy" meant temporarily not employed. We shall learn more about the Astorian hero, John Day, later on.

Another letter, dated a few months later, has become available to me:

"New York 31 March 1815

"Donald Mackenzie, Esq.,

272 Pearl St., N. Y.

"Dear Sir:

"I am sorry to see that you think I did not make Reply to your letter of yesterday from want of attention or Respect to you—if you will have the goodness to Read my Letter of the Day proceeding you will find that I therein Anticipated your Desire and Sayd as much as I to-night would Satisfy you—I have no objections to your writing to Mr. Hunt—I am concious that I Done you no Injustices.

"I have no complaint to make against you & nothing to say to your charges if you will Draw conclusions unfavourable to yourself. I am sorry for it but I am not warrantable to you for your own feelings—Mine towards you are the same as they always have been I ever wish you well & I Do So now—but you ought to show more liberality towards me and not urge me against my own free will to any agreement where my own Interest is at Stake as well as yours. I ever considered you as you are perfectly free & I wish to be the Same which I am sure on Reflection you must see is Right—I thank you for your polit offer in taking charge of any Commands to Canada Mr. Stuart told me yesterday that he was going & I have given him my letters.

"I wish you health & a pleasant passage & I am Dear Sir

Yours humble Servant

John Jacob Astor."

This letter is the one that completely severed Donald Mackenzie's association with the Astors.

CHAPTER II

TO DESCRIBE the district where Donald Mackenzie sojourned for eight years I quote from the "Canadian Archives" from Ottawa, edited by Prof. E. H. Oliver.

THE DISTRICT OF ASSINIBOIA

Introduction

"Sir Alexander MacKenzie was a dreamer. His dreams had carried him far, to Arctic and Pacific, the full length of the River he himself named Disappointment, but others named MacKenzie, and across what were then called the Stony Mountains. He had visions of a world-wide fur monopoly, designed to include even the Russian trade; yet he was the man who infected with his interest in the prairie Thomas, fifth Earl of Selkirk, who more than any other individual paved the way for that settlement of the West which terminated the rule of the fur traders. And Selkirk, too, was a man of visions, and, if his large holdings of stock in the Hudson's Bay Company mean anything, not uninterested in the fur trade. But Selkirk, we may believe, was more interested in men than in beaver skins. His colonising enterprises on the Atlantic seaboard and in the heart of the Great Lakes appealed to him more powerfully than The Honourable Company's dividends. He had the enthusiasm of those ancient Greek colonisers who set forth to found new states confident in the virtue of fire plucked from the ancestral hearth. His passion to make fruitful the waste places of the earth, to lead the cramped fortunes of his fellow countrymen into the larger opportunities of those far flung reaches of land of which MacKenzie and Colin Robertson told him, made him recognize in his fellow Scots the proper timber for his new enterprise.

"The first years of the colonists at the junction of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers were full of suffering. With the passing of the bitter rivalry between the fur traders, however, came reorganisation and consolidation for the Companies, and for the Red River Settlers in the District of Assiniboia the inauguration of peace, if not of prosperity. Though Selkirk died, and his executors grew weary, and floods and grasshoppers followed each other in disastrous succession, and industrial schemes proved abortive, the Colony itself was established, and the settlers on the Red River became the vanguard of a mighty movement to the Western plains that embraces the tribes of the earth.

"On June 12, 1811, the Hudson's Bay Company ceded to Thomas, Earl of Selkirk, a large territory along the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. From the former river the colony was called the Red River Settlement; from

the latter, the district received the name Assiniboia, or, as it appears in early documents, Ossiniboia.

"The Northwest Fur Company was merged with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821. The new chief in the Oregon Country, Dr. John McLoughlin, did not arrive until 1824, and there was an intervening season of great gloom, for it was feared that the day of the French-Canadians was gone, and these men were always favorites with the Indians."

We are indebted to L. J. Burpee and his interesting article in the "Queen's Quarterly" (May, 1919) for the following:

"The North West Company having been absorbed by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, McKenzie entered their service, and, according to Masson, was entrusted with the difficult task of establishing a trading post (Chesterfield House) on La Fourche des Gros Ventres, among the Pawnees and Gros Ventres, who had already plundered him a few years before and who threatened to do the same if he returned. By his energy and skill he succeeded in a task which many considered hopeless."

We find the following letter in the possession of the Mackenzie family:

"Donald Mackenzie, Esq.

"Fort William

17th of July, 1821

"Sir:

"I have the pleasure to inform you, that I shall deposit with Governor of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land, a Commission appointing you a Chief Factor, and I enclose two Covenants (both of the same tenor) to the Hudson's Bay Co., which you will have the goodness to execute. It is requested by the Hudson's Bay Company that the Deed of Ratification and Release, subsequent to 1820, to the Honorable William MacGillivray, Simon MacGillivray, Esq. & Edward Ellice, Esq., may be signed, on these documents being presented as above.

"Your Commission will be delivered, but as you may possibly be detained at your Post, it will be, in that event, necessary to send them by the Chief Factor who may be going up, and on that delivery. Your Commission will be given to the Chief Factor, who may return, and who will convey it to you.

"I am Sir, Your obedient Serv't.

Nicholas Garry."

Thus did Donald Mackenzie get his Commission as Chief Factor.

The author has a complete record of the memorable meeting when the North West Company was merged with the Hudson's Bay Company—and the stock held by Donald Mackenzie qualified him to be a Chief Factor—but it is too long to be produced in this biography. However, we have shown you the original letter, appointing him to the important office of Chief Factor.

In a letter from John L. Lewes to Governor Simpson, we find:

"Fort George,
Apr. 2, 1822

"Hitherto the Columbia Department has been but a losing Concern, to the North West Company, owing to the great number of people setting themselves free, etc. . . . and to the North of Fort George, and also the Snake Country, and find that the Canton Market will have an increase, in what is annually sent, but upon this head I must refer you to Messrs's Haldane and Mackenzie, both of whom I presume you will see this Summer, and who are more qualified to give you the requisite information especially the latter Gentleman, who has passed several years in the Snake Country, and who knows every particular concerning it, both with respect to its resources, and the great hazard attending those who go there, as the Natives are of a most Hostile disposition towards the Whites."

Donald Mackenzie left the North West Company in 1822. Alexander Ross was in charge of Fort Nez Perces (Walla Walla), and though the merger of the fur interests had taken place, it would be another year before the new government could be established in the Columbia district. So the annual expedition to the Snake Country was fitted out as usual, and was placed under the command of Finan McDonald. When McDonald returned from the Snake trip, instead of making rendezvous at the new fort, he took his men to Spokane House, as he had passed many years among the fascinating pleasures of that far-famed place. Ross says "and the moment that Donald Mackenzie had turned his back on the Columbia, old prejudices were revived." Bad luck overtook McDonald, as several of his men were killed by the Piegiens and McDonald himself was badly wounded by a gun during a squabble with his own Iroquois. Ross, unlike Mackenzie, left a full account of the expedition.

Alexander Ross in his "Fur Hunters of the Far West" (Vol. 2) says, in a later day, visiting the Columbia River district:

"Twenty-two miles beyond the city of Rocks, a fine river enters the Columbia, on the same side as Beaver Creek, the largest we have met with since passing the Kootanais River. I have named it the McKenzie River, after my Companion and fellow traveller of former years, Donald MacKenzie of Mayville."

This discovery has been recounted in Part I of this biography.

Davidson, in his "The North West Company", regarding the merger with the Hudson's Bay Company, says:

"It is difficult to determine, from the scanty material available, exactly what was the reason for the North West Company's merging into the Hudson's Bay Company."

"It is true that the agricultural Colony on Red River was evidently firmly planted across the line of operations."

"It must have been inimical to the fur trade in various ways and it was likely to render assistance to the Hudson's Bay Company."

"The advantages of united action was, of course, obvious and gov-

ernment support was certain to be rendered to any action which put a stop to the scenes of violence and bloodshed which had been occurring. And two men who might have created serious opposition had both died."

Lord Selkirk, of the Hudson's Bay Company, had died in southern France, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie of the North West Company had passed away in Scotland, March 12, 1820, and thus removed the high-spirited individual, who might have been expected to dislike the thought of the extinction of the Company in which he had acquired his fame. Incidentally, he was the man whom the wintering partners had trusted, at the time when he played an active part in the affairs of his Company. An amusing story in connection with the amalgamation of the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company is given here.

On his way to Montreal in 1821, Robertson had heard about the proposed union, and decided to hurry to London to impress the H. B. C. people that the Hudson's Bay Company possessed about everything, anyway.

Taking ship at New York, he found two members of the North West Company as fellow passengers, one named McLoughlin and the other Bethune. "Wine went around freely and subscriptions were opened," writes Robertson. "One of our friends the Nor' Wester had put his name down, and I took the pen to add mine, but seeing Bethune I said to the Abbe Carriere, 'Come Abbe, put down your name, I don't want to sign between two North Westers'. 'Never mind, Robertson,' said the Abbe, 'Christ was crucified between two thieves.' The two Nor' Westers became very angry, but being good Catholics stood for it, and the merger was finally accomplished.

Again quoting Ernest Cawcroft, relating to Donald's career in Canada:

"Donald MacKenzie re-entered the employ of the North West Fur Company as a confidential agent. He was a leader in the fight between that Company and the Hudson's Bay Company for exclusive trading privileges in the Canadian Northwest. The fight was just as keen as the pre-war contest between the trading companies of England and Germany for the exploration of Central Africa. The commercial battle raged in various forms and at distant points in the wilderness for a decade. Then the usual thing happened. The rival companies consolidated. They signed a deed poll, realizing that co-operation between outsiders is better than competition, in exploiting the natives of the wilderness. The development of Western Canada dates from the day that the rival companies perceived that the untapped wealth of that region was so enormous that competition for an unquestioned surplus was futile."

Regarding the union of the Companies. On January 14, 1819, Sir

Alexander Mackenzie, in writing to Sir Roderick, Donald Mackenzie's brother, said, "Upon the whole, they have not turned out so disastrous to the North West Company as might naturally be apprehended." So on March 28, 1821, the loyal Nor' Wester, Donald Mackenzie, became a Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a deed poll was signed, which showed him to hold a large share of the stock. And so our hero became associated with the greatest company of them all, after loyal service with the Astorians and the Nor' Westers.

CHAPTER III

IN PASSING we note that Sir Alexander writing from Scotland in 1819 to his two cousins, Sir Roderick and Donald, regarding his ill health, said:

"In consequence of my suffering in the North West, the great Dr. Hamilton in Edinburgh calls it a shake of the Constitution."

He died within a year.

I would suggest that all my readers read the life of this illustrious explorer, who first descended the great river which now bears his name, to the Arctic Ocean, and who was the first to reach the Pacific Ocean by the overland route about twenty years before Lewis and Clark. Incidentally, Donald Mackenzie was the fifth to accomplish this hazardous journey.

It is gratifying to know that we had at least one good writer in the family. Sir Roderick, Donald's brother, was literary and a good correspondent. Many interesting letters passed between him and his cousin Sir Alexander, as they were nearer of an age; they treated Donald much as all younger brothers are treated.

Very unexpectedly, on March 12, 1820, Sir Alexander Mackenzie died. Returning home from London, he was taken ill in the coach at Mulnam in Perthshire, and died there. The body was taken on to Avoch, and buried in the family enclosure in the churchyard.

Thus suddenly his career was closed at the age of fifty-seven.

Although this is really the history of Donald Mackenzie, a digression to his equally famous brother Sir Roderick Mackenzie is in order. Quoting from Geo. Bryce:

"The name of Hon. Roderick Mackenzie was one to conjure by among the fur traders.

"The distinguished man came out as a Highland laddie from Scotland in 1784.

"Pushed into the Northwest, he soon became prominent, and built the most notable post, Fort Chipewyan.

"Roderick Mackenzie was a man of literary ability and taste.

"He purposed, at one time, writing a history of the Indians of the Northwest.

"In order to do this he sent circulars to leading traders, and thus receiving a number of journals, laid the foundation for the literary store.

"Roderick Mackenzie succeeded his cousin Sir Alexander to the North West Company, and this for several years caused a coolness among them."

Between him and his cousin, Sir Alexander, an extensive correspondence was kept up; and later between them and their young cousin Donald, who, as I have already related, was fired with ambition to emulate their example and become a fur trader. As Sir Alexander Mackenzie's career is so well-known, and so many books have been published about him, I will not, in this biography of Donald Mackenzie, mention his great career, but will try to make his young cousin almost as famous.

My father, Noel, often told me of the friendship between Donald Mackenzie and David Thompson, the great geographer and explorer who made so many wonderful discoveries; I believe I have mentioned him in the old Astoria days. D. Thompson and Peter Fidler were brought up together, and studied at Cumberland House. Like Donald Mackenzie, David Thompson did not care to write of his journeys. Mackenzie kept in touch with him and they were lifelong friends.

Beckles Willson in "The Great Company", says the

"Hudson's Bay Company witnessed the French dominion in North America, rise, decline and disappear; it saw new colonies planted by Britain; It saw them quarrel with the parent States, and become States themselves.

"Wars came and passed, European Powers on the Continent rose and faded away, change, unceasing, never-ending change, has marked our hemisphere; yet there is one force, one institution, which survived nearly all conditions and all regimes.

"For over two centuries, the Hudson's Bay Company existed, unshorn of its greatness, and endures still—the one enduring pillar in the New World.

A story which follows seems apropos when considering the age of the "H.B.Co."

A couple of European tourists, traveling through the West, frequently encountered the mystic legend, and they asked a half-breed loungee at a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway,

"Tell us, my friend" said they, "what those three letters yonder signify! Whenever we travel in this country we encounter H.B.C. We have seen it sewn on the garments of Indians; we have seen it flying from rude forts; it is painted on canoes; it is inscribed on bales and boxes. What does H.B.C. mean?"

"That's the Company", returned the native grimly, "Here Before Christ."

In 1820 came the arrival of George Simpson who was born in Ross-shire, Scotland, from whence the Mackenzies came. He was sent as a

clerk by the Hudson's Bay Company, and Ferdinand Wentzel, a former North West partner, wrote, in a confidential letter to Sir Roderick Mackenzie, that "they had nothing to fear".

George Simpson became the Governor-in-Chief of all the territory and later was knighted; so hereafter we shall call him Sir George Simpson. He figured frequently in Donald Mackenzie's life, and later became the godfather of the author's father. He ruled for over forty years, and entertained the Prince of Wales, who later became King Edward VII, in Lachine, in 1860.

Another of the characters who figured in the first part of our narrative was John Clarke the Nor' Wester. Pinkerton, in his "Hudson's Bay Company", deduces from a letter from George Keith to Sir Roderick Mackenzie, that Clarke was not well liked.

"A little elevation is apt to dazzle and make us sometimes forget the previous footing we were on; This, I am persuaded, was his foible."

Which is a nice way of saying that he had a swelled head! I mention this because we have read so much about him in this biography.

In perusing the "Canadian Archives", reporting a meeting of the General Court of the Hudson's Bay Company May 29, 1822, regarding the appointing of two governors, we find, among those present as Councillors of the Governors of the Company's Territories, the name of Donald Mackenzie; and, strangely enough, several familiar names reminiscent of the old Astorians and the Nor' Westers' days, such as John George McTavish, John Clarke, Keith, Bethune, Stuart, et al.

CHAPTER IV

"Governor Simpson to A. Colville
Norway House, June 24, 1823

"MR. BULGER by the enclosed letter seems determined on leaving the settlement in the course of the summer and he has requested me to appoint a person to take the charge off his hands. He recommends Kemp but he is likewise fond of Grog and I cannot think of entrusting it to him; it is therefore my intention to propose to the Council that either Mr. Donald Mackenzie or James Keith, Chief Factors, be appointed to the Lower Red River Department, and that one of them be forwarded by the earliest opportunity to undertake the management of the Company and Colony business until my arrival in the Fall.

"The former, Donald Mackenzie, is the preferable man as he is cool, decisive, reflecting and determined and the most enlightened of the Class; they all dread the change and there is not a man in the Country who would not prefer a Polar Voyage to this situation in the present state of affairs.

"I am the more anxious to get Mackenzie placed there as he is a liberal minded honorable man possessing no vain empty dignity and who will devote his sole attention to the business and as it is probable I shall go home next winter 1824, I could with ease of mind leave him to follow up any plans or measures that may be deemed most conducive to the general interests; moreover, he has a warm side to the colony; You may recollect it was him that gave the information as to the intended destruction of it in 1814 on which occasion Pritchard was sent up and in consequence has been looked upon as a black sheep ever since; he is much attached to myself personally and would be influenced by my wishes."

And thus do we find the strongest tribute to our hero, from Sir George Simpson, Governor-in-Chief, even more so than that given by John Jacob Astor, and we see now that, from Chief Factor, Donald Mackenzie will soon be Governor.

The following letter shows Mackenzie to be a regular Shakespeare in his knowledge of human nature, with a wonderful sense of humor, tact, and toleration regarding religion.

"Donald Mackenzie to Governor Simpson
Fort Garry, July 27, 1823.

"The Red River Settlers from the portrait I have of them are a distinct sort of beings, somewhere between the half Indians and overgrown children.

"At times they need caressing, and not unfrequently the discipline of the birch, in other words the iron rod of retribution. But in the present instance the latter not being within our reach, it behooves us to attempt by strategem what we cannot accomplish by force.

"In the first place, therefore, all former scrapes and buffed practices be carefully avoided by every person holding a conspicuous station, and the bottle and girls, so late the bane, must with monastic strictness be forborne.

"Order and religion likewise to be held in veneration; therefore with faces long and minds most pure and delicate shall you and I regularly attend the chapel in the coldest, as well as the warmest weather, even should we slip a passage or two and ponder to mind the next resolve of council at times; with the Priests, we will hold discussions from the era of that directing old prototype, who ruined us all, down to the passing date, ever mindful of giving no kind of umbrage to their dearly beloved bigotry, else make our account to extenuate our offences by mortifications, fasting and watching; with the Scotch and Irish, let us scour up our rusty Erse, and loudly extol that prince of old Fingal; with the French and the Swiss we will be frenchified, et vive la bagatelle; with the Canadians we can pass their voyages over again; with the Brules listen to their feats against the Sioux, and with the Indians you know, we shall be Indians still.

"By accommodating ourselves somewhat like this, to the manner and customs of this degenerate heterogeneous mass, we may insensibly gain their confidence and secure a key that unlocks their inmost recesses thereby reclaiming them, to that principal of exertion and simplicity which alone can establish their future welfare.

"There are certainly too many refuse of different nations huddled together in this distant corner, with very little of the better ranks of society among them.

"Those of our chief Factors, chief Traders and clerks, who are burthened with families that tie them to the country would probably retire after a while to Red River, could proper inducements be held, and they saw the place in a prosperous posture.

"Their removal would also facilitate promotion, of course diffuse a necessary spirit of Emulation in the trade, and though they may be not all of them men of our enlarged ideas, yet the presence of persons comparatively independent in circumstances, and of a thorough-going town, would not fail to put industry in motion."

Now I, the author, think that this letter is the most remarkable of anything of its kind; indeed it is as full of wisdom as Hamlet's advice to the players, or Polonius' speech to his children; I consider it one of the most interesting parts of this book. I have just finished reading a letter from a grandson of Barbara, Donald Mackenzie's sister, asking me for information regarding Donald's life, and particularly for anecdotes; he emphasized the fact of Donald's having a keen sense of humor, but

most of the historians who have written about him did not comment on it.

In the official "Legislative Records" of the Canadian Northwest, edited by Prof. E. H. Oliver of the University of Saskatchewan and presented to the author by the Archivist of Ottawa, we find the first mention of Donald Mackenzie.

"When Governor Bulger left the Colony on August 6, 1823, William Kempt was assigned the normal charge pending the arrival of Governor Pelly. He was instructed to consult chief Factor Donald Mackenzie privately on all important matters. . . . Donald Mackenzie was the brother of Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Terrebonne, the cousin and correspondent of Sir Alexander Mackenzie. He had participated in the organization of the Astor Fur Company and had crossed the continent in 1811. After severing his connection with the Astors, he became a confidential agent of the North West Company. Under the Deed Roll of 1821 he was a Chief Factor in the reorganized Hudson's Bay Company. In 1822 he came from the Pacific Coast to York Factory, and on May 20 of the same year was appointed Councillor of the Governors of the Company's Territories. On the departure of Governor Bulger he was sent to the Red River by Sir George Simpson to superintend the Company affairs and to assist William Kempt who had the interim nominal charge."

Donald McKenzie.

Letter from George Simpson to William Kempt, July 9th, 1823.

Kempt, Esqr.,

Red River Settlement.

Dear Sir,—

I beg leave to introduce to your acquaintance the bearer of this, Mr. Don'd McKenzie, Chief Factor, who proceeds to Red River for the purpose of superintending the Company's affairs at Fort Garry, and who I have to request the favour of your consulting or advising with on all matters of importance connected with the business of the Settlement.

I remain

Dear Sir,

Your most obt. hble. serv't.

(Signed) George Simpson.

Below appears the letter from the Official Canadian Archives from Ottawa:

"1. Extract of letter from George Simpson to A. Colville.

Sept. 8, 1823.

"By my letter from Norway House you would know my intention of getting Mr. Donald McKenzie, Chief Factor appointed to the charge of Red River District as soon after the Council had assented as possible; and from that place I wrote Capt. Bulger requesting him to continue in charge until the arrival of a gentleman to relieve him. Copy of that letter is now transmitted. On the receipt of your letters by the Spring Canoe at Red River a report was circulated (I understand by Mr. Bulger and Mr.

McDonald although no certain information thereof has yet come to my knowledge) that the Executors had shaken all future charge and interest therein entirely off their own shoulders, and that the whole was now under the exclusive management of the Coy. This occasioned a ferment in the minds of the Colonists which became alarming owing to the violent overbearing and oppressive measures adopted by Clarke last winter, as they naturally supposed that he acted conformable to instructions, so that the very name of the Coy, as connected therewith nearly drove them to desperation and we daily expected to hear of serious riots at the Settlement. I therefore lost no time after our arrival at York in getting Mr. McKenzie appointed to the charge, but it occurred to me that in the then state of mind of the inhabitants it would be better that he did not appear to take the management. I accordingly wrote Mr. Bulger and Mr. Kempt requesting that the latter gentleman would take the nominal charge until my arrival in the Fall, but that Mr. McKenzie should be privately consulted on all important matters."

It will be seen that there were many writing the praises of Donald Mackenzie. My excuse for quoting so many is that in matters of over one hundred years ago, one must necessarily look up data. In a letter from Governor Simpson to A. Colvile, dated at York Factory September 8, 1823, explaining matters of supplies given to Governor R. P. Pelly and to himself, Simpson says:

"Donald Mackenzie I consider a host of strength, he is of all others the fittest man in the Country, for the situation he holds, and by his Letters you will see that he takes no common or luke warm interest in the business; he is a cool and determined man, conciliatory in his manners, economical and regular and privately attached to our Colony.

"Our object is to keep him where he is, altho it will cost me some difficulty, as there is a strong party in our Council against him, arising in some degree from his being in Days of opposition a partizan of Lord Selkirk and the Colony which my Letters from Norway House would have explained.

"By keeping this Gentleman at the Settlement, he will become so devoted to the interests thereof, and so perfectly master of the business, that in the event of Mr. Pelly's retiring or any change taking place, you can be at no loss in regard to a manager, either as a temporary superintendent or regular Governor, as he has ability and respectability enough for either."

All of which shows that Chief Factor Donald Mackenzie was apparently being groomed for promotion.

CHAPTER V

WE FIND that during the latter part of the year 1823 there was need of a new policing system.

Quoting an extract from a letter from Sir George Simpson to A. Colville September 8, 1823, as given in the "Canadian Archives":

"Mr. Pelly, I find is empowered to raise a corps of militia, that cannot safely be attempted at the outset, altho' towards spring I think it may be turned into effect, and I would beg to recommend that no pay be given to any one of that body, as if it is given to some it must be given to all; but on our first arrival I consider it necessary to establish a police upon some regular system; that all the gentlemen or principal inhabitants should enrol themselves as special constables whether members of Council or otherwise (the Govrs. of course excepted) and that about twenty of the best disposed, powerful, determined men be sworn in regular constables, and be paid when employed. By this means we can easily detect any plots that may be forming and have a force at hand for the purpose of quieting them. If it could be so arranged that a fund be raised among the inhabitants for the payment of those men it would be desirable but if not to begin with I think it would be money well laid out by the Executors.

"The Councils in my opinion ought to sit at Fort Douglas regularly, at stated times and the more form that is observed the greater weight it will have, but I think it would be well to add the Chief Factor of the District for the time being and the Catholic Bishop to the List of Councilors, particularly the latter as Mr. Jones's name is included; otherwise the distinction may excite jealousy." I think it is better that I should not attend the Council at all because when present it would be necessary for me to preside which must in some degree affect the consequence of Mr. Pelly in the eyes of the lower classes. In order to command due respect he must on all occasions be the great man and head of the Colony and as such I shall always treat him."

Extract of letter from George Simpson to A. Colville, November 1, 1823.

"We have up to this period had two regular councils, besides a private meeting of the Gentlemen of the Council and after mature deliberation, we considered it expedient to form a strong police consisting of Mr. McKenzie as High Constable and about fifty special constables who do the duty gratuitously, twenty regular or petty constables and two bailiffs. All settlers receiving grants are moreover bound by oath to assist in maintaining the peace and good government of the Settlement which is made an express condition in their titles."

And so Donald Mackenzie, in addition to his other duties, was virtually Chief of Police.

In the minutes of a Council held at York Factory; July 10, 1824. Rules and regulations and planning for the different Posts were made. and Governor Simpson presided; and regarding the Red River Colony we read of the winter arrangements: a certain number of boats and crews, with supplies and instructions to be sent to Donald Mackenzie, Chief Factor, regarding certain Posts to be withdrawn; that he be empowered to furnish supplies to retired servants and petty traders on prompt payment, for the purpose of collecting any furs in possession of the Indians.

He was to impose such restrictions as he saw fit; and sales for cash to colonists to be continued at Inventory Prices, excepting the "Article of Spiritous Liquor", which must be sold in limited quantities and at the Depot summer Tariff to servants. The instructions received ended with:

"Donald Mackenzie, Chief Factor be requested to remain at that place for the Summer in the Event of Governor Pelly's taking his departure thence, or in the Event of Donald Mackenzie considering his presence absolutely necessary."

"George Simpson's Journal" relates how Simpson, after being in bad shape at White Horse Plain and needing assistance,

"... hired an Indian to go to Fort Garry, with my note which by a few hurried lines from Governor Pelly and Mackenzie astonished them beyond measure, they instantly dispatched men, Horses, Eatables, Drinkables and dry clothes for our relief but I was so anxious to get once more among my valued Red River Friends, that without looking at the contents of their Saddle Bags (altho furnished with an excellent appetite) I got across my old charger Jonathan, gave him the Rein, and commenced a furious attack on the Gates of Fort Garry at 12 P.M. which was immediately answered by a most hearty welcome from Mackenzie, and every person at the Garrison and here I purpose taking a rest of eight Days after having performed one of the most dangerous and harrassing Journeys ever undertaken in the Country, through which, thank God I have got with no injury or inconveniences worthy of Notice."

Governor Simpson's journal continues:

"Tuesday, June 7, 1825. Since my arrival have been constantly occupied with Governor Pelly on matters connected with Colony affairs. ... Chief Factor Mackenzie's uniform and powerful support was always at hand and his sound judgement and advice invariably forthcoming and if Red River Settlement does not improve under management combining so much worth and talent its ultimate fate is hopeless indeed."

Governor Simpson conversed with Pelly regarding his health, and Governor Pelly decided to go to England with his family.

"... The next point to be considered was who would be the fittest

person to take charge of the settlement, during our absence. This did not require a Moments hesitation, our Eyes being simultaneously directed to Chief Factor Donald Mackenzie, and we have but one opinion on the subject, which is that no man in Ruperts Land is so fit for it, his judgment is sound, his coolness and determination powerful, the whole of the population is under his influence and he is both feared and respected by the Indians, as well as by Settlers, in short I consider our choice a most happy one.

"Mackenzie is much averse to being placed in such a prominent situation, but knowing the importance and necessity of both Governor Pelly and myself going home, he saw there was no alternative and accordingly undertook the troublesome and laborious duties of superintending the Colony for the Current Year, in addition to those of the Honorable Company and I do congratulate all interested, in seeing it in such able and competent hands."

While R. P. Pelly was Governor of Red River Colony, he had an amount of money (£200) for certain allowances, and by his leave of absence, that amount would be saved. Since Mackenzie, during this time up to date, had been really an unofficial advisor to Governor Simpson—similar to that of Colonel House of the Wilson administration during the World War—he became Governor now, in reality, and Governor Pelly never returned.

Governor Simpson, in recalling the many disturbances during the years from 1821 to 1823, decided to make some changes for the good of the service.

L. J. Burpee in his "Queen's Quarterly" article, in following the Canadian career of Donald Mackenzie, says:

"In recognition of this excellent piece of work, and no doubt also because of his long experience and abilities, he was appointed Governor of the Red River Colony, with charge of the Company's interests at that important point. He remained here from 1825 to 1833, 'with great credit to himself and satisfaction to the public.' Chester Martin, in his 'Selkirk's Work in Canada', quotes from one of the official reports of this 'shrewd and capable Governor of the Settlement,' in 1829, an enthusiastic account of the progress of the colony."

A little book called "Red River Trails" says:

"For many years after the discovery of the Red River of the North fur traders were the only occupants, and furs the only harvest, of the valley. These were bought at small cost from the Indians and sold dear in markets of the world; they were light and could be shipped with profit over long waterways and difficult portages. The first routes of transportation were the chain of lakes and rivers that form the north boundary of Minnesota, thence by the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence river to Montreal, two thousand miles away; or northward by Lake Winnipeg and Nelson

or Hayes river to Hudson's Bay. This traffic was at its height a hundred years ago and lasted well into the past century."

"But fur traders could not reign forever over this wilderness empire. In 1812 the first settlers other than fur traders in the entire Northwest, appeared on Red River. They did not come in the orderly course of immigration but were sent to these remote regions by the Scotch Earl of Selkirk. This puzzling and remarkable person bought over a hundred thousand acres of land from the Hudson's Bay Company, of which he was an associate. The grant was called Assiniboia and lay on both sides of the Red River and westward along the Assiniboine. Whether his purpose was solely utopian and he only wished to offer an asylum to certain evicted Scotch peasants, or whether he desired to form a colony to which officials and employees of the company could retire, or to harass the North West Company traders by establishing settlements in the heart of the territory usurped by them, is not certain."

"At any rate, he sent several ship loads of immigrants to this place. These Selkirk settlers, as they were called, settled about the mouth of the Assiniboine and here fought their heart-breaking fight against famine and cold, floods, grasshoppers, rats and the murderous opposition of the North West Company; and triumphed in the end."

CHAPTER VI

IN GATHERING data for Donald Mackenzie's life in Canada the first mention of him was in George Bryce's "Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company", in which he says, concerning the peculiar will of Peter Fidler, dated August 16, 1821:

"After the interest of Fidler's money had been divided among his children till the youngest child Peter should come of age, the testator makes the following remarkable disposal of the residue. 'All my money in the funds and other personal property after the youngest child has attained twenty-one years of age, to be placed in the public funds, and the interest actually due to be added, to the capital and continue so until August 16, 1969, (I being born on that date two hundred years before) etc.'

"Some time after the death of this peculiar man, John H. Pelly, Governor-in-chief of the Hudson's Bay Company, Donald Mackenzie, Governor of the Selkirk settlement renounced the probate and execution of the Will, and in October 1827 'Thomas Fidler' his natural and lawful son was appointed by the court to administer the will."

Continuing Ernest Cawcroft's interesting article in the "Canadian Magazine" we read,

"The amalgamation of the two companies provided the high water mark of opportunity for the career of Mackenzie in Canada, just as the founding of Astoria marks the distinctive feature of his American achievements. His experience and skill were recognized; his name was powerful in the wilderness. He became a Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. He journeyed from the Pacific Coast to York Factory in 1822, and the same year he was appointed Councillor of the Governors of the Company's Territories. When Governor Bulger departed, he was sent to the Red River settlement to supervise the Company's affairs and to seek an adjustment of the long standing differences between the Scotsmen and the natives.

"In June, 1825, he was appointed Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and at 42 years of age he became the commercial and semi-political ruler of a region, now divided into three Canadian Provinces, and as large in extent as many of the major European states."

The merger and lack of competition had a marvelous effect on the Indians in the fur trade, as they were no longer subjected to the bad effects of rivalry. During the administration of Donald Mackenzie many of the old Nor' West methods were used. He explained the new system

of refusing liquor and his firmness and personal courage made it a success with the Hudson's Bay Company, and in a short time order was achieved and expansion began. McTavish kept a note of the 1825 Council, in which he mentions many reforms such as:

"Indians, Industry encouraged, vice repressed and morality encouraged. Spiritous Liquor gradually discontinued and ammunition supplied even to those not possessed of means. Beaver hunting in summer discouraged. Killing small furs in season recommended."

Of course efficiency made its appearance, and all Posts were ordered to keep a register of Indians, to keep journals, to make annual reports on state of resources, and,

"Officers, clerks and servants hereafter not permitted to take women without making reasonable provision for women and children during their residence and after departure, those retiring to make provisions according to their means."

The old Nor' Westers once ordered that men should take half-breeds and not native women as a means to cut down the expense of maintaining so many women and children at the Posts.

The final condensed version of the reforms reads:

"Divine service to read Sundays. Religion books to be furnished, Immoral habits checked, opposite encouraged. Premium for Juvenile rivalry. Women and children, always to be addressed in French or English. Parents to instruct their children in A.B.C."

"Donald Mackenzie lived the conventional life of the wilderness. The inter-marriage of Hudson's Bay Company agents with Indian women was a common event. While this domestic system had the elements of individual romance, it was in part the basis of that collective tragedy which ensued when many half-bred children joined the Riel rebellion in the false hope that a successful revolt would establish their title to the lands of their fathers. I speak with no words of disparagement because in the Anglican churches of the Canadian Northwest, I have seen these Indian children of Scots fathers leading in the choir service. Indeed, a situation which the Northwest accepted as one of the necessities of a primitive country was given some recognition on that eventful day in Buckingham Palace when Sir Donald Smith played the man. Banker, railroad builder, Hudson's Bay Governor, Canadian High Commissioner, Sir Donald Smith had married an Indian girl while in the Northwest. The English Cabinet desired to give him recognition and suggested to Queen Victoria that she elevate him under the title of Lord Strathcona. Then the gossips of London whispered to the Queen that Sir Donald had married the Indian girl according to the rites of the wilderness. The Queen proposed their re-marriage in the Anglican Church, but Sir Donald declined to taint the first rite by admitting the need of a second; Victoria countered with the suggestion that the patent of nobility be granted to Sir Donald alone, but

the latter insisted that it be issued to Lord and Lady Strathcona, and to the heirs of their body. These were the days when Canada was being made to feel her place in the Empire. The necessities of imperial politics impelled the Queen to grant Letters Patent to Lord and Lady Strathcona."
—Cawcroft.

Donald Mackenzie's first marriage was to the daughter of Dr. John McLoughlin, called the "King of Old Oregon", and sometimes, "White Feather". Her mother was the Indian widow of Alexander McKay, who was the companion of Sir Alexander Mackenzie in his exploring expeditions, and who was massacred by the Indians while in the employ of John Jacob Astor.

Dr. John McLoughlin deserved the name of "King of Old Oregon" as he ruled over what is now the states of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho, just as Donald Mackenzie ruled over what is now the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta—hence his title, "King of the Northwest". The two had much in common, as McLoughlin, like Mackenzie, tried to do justice to the Indians; for instance, if McLoughlin found a white man with an Indian's scalp, he would have him hanged. As we have mentioned, Dr. McLoughlin had a half-breed wife; a Mrs. Whitman, in her "Journal" says, "Marie, a daughter was quite an interesting lady—she dressed in gaiters ornamented with beads—being daughter of Chief Trader and had great personal attraction—spoke French and English and possessed other accomplishments."

Donald Mackenzie had three children by his first marriage, in the Columbia River District; Rachel, Donald, and Caroline; but more about them later.

I wonder what relation the children of Mackenzie's first wife, Marie, were to me? Certainly no blood relation, but if they were I consider it would be an honor to claim them. Perhaps I might be in a class with the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, former Vice-President Curtis, or Will Rogers; but, as we shall see later, Donald Mackenzie married again, and thus brought the author of this biography into being.

The descendants of the marriage of Donald Mackenzie and the part-Indian daughter of Dr. John McLoughlin became quite prominent and married well, into famous families—among them the Peacocks of Mayville, N. Y.

In passing, I may mention that the great explorer and geographer—and friend of Donald—David Thompson, had a half-breed Indian wife who lived with him to a great age, and died and was buried near Montreal, respected by all.

In referring to the satisfactory work of Chief Trader C. T. McMillan, Governor-in-Chief Simpson said, "He had more experience than any Gent. in the service . . . It was upon him, and upon Chief Factor Donald Mackenzie, that I relied chiefly in my preliminary re-organization of the Columbia Department."

So again we have confirmation that Mackenzie was a valuable man to Sir George Simpson, and that his Columbia River experience proved of value; as we have seen before, he was Simpson's confidential advisor before he became Chief Factor, and later Governor of the vast territory now known as the Canadian Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta; this was considered the second most important Post in all the Northwest.

To be a good fur trader—or a fine minister—in the old days, it seemed almost essential that one should be a "Mac" something, and the following incident is told by the Rev. William Cochrane, who really laid the foundation of the Church of England.

After several years James Hargrave tried to get a promotion, but with poor success. Rev. Cochrane wrote to him,

"Are you likely to get another feather in your cap? . . . I begin to think that you should change your name to MacArgrave—A "Mac" before your name would produce greater effect—Prove that you are descended from the great clan."

But I believe he received his reward without changing, and, as Shakespeare says, "What's in a name?"

Pinkerton, in his "Hudson's Bay Company" says, concerning Governor Simpson:

"For many years Governor Simpson ruled from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, to the center of Alaska and from San Francisco to Ungava, in a time when a canoe and dog team were the only means of transportation.

"But a combination of Napoleon, Julius Caesar and Henry Ford could not have successfully conducted the fur trade over that great territory, even if he had traveled in an airplane, without a staff of competent, self-reliant men in charge of the posts."

Too much praise cannot be given Governor-in-Chief Simpson, for he had control over the entire district; as we shall see, he was a good friend, and of much service, to Donald Mackenzie.

"It is generally believed that the Hudson's Bay rule after 1821 was free from Indian troubles. This is not entirely true. In 1823 natives attacked Fort St. John on the Upper Peace River and killed Guy Hughes and four of his men." (The post was abandoned.)

"A Hudson Bay party was massacred in that district in the eighteenth

century . . . the Nor' Western attempted it later, but the Blackfeet and other Indians were too hostile.

"In 1822 the new Hudson's Bay Company made a more determined effort and Donald Mackenzie, brother of Sir Roderick, and cousin of Sir Alexander, was placed in charge.

"Due to his energy and executive ability in the North West Company, he had made a success of the Columbia trade and now he with one hundred men went into the home of the Blackfeet . . . A number of men were killed, and, because of the expense and poor returns, the district was abandoned after three or four years . . . As late as 1857 this was still dangerous territory for white men."—*Pinkerton*, "*Hudson's Bay Company*".

It must have seemed like old times to Donald Mackenzie to be fighting Indians again, and he made a practice of addressing the Indians while seated on a cannon or mortar in the Ford Yard at Lower Fort Garry.

CHAPTER VII

OWING to the disturbed condition of affairs in Europe following the French revolution, many people from French Switzerland were emigrants to the Northwest. They generally arrived via Hudson Bay, which was the nearest route. In 1820 a party of them arrived, and among them was Adelgonde Humbert Droz and her parents, who came from Canton Berne, Switzerland. They settled on the Assiniboine River.

Adelgonde's father was Alfonse Humbert Droz, born September 16, 1765. He married Louise Elizabeth Sein, who was born January 5, 1778. My Grandmother, Adelgonde Humbert Droz, was born at Reynault, Switzerland, on June 6, 1807. (Incidentally, two fine old oil paintings of Adelgonde's parents, by LeClear are at my cousin's home in Buffalo. It was here that Jemima, Donald Mackenzie's oldest daughter, lived for nearly seventy-three years, and passed away in her ninety-ninth year.)

We find from the records that Donald Mackenzie, Esq., was married to Adelgonde Humbert Droz on August 18, 1825; at the Parsonage of the Red River Colony (now Winnipeg), by the Rev. David T. Jones of the Church of England, who founded St. Paul's or the Middle Church in 1824. The marriage proved as successful and safe as the proverbial "Davy Jones' Locker", of which one is reminded by the name of the minister. In 1825 the Reverend Jones was appointed Chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company; he later built St. John's or the Upper Church.

Four children were born in the Red River Colony—Jemima, Catherine, Roderick, and Noel. The latter, the author's father, was born on Christmas Day, 1831—hence his name—and was baptised at Fort Garry, January 10, 1832. He had the honor of having Governor-in-Chief Sir George Simpson for his godfather, his full name being Noel Simpson Mackenzie. All of the four children were baptized by the Rev. David T. Jones, Chaplain to the Honorable Hudson Bay Company. Mrs. Donald Mackenzie took a prominent part in the activities of the church, and both Donald and she made many contributions to charities. Governor Simpson and the Mackenzies often "helped out" the Reverend Jones, in his Red River School.

Ernest Cawcroft, in an article in the "Buffalo Express" of November 8, 1912, said:

"Now Donald Mackenzie had married at Fort Garry the young and beautiful Adelgonde Droz, the daughter of noble parents, who had left revolutionary France, and carried their baby to the Fort by way of Hudson Bay . . . Thus I reasoned in my own mind that Mrs. Adelgonde Droz Mackenzie exercised the wifely privilege of making French, and French studies, the requirements of the household."

I may say, in passing, that French was the preferred language in the Mackenzie household all through her later life. My father, Noel, seemed more French than Scotch; and I remember, when I was a small boy, that my father and mother were having a bitter argument, because Noel claimed that Napoleon was a greater man than Lincoln, much to my Yankee mother's disgust.

In "Women of Red River", by W. J. Healy, we read of the first white women, and at the time of Governor Donald Mackenzie we read:

"Of the women whose memories go back to the Red River era, the oldest is Mrs. William Cowan, of Winnipeg, who in her ninety-second year is still active of mind and body.

"The house of her father, James Sinclair, a man notable in the history of the West, in which Mrs. Cowan was born on July 9, 1832, was on the east bank of the Red River, a few miles below the present limits of the city of Winnipeg . . . She was christened Harnit Goldsmith Sinclair.

"The first school to which I was sent as a little child," Mrs. Cowan said, "was a boarding school in a house at Point Douglas. It was begun by Mrs. Ingham, who had come out from England in 1833 as a companion to Mrs. Lowman, who was brought out by Rev. Mr. Jones for the Red River Academy."

Elliott Coues, in his editing of a book pertaining to Alexander Henry and Daniel Thompson, says that "Fort Garry in 1823 had two churches, one school and a population of 600."

The Sinclairs and the Mackenzies were good friends, and the children played together. I have heard my grandmother speak of the Reverend Jones, and the schools and churches mentioned by Mrs. Cowan, who was about the exact age of my father, and about six years younger than Donald's eldest daughter, Jemima, who lived to be ninety-nine years of age.

The Rev. D. T. Jones and some of those who followed him did all that could be done to attract the Scotchmen to the Anglican form of worship. They used a Presbyterian version of the Psalms, and held one of the services in the church on Lord's Day according to the Presbyterian form. He surely tried to be agreeable to all—not like the story of three churches of different denominations, situated at an intersection in a modern city. The choir of the Methodist Church on one corner was singing

"Will there be any stars in my crown?" while the Baptist choir was singing, "No, not one", on the opposite corner, and the Presbyterians, on the third corner were singing "Oh, that will be joyful!"

Alexander Ross, who seems to have been such a good historian, apparently favorable to Donald, and who was called one of the "scribbling clerks", came from the Rocky Mountains to Red River in 1825. He says, "To Governor Donald Mackenzie, who ruled well for eight years, credit is largely due for the peace and progress of the period." This was "praise from Sir Hubert", indeed, for Ross writes from his own personal experiences—not from heresay.

There was Upper Fort Garry, which was destroyed by vandals in 1882, and Lower Fort Garry, about eighteen miles further down the Red River, which runs north. This was practically all built during Governor Mackenzie's administration. It is of rock, and is to this day surrounded by massive walls. In 1830, the powder magazine of stone was built near Fort Garry, the beginning of the solid architecture. It is the only remaining complete example of the old stone forts built by the Hudson's Bay Company. Years later, in 1870, occurred the remarkable interview which took place between Louis Riel, leader of the rebellion, and Donald A. Smith, who later became Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

During Donald Mackenzie's reign as Governor many improved methods of transportation were inaugurated, one of which was the York boat. These were from three to six tons, and could run most of the rapids going downstream, when lightened; in crossing portages they could be placed on rollers. These boats were made of sawed lumber and would only last a few years, and a new keel was needed yearly. They carried a sail.

The crew generally consisted of nine men who used oars instead of paddles, and who found the sail useful for shelter at night. These boats were popular in the Red River country.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FALL of 1825 was ushered in by a cold and wet September, followed in October by dreary snow, which covered the ground to a great depth. In December a terrible snowstorm came on, which lasted three days and four nights, and drove the buffalo far to the south. The plains hunters, even prior to this, had been in great distress, owing to the depth of the snow and the weakness of their horses.

This storm deprived them of food, and they at once went their way to Pembina. Rumors reached the Post that the hunters were starving, and Donald Mackenzie took steps to render assistance. Men were dispatched with provisions over the snow, and saved many who had nearly perished; but before assistance could be rendered all, no less than thirty men, women, and children had perished in the snow from hunger and cold. By the first of May, 1826, floods had begun.

In one of the works of Prof. Geo. Bryce, "Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company", we read:

"After two years, Pelly retired and Donald Mackenzie, a fur trader who had taken part in the stirring events of Astoria, became Governor, and he found much discontent . . . The most startling event during the rule of Governor Donald Mackenzie was the Red River flood in 1826.

"The winter had been severe and a great fall of snow gave promise of a wet and dangerous Spring . . .

"Early in May the waters began rising rapidly and the banks of the river became unable to control the floods, which at once spread for miles east and west, into a great lake and rose several feet into the houses of the settlers and waves dashed over the roofs. Buildings were undermined and floated away.

"The settlers fled and took refuge on Stony and Little mountains. For weeks it continued, and at last the homeless settlers returned to their damaged homes."

Correspondence as found among the "Canadian Archives" of Ottawa:

"Letter from Donald McKenzie to A. Colville, 1826.

"Red River, Aug. 1826.

"A. Colville, Esqr.

"Dear Sir:

"I have to acknowledge the honour of receiving your most esteemed favour by the hands of Governor Simpson and offer my cordial thanks for all the kindness you are pleased to express throughout as well as the

confidence which you repose by entrusting me with the charge of the Settlement. My best endeavours shall certainly be exerted to render every satisfaction in return but strict attention and good faith with the merit of following my instructions are the only qualities I have to recommend me for the discharge of such a trust. The Governor will doubtless report the state of things here, and the unusual calamities which happened in course of the foregoing season. A repetition on my part might be unpleasant. Therefore I take the liberty of referring chiefly to him in this instance. Nothing important took place since he left us, excepting the contemplated departure of Swiss and Meurons with some Canadians who, like them, preferred to quit the country, than submit to the labour of re-establishing their farms. The two former to the number of 50 bent their course to the States and of the latter 25 embarked for the Canadas making a total of 180, big and small. This, however was a consummation much to be desired. They mostly were composed of idle and turbulent characters who infested the Colony for several years. In consequence we now look forward to a more peaceable system of things. The waters rose by a gradual ascent for 22 days. They were somewhat longer abating. The industrious among the people who are Scotch and Orkney men returned to the possession of their houseless lands. They soon replaced between these [torn] and the costs actually incurred by me during [torn] remainder of the year. The contract I should hope will be striking and satisfying as regards the course of such matters most commonly from Red River. The difficulties and casualties of the past year have surpassed those of any that precede. They were such as I hope never to experience again and the next time I have the pleasure of addressing you, let us trust the subject will be more agreeable and interesting. With high consideration,

"I am, Dear Sir,

"Your most devoted Servant,

"DONALD MACKENZIE."

"P.S. Two Swiss and three Meurons have resolved on going off by the ship but they are not likely to trouble you on any subject.

"A. Colville, Esquire,
Hudson's Bay House,
Fenchurch St., London.

In "Oxford Historical and Literary Studies" is an article by Chester Martin, in which we read concerning this flood:

"The flood of 1826 proved to be at last the turn of fortune. A series of prolific harvests re-established the settlement in the good graces of the Company. This settlement, wrote Governor Simpson, in 1829 is in the most perfect state of tranquility. Peace and plenty may be said to be its motto.

"The enthusiasm of the Hudson's Bay Company officials becomes, in fact, so pronounced that the sudden contrast suggests a degree of calculations.

"There were obvious reasons for concentrating control as far as

possible in the hands of the company. As early as 1822, private traders had appeared on the American border.

"The process of 'smoothing'—to use the expressive phrase of that time—the signs of discontent by adroit management and appeals to private interest, could not always be relied upon to stop the stealthy traffic in furs at the American outposts.

"The Sixth Earl of Selkirk came of age in 1830. It seems more than a coincidence that Donald Mackenzie, the shrewd and capable Governor of the Settlement at that time, should have supplemented Governor Simpson's account in 1829 by pastorals of unwonted enthusiasm. 'The corn rich and flourishing—the boundless prairie with cattle like herds of Buffalo brousing, the groups of haymakers, healthy and blooming, the community of sentiments, the stacks and laden carts straining the eye in countless succession, the ensemble of landscape perhaps nowhere to be equalled' and 'I beg to congratulate you and all of my employees' he wrote to Colville on the prosperous state of the Colony."

The above quotations are from a letter written by Governor Donald Mackenzie in 1833 to the Hudson's Bay House in London and again shows his literary ability when he chose to exercise it.

In 1829 sixty families of Orkneys, English, and French extraction came to the Red River from James Bay.

"The flood caused nearly all of the Swiss colonists to move to Minnesota and those remaining said 'We are well rid of them.'

"The settlement improved under Governor Donald Mackenzie and the population was now 1500 and want was absent and the people becoming satisfied."

David Thompson, the great explorer, was a guest of Governor Donald Mackenzie at Lower Fort Garry in 1826, while engaged in surveying the International boundary line from the St. Lawrence to the Lake of the Woods, and so forth.

L. J. Burpee tells how the botanist Douglas, after visiting Dr. McLoughlin at Columbia "on March 20, 1827, started overland on way to York Factory on Hudson's Bay, meeting Governor Simpson at Norway House, and traveled with Sir John Franklin, through Winnipeg; and spent a month at the Red River Settlement, as guest of Governor Donald Mackenzie." Many other distinguished travelers made it a point to visit him, including, of course, his brother Sir Roderick.

In the "Winnipeg Evening Tribune" of August 6, 1927, appears a letter by V. W. Jackson, Professor of Botany and Biology, describing the visit of David Douglas, the famous botanist and discoverer of the Douglas fir tree, who made a trip of over 7000 miles, mostly on foot, and who has left a graphic description of all plants which he found.

Prof. Jackson also quotes from the diary of David Douglas as follows:

"July 12 (1827). Went ashore and walked rest of way (two miles below Rapids). An object of curiosity, invited in every house, perhaps because of the Royal tartan coat, and greedy for news of Scotland. Appear comfortable with little exertion.

"At 2 P. M. hear church bell, saw two school boys, four and six reading the parables. From a large windmill, Fort Garry appeared among spreading oaks at the junction of the Assiniboine, and the Roman Catholic church opposite formed a fine effect.

"I presented myself to Donald Mackenzie, the Governor of the Colony; received me with great kindness and a large tureen of fine milk. He had ascended the Missouri in 1810 and crossed to the Columbia."

CHAPTER IX

THE reader will no doubt recall the brave and adventurous Kentuckian, John Day, who appeared in Part I of this biography, and who apparently appreciated the friendship of his companion of many stirring adventures, Donald Mackenzie. We give here a transcription of his will, in its entirety.

"February 15, 1827.

"Last Will and Testament of John Day.

"Before God and the Subscribing witnesses, I, John Day in the county of Culpepper, State of Virginia, being sound in mind, but infirm of body, do hereby make and constitute this, as my lawful will and testament and I appoint Mr. Donald Mackenzie as the sole Executor of the same as follows, viz—I hereby give and bequeath to the said Donald Mackenzie Two hundred and forty acres of landed property given to me by the Spanish Government formally at St. Louis in Louisiana.

"The same property of two hundred and forty acres of lands is situate about a mile from the banks of the River Missouri on the South side and lying upon the Creek Labadz, right hand side of that creek adjoining the lands of Monsieur Chonteau.

"All papers concerning the said lands and property I have placed in the hands of my friends, Mr. James Mackay residing about nine miles below the town of St. Louis. I therefor request and desire of the said James Mackay his heirs, administrators, or executors that he or they will give and deliver up or see given or delivered up into the hands of said Donald Mackenzie, or into his order all and every—the papers, the Deed of Rights, whatsoever apertaining to or concerning the said two hundred and forty acres of landed property situated as above mentioned.

"I further give and bequeath to the said Donald Mackenzie, all and every my rights and pretentions to the Saltpetre caves discovered by me about Loons' Leeks at the River Missouri.

"I also bequeath to him the said Donald MacKenzie my one third proportion of profits therefrom arising since first I found them and I request and desire of my worthy friend Mr. Benjamin Cooper and Mr. John Farral who have been hitherto partners with me in the proceeds of the said Saltpetre Caves, that they deliver up or see delivered up into the hands of said Donald Mackenzie or into his order, all the share of the profits belonging to me as arising from the said Saltpetre Caves, since the commencement of my partnership with them, which I believe took place in the year 1829.

"I give and bequeath to Miss Rachel Mackenzie of Columbia River

all and every my ready cash with the lawful Interest arising therefrom and being in the hands of my ~~former~~ Master, John Jacob Astor, Merchant of New York.

"I therefor desire the said John Jacob Astor to deliver into the hands of my aforesaid Executor or orders, all of the ready cash with lawful interest belonging to me in his possessions.

"Signed and sealed this fifteenth day of February on the dependencies of the River Columbia in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and twenty seven.

"This writing to be considered by all men as my lawful Will and Testament."

JOHN DAY
(Zeal)

Witness

WILLIAM KITTSON
JAMES BIRNIE.

Another writer adds:

"The sixteenth instant about two o'clock in the afternoon, John Day departed this life—Viewing Donald Mackenzie as the man at whose hands he had ever experienced the most kindness, he therefor said that he bequeathed to him all he possessed, deeming it too inconsiderable to divide among his relations; but requested that Mr. MacKenzie would inform his brothers, Lewis and Willis of his fate, desiring his best wishes to them. He appeared to die the death of a good man and much regretted."

February 17, 1820
WILLIAM KITTSON
JAMES BIRNIE."

Thus we have another instance and proof of the loyalty of Donald Mackenzie's friends. Also it brings into print the name of one of Donald Mackenzie's children, and matters pertaining to John Jacob Astor's being in possession of moneys, which is of interest in relation to affairs between the partners John Jacob Astor and Donald Mackenzie.

While on the subject of John Day and his Will mention may be made of the probate of the Will which took place in Mayville, Chautauqua County, State of New York, on the 28th day of October, 1836, and was signed,

William Smith
Surrogate.

As a contrast to the days of Donald Mackenzie at Lower Fort Garry one hundred years ago, it is interesting to note that the present valuation of a few blocks in the City of Winnipeg is greater than the price paid by Canada as late as 1870 for the whole of the Hudson Bay territory.

Strange gatherings there were in the Stone Fort, when Sir George Simpson was Governor-in-Chief and Donald Mackenzie was Governor.

When a council was called, what unique personalities would gather from a governed territory larger than the continent of Europe. From the ice floes of the mouth of the Mackenzie, from the sunny valleys of the Pacific slope, from the Northern shores of Hudson Bay, from the fastnesses of the Rockies, the keen-eyed, strong-lipped, bearded Factors of the great fur Company would come; and in that little room, hardly twenty feet square, in the Governor's residence, there would be determined things that affected the happiness and prosperity of a dozen great tribes; that changed the markets and fashions of London and Paris, and influenced the commerce of the world. Great were those occasions with princely hospitality, genial meeting, and festive merriment.

Perhaps a season's routine business on the Lower Red River, as taken from the official "Canadian Archives" may be of interest to the reader.

"44. Summer & Winter Arrangements—

Lower Red River Fort Garry

Donald McKenzie C.F.

Duncan Finlayson C.T.

John Ballenden Clk.

Warden of the Plains

Cuthbert Grant.

45. That C. F. McKenzie's Requisition for the use of the Colony Shop and Indian Trade amounting to about 700 ps. be complied with.

46. That Chief Factor McKenzie be directed to charge to private account any Commission he may execute in Red River Colony at the request of Individuals unless specially authorized by an order or minute of Council.

47. That Chief Factor McKenzie be directed to purchase from the Colony the following Supplies made up in sound and transportable packages at not exceeding the prices thereto annexed, Viz.

300 Bushels Barley @ 2/-p. Bushel.

500 Cwt. best flour @ 12/-p. Cwt.

200 Bushels unhulled Indian Corn @ 4/1 p. Bushel.

600 Liquor Kegs (to be filled with flour).

Iron Hoops to be furnished from Y. F. @ 5/ each.

48. That the Freight to be allowed to Carriers and Districts during the Current Year for the transport of Pieces be as follows, Viz.

From York Factory to Red River 20/ p. piece

From York Factory to Norway House 15/ piece

From Norway House to Red River 5/ piece

From Red River to Norway House 1/ piece

From Norway House to Oxford House 2/ piece

From Oxford House to York Factory 3/ piece

From Oxford House to Norway House 5/ piece

From York Factory to Oxford House 10/ piece

49. That Chief Factor McKenzie engage for the season of open

Water to be employed either on the Factory communication or in the McKenzies River transport business as may be required.

4 Steersmen at Wages not exceeding £21 p. the season.

4 Bowsmen at Wages not exceeding £18 p. the season.

24 Middlemen at Wages not exceeding £15 do.

50. That Chief Factor Donald McKenzie engage for the Fur trade 20 stout young men on 3 years' Contracts at £17 per annum.

52. That Chief Factor Donald Mackenzie's Commission and authority as Governor of the Colony be equally applicable to servants of the Company under his direction and that they be required to yield due obedience to such authority in all cases in which he may find necessary to exercise it "

Regarding society at Red River Colony during Governor Mackenzie's regime:

"As yet we have had but one fete, which was honored by the presence of all of the elegance and dignity of the place from his Reverence of Julis polis (Bishop Provencher) down to friend Cook, who (the latter) was as grave and sober as a Bishop By the way we have got a very 'rum' fellow of a doctor here now, the strangest compound of skill, simplicity, selfishness, extravagance, musical taste and want of courtesy, I ever fell in with. The people are living on the fat of the earth, in short, Red River is a perfect land of Canaan as far as good cheer goes."

The completion of St. John's, or as it was afterwards called, the Cathedral, Church caused some discontent among the Selkirk settlers, they were not now so anxious for a Gaelic Minister. And the Highlanders were not clamoring so much for private stills now that rum was cheap—and in general use. So much for routine life.

CHAPTER X

AS IT IS NOT possible to interview the characters of this biography, we must depend upon written letters and historical records to complete it. Here is a letter of interest:

"York Factory
July 17th, 1832.

"Mrs. Mackenzie

Fort Garry

My Dear Mrs. Mackenzie:

The boat which is to convey this, being ready to start, I have not time to muster a sufficient stock of French words to form a letter, being a novice in the art of writing in that tongue.

"I trust, however, your kindness will excuse me, and Mr. Mackenzie will, I am sure readily act as interpreter. Our voyage was by no means agreeable, the weather being wet and cold; and Mr. Simpson and myself were both invalids—My news from home was not so good as I could have wished—My dear Father has been very ill, and writes in very bad spirits.

"England is in a very unsettled state, and the cholera Morbus is making dreadful havoc in all parts. I hope you are all enjoying good health at Fort Garry, and trust by this time, that dear little Noel is perfectly recovered.

"We have had very warm weather for 3 or 4 days past, but the morning is cold and wet.

"Mr. Simpson, I am sorry to say is not well, owing to over anxiety about business, and too close application to his desk—I have not time to add more as the boat about starting.

"Offer my kind regards to Mr. Mackenzie, and love to the dear little ones; and receive the same my dear Mrs. Mackenzie.

From your affectionate friend.

Frances R. Simpson"

To the writer this letter was particularly interesting as "little Noel" was my father; and it was good news to me, although it was nearly 104 years old—so thank you, Lady Simpson!

To show the friendship existing between Lady Simpson and Mrs. Donald Mackenzie, Alexander Mackenzie, of Toronto, furnished me with the following:

"York Factory, July 21, 1832

Fort Garry Red River Settlement.

"My Dear Mrs. Mackenzie:

Mr. Simpson having just informed me that Mr. Nolin takes his de-

parture this afternoon for Red River; I hasten to avail myself of so favourable an opportunity of showing you that I am not unmindful of your kind attentions, during my short stay at Fort Garry; for which, pray accept my warmest thanks; also, to let you know that I have enjoyed the voyage very much and that at present I am in perfect health, not even having caught cold, from the changeable climate of York; which is more than many (who are more accustomed to it than I am) can say. We arrived here the 26th of June, having been detained nearly two days, in Knee Lake, by contrary winds and stormy weather; from which I found no inconvenience; but the iniquitous mosquitos have nearly tormented me to death, and driven me to acts of cruelty in retaliation of which I never thought I could by any means be capable.

"I was much struck with the appearance of York Factory; which is far superior to any idea I had formed for it. I am also delighted with the good which is conspicuous, in every department of its business. The buildings of the Factory are in excellent condition; the shops, well supplied, the gardens neat, although not very productive and the operations of the whole establishment like a piece of well regulated machinery. I am very anxiously looking forward to the arrival of the ship; and busily employed writing to all of my beloved friends.

"We occupy Mr. McTavish's house; as being more commodious than Mr. Simpson's, in which Mr. Christie at present resides—

"The grounds here do not appear to have been laid out specially for the accommodations of Lady visitors; so I therefore, never move about, unless for half an hour occasionally with Mr. Simpson, when the mosquitos, by any accident, suspend their hostilities.

"I must apologize for not addressing you in French, knowing you to be more conversant in that, than the English language; but it would require more time than Mr. Nolin can afford to enable me to pen a composition, fit to pass under the eye of one so well acquainted with the idioms—I am anxious to get away from here, in order that Mr. Simpson, may have a little relaxation from business and shall be truly delighted to find myself, again seated by you at Fort Garry. Pray offer my kind regards to Mr. Mackenzie, and wishing you both, a long continuance of health and happiness.

"Believe me, my dear Mrs. Mackenzie,

Your Sincere Friend

Frances Ramsay Simpson."

The Simpson, Jones, and Mackenzie families were very much interested in Church Work and the social activities of the Colony. We find a copy of a letter from the Reverend Jones, which I quote:

Parsonage House, May 22, 1833

"Madame Mackenzie

Fort Garry

"Madame:

"Mrs. Simpson came here this afternoon and is not able to proceed further. She wishes to partake of the sacrament, which I shall administer

to her on Friday next in my room, about 12 o'clock; perhaps you would like to join us; if so Mrs. Jones and I would be delighted to see you.

Truly and Respectfully Yours

D. T. Jones"

The above correspondence is given as showing an interesting light on the lives of the settlers, as well as being an interesting description of life at York Factory.

"His [Mackenzie's] Governor's Seat was at Fort Garry, now Winnipeg; and there during eight years of rule, he approached the high tide of life. I cannot enter into the many events in the life of a man charged with business responsibilities and the maintenance of civil order in a wilderness. But my researches have compelled me to do what I have long planned to do in connection with my studies of Western Canada; to procure and examine the records of the Hudson's Bay Company in general and especially as bearing upon the Governorship of Donald MacKenzie. It is one thing to read a polished and complete governmental code such as Macaulay wrote for India and Root penned for the Philippines; but it is another, and equally interesting, to read the records of men grappling with order and disorder in a wilderness, and making their government as the occasion arose. This is the revelation which has come to me in examining the legislative records of the Red River Colony and the Hudson's Bay Posts."—*Cawcroft*.

"Sir George Simpson, writing Roderick McKenzie in September of this same year, 1829, says: 'Your brother Donald, his lady and young folks, were in high health and spirits in the month of May last when I passed ten days most agreeably with them at Red River. His government is the most easy under the sun; he settles the most knotty points with a joke and a laugh, seated on a mortar opposite the gate of his post, and is more beloved and respected than words can tell; he is not so stout as he was, but much more healthy, and looks as if he would live for ever'. Alexander Ross, too, in his third and last book, the 'Red River Settlement', has not forgotten his old companion of the Columbia. Describing the great Red River flood of 1826, he says: 'The generous and humane Governor of the Colony, Mr. D. McKenzie, sent his own boat to the assistance of the settlers, though himself and family depended on it for their safety, as they were in an upper story, with ten feet of water rushing through the house'."—*Burpee*.

In a letter from the Headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, London, England, to Governor Sir George Simpson, we read:

"It was with the most painful feeling that we read your account of the inundation at Red River, and we fear that the possibility of a similar calamity will deter any number of people from settling there to form a Colony, but of the people who returned there determined to remain, we would wish the same conduct to be pursued."

And thus was the conduct of Donald Mackenzie approved from Headquarters.

CHAPTER XI

IN SIMPSON'S book, speaking of the final term of Donald Mackenzie, we read:

"The Governor of Assiniboia made his own retirement, guiding the destiny of the Red River Colony with notable success."

Up to the last year of Donald Mackenzie's administration in 1832, the Hudson's Bay Company had brought in all the goods; but about this time, a few private gentlemen began to bring in goods which they sold to the settlers at a handsome profit. Of course the Company at once changed their tactics, and encouraged agriculture, promising a market for everything produced. Land that had been sold for five shillings an acre, was increased to seven shillings and sixpence.

In summing up the achievements of Donald Mackenzie, the Archivist of Ottawa says, in conclusion:

"In June 1825, he became Governor of Assiniboia, a post he held for eight years. The most notable events of his regime were the floods of 1826, and the flight of the Swiss settlers In this connection Historian Gunn says:

"This benevolent gentleman not only made use of the stores under his charge for the relief of the sufferers, but added the influence of his high position and personal character to join the 'good work'."

Almost the last entry in the "Canadian Archives" regarding our hero before his resignation is the following:

"Proceedings of a Council held at Fort Garry on Friday, the 4th day of May, 1832.

Present:

"George Simpson, Esqre., Governor of Rupert's land, President.

Donald McKenzie, Esqre., Governor of Assiniboia.

James Sutherland, Esqre., Councillor.

James Pritchard, Esqre., Councillor.

Robert Logan, Esqre., Councillor.

"The great injury done to the Woods of the Settlement by fire and the serious danger and loss occasioned annually by that devouring element, arising from the wilfulness of some ill-disposed persons, and the negligence of others, render it absolutely necessary, for the protection of lives and property, that salutary Regulations should be formed with a view to check this evil, and that severe pains and penalties should be inflicted on all persons who may violate such Regulations."

Finally, we have the last notice of all, which ends the record of the active career of this famous man. We quote from the "Archives," Red River Settlement, June, 1833:

"The Council again sat on 8th June, 1833. Present:

George Simpson, Governor-in-chief.

J. D. Cameron, Chief Factor.

Donald McKenzie,

Alexr. Christie,

Jas. McMillan:

"A medical certificate being received from Dr. Hendry of Chief Factor McKenzie's ill health which renders it necessary for him to visit the civilized world, to obtain the benefit of medical advice.

"Resolved 1. That leave of absence be granted to the said Chief Factor McKenzie for the Current year."

On expiration of his term as Governor, he retired to New York State.

Governor Donald Mackenzie's leave of absence must have been the cause of several letters from Headquarters, as witness the following written to him while visiting the United States.

"Hudson's Bay House
London, 8th January 1834

"Donald Mackenzie, Esqr.

Mayville

Lake Erie

U. St.

"Sir:

"Your letter of the 28th Novr. came to hand on the 2nd. instant and has this day been submitted to the Governor and Committee and I am in reply instructed to say that as your commission evidently shows that the interpretation put on your letter of the 23rd. same month (Novr.) by the Governor & Committee was the same which you intended they do not consider it necessary to make any other reply than by reference to the annexed copy of Governor Simpson's letter of the 1st instant, written by their instructions, which conveys the Governor & Committees acceptance of your resignation, beginning with outfit 1835 which they grant an extension of your leave of absence for next outfit 1835 agreeably to your request.

"I am Sir, Yr. very obdnt Servt.

"William Smith, Sec'y."

The letter was addressed "via Liverpool & New York P the 'North America,'" and it reached Donald Mackenzie, in spite of Mayville's being located on Lake Chautauqua instead of Lake Erie. It took two months to reach its destination, arriving 9th of March, 1834.

Thus we come to the end of his career in Canada.

In concluding this chapter, we give the following item:

"In 1920 . . . the 250th Anniversary of the Hudson's Bay Company in Winnipeg.

"This celebration was one of the most historical and successful events that has taken place in Canada in connection with the Hudson's Bay Company, whose Governor, Sir Robert Molesworth Kindersley, G.B.E., received warm welcome and ceaseless ovations from all peoples, kindreds and tongues

"The Pageant on the Red River down to the Lower Fort was something to dream about, and not likely to be ever seen again Indians from all over the Dominion, in their birch bark canoes and York boats, dressed in material of all shades and colors, eagles' feathers and paint, representing all tribes and customs for the past two hundred and fifty years.

"The banks of the Red River were lined for miles with thousands of admiring, and wondering spectators.

"The landing at the Lower Fort, where thousands had congregated, was amidst the booming of cannon in the good old orthodox Hudson's Bay style The Governor smoked the Pipe of Peace"

This, just one hundred years after the regime of Donald Mackenzie.

CHAPTER XII

EXACTLY one hundred years after the reign of Donald Mackenzie, in 1927, the author visited Winnipeg to gather information regarding Donald Mackenzie, the "King of the Northwest". Quoting from "Three Transcontinental Sight-Seeing Trips" by Cecil W. Mackenzie:

"Mrs. Maackenzie and I visited the Old Gate to Upper Fort Garry now adjoining the modern Fort Garry Hotel of the Canadian National Railway. The ruined part of the fort called the Gate is still preserved in a park. . . .

"But I was anxious to see a place of very great importance to me, and took trolley and owing to great floods now going on (Spring of 1927) had to get on at a subway and walk over the railway embankment and take another car.

"My mind goes back, thinking of the really great floods of 1826, where Governor Donald Mackenzie did such heroic work as described by Alexander Ross, Sir Geo. Simpson, et al.

"Although it was a very serious matter I could not help but smile at a story told of the terrible floods. Houses were wrecked, furniture destroyed and a man was seen floating down the river on a table, while his wife accompanied him on the piano . . ."

Continuing my story:

"At last I arrived at Lower Fort Garry about 18 miles from Winnipeg, on the Red River of the North. The Fort is constructed of limestone and still standing in its entirety, embodying all the glamour of those days when strife was rampant and the scalping knife used; it is one of the oldest forts on the continent and the last relic of feudalism and the only one left complete of the Hudson's Bay Company; consists of five acres and a fine sample of old Scotch masonry and with stores and residence therein.

"It was at Lower Fort Garry that the Council meetings of the Governor and Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company were held, at which the affairs of half a continent were held; and peeping through the gate could see the old stone house in the middle of the grounds where Donald Mackenzie ruled and where my father Noel was born.

"The gateway was locked and I wondered if I might be admitted and gathering up my courage rang the bell and a distinguished elderly lady answered.

"I was told that it was necessary to have a permit from the Hudson's Bay Company. I timidly asked her if I might go through the place and added that my father was born inside that building—pointing to that

old stone structure. She said 'Have a chair' and showed interest, and then I continued, 'My father's father, my grandfather was Donald Mackenzie, governor here for over eight years'; and she did not exactly say 'have two chairs' but I was made very welcome indeed.

"She proved to be Mrs. Coralie Strevel Harmer and had charge of the place and she showed me points of interest, including the room where Donald's four children were born and also, which may shock some of your readers, the basement which Donald used for conferences; and I suppose many drinking parties met here as was the custom of the times, but several authors have said that Donald Mackenzie had no Falstaff tendencies, so I hope that was the case.

"The motto used at this Fort of the Hudson's Bay Company is 'pe pelle cutem' which means 'Skin for skin', but Mrs. Harmer, evidently with a sense of humor said: 'They, the Indians who apparently got the worst of the trading, said it meant 'Skinned for skin'.

"Mrs. Harmer had me register in her book, telling who I was, and seeing my camera in my hand suggested that some photos be taken.

"There was a very nice looking young lady in the room and Mrs. Harmer said 'Major Mackenzie, how would you like to have Miss Katherine Strickard accompany you and take pictures of you at the important points of interest?' This was done, much to my pleasure . . . They showed me sitting in front of the celebrated mortar, or in front of Governor Mackenzie's house; the turbulent Red River of the North; The Bastion with the British Flag; all of which I treasure highly . . . pictures now 'among my souvenirs'."

At this point we go back, briefly, one hundred years. In "George Simpson's Journal", from which I quoted some time back, we read: "I got across my old charger 'Jonathan', gave him the Rein and commenced a furious attack on the Gates of Fort Garry at 12 p.m., which was immediately answered by a most hearty welcome from Mackenzie."

I don't suppose Sir George could visualize a grandson of the same Mackenzie "crashing the gate" a century later!

Here is a letter which is self-explanatory:

"Manitoba Free Press Company, Limited.

Winnipeg, May 31, 1927.

"Dear Major Mackenzie:

"Thanks for your letter of May 25, with photograph of old Lower Fort Garry and yourself by the gate, no doubt not far from the point where Chief Factor and Governor Mackenzie sat on the cannon, as described by Sir George Simpson in 1829. The Lower Fort used to be the residence of the governors, especially after it was enlarged to its permanent proportions in 1831.

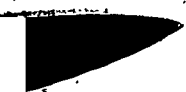
"I enjoyed the talk with you, and wrote an article which appeared last Saturday (May 28) and which you will have no doubt seen by the



*Author at the outer gate of Lower Fort Garry,
in 1927, one hundred years after the regime of
his grandfather*



Interior of Lower Fort Garry, showing Governor Donald Mackenzie's home



time this reaches you. I am starting my vacation tomorrow, but am leaving a note for Mr. Payne re mailing you several copies.

"Hoping all is well with you and yours,

Yours truly,

W. E. Ingersoll."

Before leaving the city of Winnipeg I received a copy of their principal daily, and, although the article mentions things not relevant to this Biography, I reproduce it in its entirety.

"FREE PRESS, WINNIPEG, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1927.

"GRANDSON FUR KING

VISITOR TO WINNIPEG

"Grandfather Governed Red River Colony, 1825 to 1833

"A notable visitor to Winnipeg within the past week was Major Cecil W. Mackenzie, well-known retired veteran of the telephone, now a resident of Fort Erie, Ontario.

"Though Major Mackenzie saw the first telephone exhibited at the Centennial by Alexander Graham Bell in Philadelphia in 1876, and has been continuously connected with the Bell company ever since April 1, 1879, his importance as a Winnipeg visitor arises not so much from that fact as from the fact that he is a grandson of Donald Mackenzie 'King of the Northwest', the noted fur-trader who was governor of the Red River colony from 1825 to 1833. Donald was a cousin of Alexander Mackenzie the explorer, and a brother of that other famous Mackenzie, Roderick, who sailed from Scotland to Canada in 1784, settled at Montreal and was one of the founders and proprietors of the dynamic North West Fur company.

"The description left on record by Governor Sir George Simpson of the Hudson's Bay company, when he visited Governor Mackenzie at Lower Fort Garry in 1829, nearly 100 years ago, is vivid and picturesque: 'His government is the most easy under the sun; he settles the most knotty points with joke and laugh, seated on a mortar opposite the gate of his post, and is more beloved and respected than words can tell; he is not so stout as he was, but much more healthy, and looks as though he would live forever'. The veteran was at that time in the prime of life. He had been an employee of the Astor Fur company till it was absorbed by the North West company, and then the North West company till it was absorbed by the Hudson's Bay company. After over a quarter of a century's experience in the fur trade, he had come, as many other fur company officers had, to a haven of peace in the Red River settlement, and had married Adelgonde Droz, daughter of one of the Swiss settlers who had come out to the Red River colony a short time before his arrival, and was the father of two fine children, a girl, Jemima, who was to live till 1926 and a boy Noel, the father of Cecil, the author.

"He concluded his tenure as governor in 1833, and went east, founding a fine estate at Mayville Hill, near Buffalo. Returning from Buffalo on horseback one day of high summer in 1850, he was thrown from his

horse at Silver Creek and being an enormously heavy man, over 300 pounds, suffered injuries from which he died in January, 1851.

"Thirteen children were born of his marriage with the Swiss girl. Of these, Noel, the father of Major Mackenzie, went to Kentucky, where the Major was born in 1863. Major Mackenzie became interested in the telephone at an early age. He spent 40 years with the Bell company and retired in 1923, since which time the Major and Mrs. Mackenzie have been spending their summers at their pleasant home in Fort Erie, Ont., and their winters in southern California. 'Hobnobbing with Pioneers of the telephone,' said Major Mackenzie, 'is one of my greatest delights'. While in Winnipeg, the Major was the guest of the officials of the Manitoba government telephones.

"He is the author of 'Forty Years Retrospect With the Bell System', 'Ten Years With the Telephone Pioneers', 'Early Days of the Telephone in Buffalo', and other works, and is an enthusiastic cameraman and interesting lecturer."

WASHINGTON IRVING in his "Astoria" says, rather poetically, "Lords of the Lakes and Forests have passed away"—but the Mackenzies, McGillivrays, MacTavishes, McLeods and McLoughtons, like Tennyson's "Brook", "goes on forever"; the "Macs" are still carrying on the fur business, and seem peculiarly adapted to it.

Professor George Bryce estimates that, in the first fifty years after the merger of the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, the Commissioned Officers ranked as follows:

French-Canadians 11, Irish 22, English 59, Scotch 171; the Scotch predominating by a large majority.

Alexander Mackenzie of Toronto showed the author his Mss. regarding the life of Donald Mackenzie, and, in quoting from Professor George Bryce's "Lord Selkirk's Colonists" says:

"This change led to the appointment of Donald Mackenzie. This old trader had taken part in the formation of the Astor Fur Company and was in charge of one of the famous parties, which in 1811 crossed the continent. The old trader, thus case-hardened, faced bravely for eight years the worries of the Colony."

And now the interesting part as told by Alexander Mackenzie:

"In a private interview, Prof. Bryce said to me, 'From intercourse with the Old Settlers when I went to the West and heard those people tell of their experiences, hardships, annoyances and even injustices they endured, I consider Donald Mackenzie to be head and shoulders over his contemporaries. In fact, I believe he was the grandest man of his period, the kindest, most sympathetic and just of all those men in high life. He endeavored to be just in his dealings with them and at the same time was faithful to his Company.'"

This from the great historian, Professor George Bryce, is a wonderful contribution to this biography.

Perhaps it will not be out of place to tell here another story by one of Donald Mackenzie's friends—another "scribbling clerk" noted for his Irish wit—in describing McGillivray's Rock with its queer shape and trees all of a certain height, etc.: One of the rough-spun, unsophisticated Canadian voyageurs, after gazing at the Rock for some time in silent wonder and excitement, exclaimed, with much vehemence, "I'll take my

oath, my dear friends, that God Almighty never made such a place!"

Pinkerton, in quoting Irving that "The Lords of the Lakes and Forests have passed away," says,

"But he wrote of them many years afterwards, leaving the impression that their iniquities had run them to earth, that the fruits of such a life were oblivion. Whether from Irving or from bitterness engendered before 1821, that impression has come down to us. It has tainted history . . . Historians have not stinted themselves in praising the Hudson's Bay Company in the years following 1821."

In the "Chronicles of Canada" by Louis Aubray Wood, we read:

"In the merger of the North West Company with the Hudson's Bay Company, there passed away forever the singular partnership which had made Montreal a market for furs, and had built up Fort William in the depths of the forest. No longer did two rival trading-posts stand by lake or stream. No longer did two rival camp fires light up blazed tree-trunk or grass-strewn prairie by the long and sinuous trail. From Labrador to Vancouver and from the Arctic to the southern confines of the Canadian West and further, the British flag, with H. B. C. on its folds, was to wave over every trading-post.

"Midway between the Atlantic and Pacific a little hamlet was to struggle into life, to struggle feebly for many years—a mere adjunct of a fur trading post; but at length it was to come into its own, and Winnipeg, the proudest city of the plains, was in time to rear its palaces on the spot where for long years the Red River Colony battled for existence against human enemies and the obstacles of nature."

I wonder what Donald Mackenzie would say when comparing the little Red River Colony with the present magnificent city of Winnipeg where he ruled so successfully for over eight years!

Regarding the loyalty of the Hudson's Bay Company's employees. The company caught them young, as did the North West—witness my three Mackenzie heroes, Alexander, Roderick, and Donald. They came out as raw Highland boys and their histories are not stories of a wild, free life in the wilderness, of narrow escapes and Indian massacres and exciting hunting episodes, but of integrity and loyalty and devotion to an ideal.

We read of a white man caring for a flock of childlike Indians, guiding their buying and their domestic arrangements, encouraging the disheartened, aiding the destitute.

"The Company" was a religion to their men. Once a Chief Factor complained to Governor Simpson of a Chief Trader who had killed a Company cow, on the "frivolous" excuse of starvation! Cowie wrote that when the buffalo meat became scarce, the only food for voyageurs was the suckers caught in the river.

Men arrived from an outpost who had lived on poisoned wolves and gophers and now, as they faced a long journey, asked why McDonald had not killed a steer, only to be told with stern Scotch indignation that a Company regulation forbade it.

At another Post Cowie suggested to the officer in charge that he kill a draft animal to feed starving men. "What?" his superior exclaimed, in horror. "Kill a Company ox? Never, while I am in charge!"

In "The Makers of Canada", featuring the lives of Mackenzie, Selkirk, Simpson and Douglas by Professor George Bryce, we read, regarding the early days in the career of Donald Mackenzie:

"Foremost among the chief factors under the new organization were Donald Mackenzie a man of affairs and Alexander Christie, who had a diplomatic and kindly spirit.

"Both of these men rose still higher in the service of the Company, becoming Governors of the Colony of Assiniboia Some dozen years after the union of the companies, it became evident that the Hudson Bay Company should relieve Lord Selkirk's heirs of the responsibility of maintaining the Colony. During eight years of this time Governor Donald Mackenzie ruled as well as the troublous times would permit."

To digress for a moment, I think I can understand this loyalty. Having been connected with the great Bell Telephone system all of my life, I find this same feeling among all of its employees, thanks to their system of allowing them to become stockholders in the Company. We find that when lights are unnecessarily burning during the daytime, we invariably turn them off, arguing that it is economy, etc.

Perhaps it will prove of interest to relate the following true story of an incident that occurred in recent years in Jamestown, N. Y., in Chautauqua County, where Donald Mackenzie retired in 1833. When the telephone directory was published it was necessary to have it delivered by the employees, and two of the younger ones were on the job. Said one of them, "It beats h——l, Bill, how we stockholders have to do work like this!"

During 1833, about the last year of Donald Mackenzie's regime at Lower Fort Garry, the French-Canadian and even the half-breed voyageurs were succeeded by the Cree and Ojibway tribes, who were good boatmen in the summer; and, as they were thus engaged in transporting, could not be hunting furs out of season. They proved to be quite submissive and satisfactory, and the arrangement was an advantageous one.

And now, for the last time we quote from L. J. Burpee:

"Donald Mackenzie retired finally from the west in 1833, and after making a tour of the Eastern States, during which he purchased a home,

delightfully situated at Mayville, on the shores of Lake Chautauqua and in the State of New York, he settled there with his family. Franchere, who had never forgiven him for his part in the surrender of Astoria, has a last biting fling at him in 1854. 'Donald Mackenzie,' he says, 'went back to the Columbia, where he amassed a considerable fortune, with which he retired, and lived in Chautauqua County in this state, where he died a few years since, unknown and neglected; . . . he was a very selfish man, who cared for no one but himself.' One almost gets the impression that some personal encounter with the big Scotchman, in the far-off days on the banks of the Columbia, still rankled in the memory of Franchere. Certainly there seems to be more spleen than truth in his valediction. One prefers to accept the very different picture of McKenzie left by Ross and others of his contemporaries, and one leaves him with the hope that he enjoyed to the full the quiet pleasures of civilized society, after his long years of strenuous adventure in the wilderness. He died at Mayville in 1851."

It is believed that it was Madame Mackenzie, who shared all his social responsibilities, whose taste for European life and studies started Donald Mackenzie towards civilization.

It was well known among the Astorians that one of the "scribbling clerks", Franchere, was envious of Donald Mackenzie; however, it is remarkable that in his lifetime of adventures, and leaderships, he had so few enemies.

Franchere says, "he was a very selfish man who cared for no one but himself and died unknown and neglected", but before the reader finishes this volume we hope to show how much truth there is in that statement.

We read from Cawcroft's "Donald Mackenzie, King of the Northwest":

"Thus in the legislative records, we find Donald MacKenzie, under date of August 1826, addressing a memorandum to A. Colville, Esquire, Hudson's Bay House, Fenchurch Street, London, dealing with his difficulties in keeping order among certain Swiss colonists. On May 4th, 1832, the records indicate that he is sitting in Council for the consideration and adoption of regulations to protect the woods from fire. In 1833 there are resolutions of the Hudson's Bay Council, assigning MacKenzie to the Fort William District, which indicates that he was preparing to wend his way down the Great Lakes to Chautauqua County. The records indicate an important meeting of the Council of the Red River Settlement in 1833, with Governor-in-Chief George Simpson presiding, and the following minute is entered:

"A medical certificate being received from Dr. Hendry of Chief MacKenzie's ill-health, which renders it necessary for him to visit the civilized world to obtain the benefit of medical advice—

Resolved, that leave of absence be granted to Chief MacKenzie for the current year.

"And thus Donald Mackenzie faded from his triumphs in the Northwest. He had handled the distressing situations which followed the Red River flood in 1826 and the tragedy of the flight of the Swiss Settlers. 'This benevolent gentleman,' says the Canadian historian Gunn, in discussing MacKenzie's Governorship, 'not only made use of the stores under his charge for the relief of the sufferers, but aided by the influence of his high position and personal character to induce others to join in the good work'."

CHAPTER XIV

JEMIMA Mackenzie MacDonell, the eldest daughter of Donald, just before she passed away, told me the following episode. It occurred during their journey from Fort Garry, which took them through many portages, etc. With their parents were three of the children of the first marriage, and the four of the second. They traveled in canoes, with Indians and Canadian voyageurs, through Lake of the Woods, Rainy Lake and Rainy River, and so finally came into Lake Superior.

Rachel, one of the children of the first marriage, then eleven years of age, was standing on a rock, holding the baby, Noel, in her arms; suddenly he slipped through her clasp and sank into the lake.

Mrs. Mackenzie was nearly frantic and cried, "Oh, save my baby, my darling child!" One of the Indian voyageurs rescued him—a lucky thing for the writer, for that baby, Noel, was his father. Sad to relate, that heroic Indian was drowned during their passage down the Great Lakes.

Now in the prime of life, Donald Mackenzie was headed for civilization and he never returned to the region of his triumphs. The story of his last decade in Chautauqua County is just as little known in Western Canada as the record of his earlier achievements in the West. How he came to settle in Chautauqua County is not known. It is believed by many of the older settlers that, while stopping at Fort William, he met a young geologist, Douglas Houghton, who described to him the splendors of Mayville Hill between the lakes.

Alexander Mackenzie of Toronto, who was writing a "Life of Donald Mackenzie", said that he came to the United States because he loved Republican institutions.

Perhaps that is why he never received a title from the British Government like his cousin and his brother. Be that as it may, one cannot help but notice, in perusing this biography, that nothing but loyalty to his employers or to the country under which he was working is shown; and although he was born in Scotland, and ruled and resided in Canada, upon his retirement to the United States, he became an American. (Similar to the career of the author's patron saint, Alexander Graham Bell, who did the same thing.)

Another son of Donald, William Mackenzie, of Mayville, in a newspaper article, said:

"These French noblemen [referring to the French Revolution] who wanted to place some miles between themselves and the mob went either to Switzerland or America."

William said further, that when his father started from Fort Garry to near civilization, his mother had persuaded the family to journey to Lake Geneva, in Switzerland, then a favorite retreat of the nobility.

He continues:

"When Donald Mackenzie reached Lake Superior, he met Douglas Houghton, a young geologist from Chautauqua County, N. Y. . . . Houghton described the beauties of the Chautauqua region and the relationship of the tributaries to the early history of North America. This seemed to interest Donald Mackenzie strangely, and he promised the young geologist to go eastward by way of Lake Chautauqua."

Donald Mackenzie and his family finally reached the harbor near Westfield on Lake Erie. Thence he took his last great portage over the hills to Mayville. They arrived at a point where Lake Chautauqua first appeared and, by turning your back, magnificent Lake Erie was in view. Donald could picture this ancient portage of the French and Indian War period, and those who came from the Great Lakes, thence to Lake Chautauqua, the outlet to the Allegheny River, and so down to Fort Duquesne and Pittsburgh.

To digress again, there is a barn not far from the Mackenzie home, and the water that drips from its roof runs into the Gulf of St. Lawrence via the Great Lakes, and into the Gulf of Mexico, via the Allegheny, Ohio and Mississippi rivers. So much for geography.

Donald Mackenzie, his wife and his Canadian born children arrived at Mayville, the county seat of Chautauqua County, New York, in the year 1832.

From an article, "Last Days of Donald Mackenzie" in the *Buffalo Illustrated Express*, November 3, 1912, written by Ernest Cawcroft, we read:

"For a year the Mackenzie family was housed at a tavern, which still stands on Main Street opposite the historic Peacock dwelling. This dwelling was the seat of William Peacock who as a young man had surveyed the line of the Erie Canal, and who as the agent of the Holland Land Company, found that the courage which Mackenzie had developed in the wilderness was to save his (Peacock's) life later.

"Donald Mackenzie, under the supervision of a Dr. Upham, proceeded to erect a substantial brick house on the height of ground in rear of the Mayville Academy, which overlooks the seat of the famous Chau-

tauqua Assembly on the lake, three miles away of a typical country gentleman . . . and live

Donald Mackenzie's eldest daughter Houghton of Fredonia, who was a son of Judge Peacock, and that the judge was Houghton, who had advised Donald

Regarding the memorable House that took place in Mayville, we quote by Evans, published by the Buffalo

"Evans' first intimation of the Mayville Agency came in a letter dated five o'clock in the morning. Very bad fortune. 'My office is destroyed from the East part of the Court and Clubs. I just made my escape. I destroyed all of the Books, Law and any value—they have threatened me out by them that all of the office if nothing prevented it—I feel in and my office is in ruins. We had they were just upon us."

Here the letter ended, to be continued from Ripley.

"I had to flee last night from my office happened to it. My life is threatened and my office and Books, they seem to be more bad end in. The only thing that I can find out, of things, is the Tariff—of the new Purchasers keep a good lookout for your safety—as we are danger by this horrid mob. There is in my opinion a for the military arm to step out and seize these persons or property are not safe."

Later we read:

" . . . January 8, 1836, Mayville was the scene of unwonted activity. Never had the village been so crowded with strangers, never had its people been face to face with such a crisis. The new court room overflowed with grim and determined delegates who had come to devise means of saving themselves and their neighbors from the terrors of the Tariff. One report had it that not less than a thousand had assembled for the purpose; another, more conservative, was sure there were at least seven hundred and all agreed that it was the largest and most respectable meeting ever held in the country."

And whom should William Peacock seek, when in dire trouble, but our hero Donald Mackenzie.

Mayville Sentinel of April 22, 1927:

ts of the county on the Land Office,
was in charge and with the assistance
ome of the papers and books, and
the school house. The story of
gh to make a number for some

and Company's riots and the
ting to note at this time that
in this Company and to ask
divide up the shares of the

n the dispute, with Mayor
Fillard Fillmore, who later
ed the Company, but later
ple—aiming for a seat in

CHAPTER XV

THE author is often hearing of certain letters, which he is told he should get, but he doesn't always succeed. However, here is a copy of a letter, quoted in part:

"St. Louis, April 17, 1901

Dr. Wagner
501 L. Street,
Washington, D.C.
U.S.A.

"My Dear Dr. Wagner:

"I thank you indeed for yours of the 14th with its interesting enclosures. You are certainly to be congratulated in having located the Donald Mackenzie's.

"I thank you for the copies of the Mackenzie letters and we will keep them with your Snake River Manuscript.

"After many inquiries, we have located a daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, who promises us a portrait of her father. . . .

"Kenneth Mackenzie was a son of Sir Alexander Mackenzie and came to America from Scotland in 1818 and to St. Louis in 1822, and must be a cousin of Donald. . . .

Very truly yours

Mary Louise Dalton
Librarian"

It is too bad that more cannot be told about Kenneth, and also of the other brothers of Donald, in this biography, for all of them seem to be famous—Sir Alexander, Sir Roderick, Donald, James, and Henry.

And now an aftermath of the John Day Will and Testament of which Donald Mackenzie was the Executor, and under which he sued John Jacob Astor for an accounting:

"Mayville, March 24, 1838.

"Mackenzie, Ex. & C:
VS.

John J. Astor

"Dear Sir:

Yours with the evidences of your having paid into court \$823. for the plff in this cause is just received. You will bear in mind that Mr. Mackenzie has no personal interest in this matter. He sues in his representative character as Executor of John Day.

"Among the papers of the deed he finds a receipt of Mr. Astor of a

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of the note.
accumulated upon
it, and
proceeds in
rested upon Mr. Astor. 1825 Mr. Astor however avows
a readiness to pay whenever any person duly authorized should demand
the money but protests against the payment of interest unless required
by his note, and certainly against its payment from the date of that
letter. The note to which he alludes, must be that which came into his
hands and set forth in his receipt and which bore interest on its face.
Now while Mr. Mackenzie is of the impression that even this would not
discharge Mr. Astor from the obligation to pay interest, but, that his duty
was to invest the trust fund so as to yield it, and particularly as the trust
funds were evidently mingled with his own. And profitably employed.

Instead of being so invested that this obligation would be strengthened—Anxious, however to avoid as far as possible all litigation and trouble on this subject, he feels disposed to relinquish the claim for interest subsequent to the date of Mr. Astors letter of the 2nd Dec. 1825, even at the risk of having to account therefor himself on the final settlement of the Estate. Upon this principle the amount would stand thus—

“MacTavish, MacGillivray & Co. note £189.55 at 5/ to the Dollar \$757.00
2½ per cent interest received at date..... 18.92

775.92

Interest from Oct. 17, 1814 to Dec. 2nd 1825, 11 years 1½ months 604.24
If this is correct the balance would have been..... 1380.16

When it was demanded on the 3d May 1837. The interest of it
from that to the 14th March 1838 when money was paid into
court 84.73

1464.89

Deduct amount paid into Court..... 823.00

641.89

“Anxious as Mr. MacKenzie is to close this unpleasant matter he authorizes me to say, that, if Mr. Astor will send check for that amount and pay the taxed bill of costs. He will accept of the amount paid into court and discharge the suit in full. I hope no further litigation may be necessary. I cannot doubt the disposition of Mr. Astor to pay any Equitable, much less any legal claim against him. Neither can I believe that he will be very astute in Scrutinizing the claims of his old servant in that perilous expedition, which added so much to his fame, although unproductive in pecuniary returns. Pardon me for this long letter, but sincerely desirous on every account for an amicable adjustment, I felt it due to present our views in full. Please advise us early of Mr. Astors’ answer and in the mean time we shall suspend all proceedings

Truly yours

Osborne & Green

Daul Lord Jr. Esqr.

Atts for Plff.”

Reply to above letter:

“New York April 6, 1838

“Astor
ads

Mackenzie Gentlemen:

Your letter of March 24 reached me last week and pressing engagements have delayed me for a few days in replying..

“Mr. Astor, cannot recognize any obligation, Legal, equitable or moral to levy interest on the amount mentioned in your note. He was a mere depository, with no right to invest, and has always been ready able and willing to pay back the deposit on demand, and has never paid any interest during the whole period in question.

"Nor did Mr. Astor change productive into unproductive funds, but MacTavish, MacGillivray & Co. The makers of the note, being in failing circumstances or having failed, Mr. A. by exertion saved the amount for Mr. Day, and the only charge of which he has been instrumental is from desperate funds to secure funds, and in the whole affair has been a mere gratuitous depository.

"He therefore wholly declines your proposal of compromise, But if he can by place exemption from the trouble of sending a witness to Mayville and retaining counsel there by a payment of 100 for the Lawyer and 150 for the Client, he would probably be will to do so.

"If such a proposal will terminate the matter you may send me a consent that the money in court be in full satisfaction of the demand in suit and your draft at one day's sight will be paid

Yrs.

D. Lord Jr.

Messrs Osborne & Greene
Mayville

Copy of Receipt.

\$70.00 Recd. of Donald MacKenzie seventy dollars in full of all costs in the suit of said MacKenzie as Executor & C. of John Day decided against John Jacob Astor in Sup. court June 25, 1838.

T. A. Osborne.

CHAPTER XVI

AND thus was the suit between John Jacob Astor and Donald Mackenzie settled. In it we noticed the strong appeal to Astor for his faithful servant John Day, and those who have followed the career of the noted Astorians hope that the appeal to Astor was not in vain. "So were they all, all honorable men," as Mark Anthony observed—and Mackenzie, Astor, and Day are over all their troubles.

Another letter has come to light, and was contributed to the author by his cousin. The matter pertaining to the Mackenzie-Astor suit seems apropos:

"Oregon Historical Society
Walla Walla, Washington
U.S.A.
Feb. 27th 1915.

"Mr. Alexander Mackenzie,
Coolmine Road, Toronto, Canada

"My dear sir:

"Please pardon a perfect stranger in addressing you, but at the suggestion of an acquaintance, Dr. W. F. Wagner of Washington, D. C. My inquiry is regarding an uncle (?) of yours, Donald Mackenzie, who was a Northwester upon the Columbia River in this country and who in 1818 built their Fort Nez Perces just thirty miles west from where I am now sitting.

"I wish to ascertain the facts as to a certain suit begun and carried to judgment by Donald Mackenzie as the Executor or Administrator of the Estate of John Day against John Jacob Astor for the collection of funds due Mr. Day for wages or as a part of the earnings of the Pacific Fur Company. I have obtained from the probate court of Chatauqua County, N. Y. a copy of the Will of John Day, and have heard rumors as to this suit. I wish to know in what court any such litigation was carried on so that I may procure a copy of any testimony or decree for the use of our Historical Society, of which you will notice I am one of the Directors. May I trouble you to send a brief reply to my inquiry.

"I have gathered a little data as to the career of Donald Mackenzie when on the Columbia, and in time expect to bring it into the form of a monograph, similar to one written a few years ago in regard to Peter Skene Ogden. Your relative certainly had a wonderful influence with Indians and was the real if not always the dominant leader of the fur traders here during a period of years.

"I find myself out of Canadian postage stamps at the moment and must take the liberty of enclosing the return postage for your letter in another form. Please address your reply as given below.

"Very truly yours,

T. Elliott,

Box 775 Walla Walla, Washington,
U.S.A.

Accompanying the letter of T. C. Elliott was a fine pamphlet entitled "The Earliest Travelers on the Oregon Trail", written by Mr. Elliott, who is a member of the American Historical Association, and of the Oregon Historical Society.

The book dealt mostly with the remarkable adventures of Donald Mackenzie and especially his career while with the North West Company. The author almost feels tempted to incorporate its contents in this biography. It is a pleasure at this late day to receive inquiries and books relating to our hero, from different Historical Societies, Chambers of Commerce, and other institutions, showing that at last Donald Mackenzie is beginning to be appreciated and is getting his just recognition.

Mr. Elliott's book describes how Mackenzie accomplished the remarkable feat of ascending the Snake River from the mouth of the Clearwater to the mouth of the Burnt River, through what we know as the Box Canyon in a Canadian bateau. Concerning this voyage we read in Mackenzie's journal:

"I am now about to commence a very doubtful and dangerous undertaking, and shall, I fear, have to adopt the habits of the owl, roam in the night and skulk in the day, to avoid my enemies. But if my life be spared, I will be at the river (the Boise) with my people and return the 5th of June 1819."

We conclude with one more quotation from "The Earliest Travelers on the Oregon Trail", (which is published by the Ivy Press, Portland, Oregon):

"Time is lacking to follow Mr. Mackenzie during his four years development of the trade in the Snake country. From his journals quite surely were taken the names that became attached to the Arrowsmith (London) maps to many of the localities of the Upper Snake river region; Brule (or Burnt), Owyhee, Weiser, Payette, Malade, Portneuf and others; and if these journals could become available it is almost certain that they would reveal him to have been a visitor to Great Salt Lake, the actual discoverer of which is still in doubt."

The author wishes it could be possible to prove that Donald Mackenzie was the actual discoverer of the Great Salt Lake.

Cawcroft, who seems to be Donald Mackenzie's "Boswell" says in the "Canadian Magazine":

"Donald was the character of the Northern Chautauqua region, and he was the subject of numberless myths and gossip as to his deeds. But he came to Mayville to escape the excitement of his early career. It cannot be said that he invited the intimacy of a large number of his fellow citizens; the records of the Peacock Lodge of Masons do not indicate that he joined the Craft, but doubtless, in common with other leading spirits of the Hudson's Bay Company, he had become a member of the ancient Brotherhood earlier in life. He journeyed to Buffalo where his judicious mind made investments, in that promising canal town; he worked on his memoirs, but his wife found that writing did not add to the amiability of a man of deeds. She burned the half-finished manuscript. He conducted a large correspondence, and leading men from the East to the West visited him. The venerable Obed Edson credits the story of the Civil War days that John Jacob Astor visited his former partner at Mayville. This gives colour to the conclusion that after the dispute about Astoria, and a law suit, in which Donald secured judgment against Jacob, the men were friends in the last decade of life."

The author has before him several bills for the years 1843 and 1844, dealing with the great Hudson's Bay Company, which show that he was still connected with them in a way, but since they are all in pounds, shillings and pence, we will not include them in this article. They were receipted by

"Hudson Bay House

London June 1, 1844

Edwd. Roberts Act."

"William H. Seward, then a young lawyer of Auburn, N. Y.; and later Lincoln's Secretary of War came to Mayville as Attorney for the Holland Land Company and there enjoyed the Hospitality of the Mackenzie's home, while Daniel Webster is credited with a secret visit for the purpose of gathering first hand information as to the 'International Boundary' dispute which once threatened".—Cawcroft.

"He spent the ebb tide of his life at Mayville from 1833 until his death on January 20, 1851. He became an intimate friend of Judge Peacock, the agent of the Holland Land Company, and he secreted that gentleman in his house on the high ground, back of the Mayville Academy, when the infuriated tenants from Hartfield mobbed the land office. William H. Seward, then a young attorney representing the Holland Land Company, and later Lincoln's Secretary of State, was sent to Mayville, remaining there for more than a year in adjusting the disputes between landlords and tenants. Peacock, Seward and Mackenzie became cronies; one wonders whether Donald, in describing the contests between the English and Russian Companies for the fur trade of Alaska during the period of his Pacific Coast activities, turned Seward's thought to the possibilities

of annexing that territory in later years. Wm. H. Seward regarded both Sir Alexander and Donald Mackenzie's opinion very highly and were in each other's company very much both in Mayville and Westfield."—*Cawcroft*.

Donald Mackenzie enjoyed his beautiful home on Mayville Hill, and in his apple orchard would often unconsciously stand in a Napoleonic attitude; and, overlooking Lake Chautauqua, no doubt thought of the water, which later on mingles with the mighty Mississippi; and particularly he must have thought of the muddy Missouri, the scene of his many adventures—with thoughts of Daniel Boone, Lewis and Clark, and his comrades the Astorians in his American career. Looking over the hill westward, he saw the Great Lakes, and probably thought of Montreal, the Ottawa, Fort William, the Great Lakes and Fort Garry, and of his brother and cousin Sir Roderick and Sir Alexander, and also brother James. Who can tell?

I have mentioned the four children who were born while Donald Mackenzie, the "King of the Northwest" governed at Fort Garry; the Mackenzies raised nine more children—Americans—Fennella, Alexander, Alice, Henry, William, Donald, Adelgonde, Celeste, and Humbertson.

My father, Noel, having moved to Rochester and Buffalo, not far from Mayville, on a few occasions took me to visit my grandmother Adelgonde, (my grandfather, Donald, had passed away before I was born). I shall always remember how she looked, as she took me by the hand and told me in French that I was a good boy—which I admitted—and gave me good advice for the future. I would see some other of her sons sitting on a bench reading a book. I may say here that while my father Noel was educated for a Civil Engineer, he never practiced his profession, but spent his time reading and translating books, English to French, and vice versa.

CHAPTER XVII

THE friendship which always existed between Donald Mackenzie and Sir George Simpson continued, and they corresponded frequently in later years. Some of these letters are quoted here:

Copy of Letter From Governor Simpson

"On board Steamer St. Louis
Lake Erie 12 May 1846.

"My dear Sir:

"I have several times passed backwards and forwards by this route of late years and as often made up my mind to drop in upon you at Mayville some fine morning, but your distance from the Lake side has relieved you from such visitation, finding it very inconvenient to spare three days, which would at least be required to visit Mayville, one going, another returning, and if we got upon one of our long gossips, I scarcely think a third would afford time for all we had to say to each other. Let me now enquire how you, Mrs. MacKenzie and the numerous clan you must now have about you are.

"I heard of you the other day from a nephew of yours, the son of 'Sandie Langwell' who I found on board the boat between Montreal and Kingston and from him I was sorry to learn you had of late been suffering from rheumatism.

"On the 8th Inst. I left my family at Lachine, where they will remain until my return from the Interior. They came out with me from England in the spring of 1845 and we mean to make Montreal, or rather at the Lachine, our headquarters for a year or two longer, when I think it will about be time for me to give up voyaging, and I am then uncertain where to cast anchor, but think it is not unlikely, if my wife becomes reconciled to the country, that I may seat myself down on the mountain. My family consists of three little girls, the eldest between 10 & 11 the next between 6 & 7 and the third between 3 & 4 of age. Yours I suppose, has increased in number to the teens and you are no doubt, by this time, a grandpapa over and over again.

"Finlayson, who is married to a sister of my wife's, occupies Keiths old position at Lachine and several of your old acquaintances are settled about Montreal, say Allan MacDonnell, Connolly, Clark, Dease, Arch'd MacDonald and Fisher. Some of them getting rid of their means as fast as they can as is not unusual with North Westers—MacTavish is at the Lake of Two Mountains, his young wife having presented him with a second daughter the other day. Your old friend Hargrave, perhaps you are aware, married a Niece of his some 5 or 6 years ago,—he has for

some time been the great man at York; While Christie fills the office of Governor of Assiniboia.

"I have now on board with me a large body of people, whom I mean to fit out on Mining Exploration parties on the Shores of Lake Superior. The North Shore is supposed to be very rich in copper, silver and other metals and a joint stock company was lately formed in Montreal for the purpose of looking into the bowels of the earth, at the head of which there are, besides myself, Messrs. Moffatt, MacGill, Meredith & Lagan Ruigan; but whether the Lottery will be productive of blanks or prizes is yet to be ascertained.

"I saw your excellent brother James last summer in Quebec. He is getting rather the worse of the wear; he was pretty active for his years, but he has lately suffered from the effects of an awkward fall he had last winter. Before leaving England last April 12 months, I saw your old friend John Stuart, who has much changed for the worse since he left the country, suffering from a slight attack of paralysis and in other respects much broken.

"Keith, to the astonishment of everybody, took a young wife, or rather a middle aged one, last summer, but I have not yet heard that there was any appearance of an increase.

"He and his brother are domiciled at Aberdeen, George having the old Chipewyan "Duchess" as he calls her, along with him. MacMillan is comfortably settled at Perth; and Angus Cameron, who set Keith the example in the wife taking way, is very snugly seated on a small property he purchased near Nairn. I cannot say there is any great change in the affairs of the Red River since you left it; beyond an increase of population and occasionally of clamour, with additional trouble to the authorities.

"For myself, I think I have been in better condition for some years past, than for the few years preceding your departure from Red River and constantly occupied in traveling, as usual. My only ailment at present is an affection of the eyes, which totally disqualifies me from reading or writing; rendering it necessary to get through all my public and private correspondence by the aid of an amanuensis, which will account for my not doing myself this pleasure under my own hand.

"Pray remember me kindly to Mrs. MacKenzie and such of your family as may recollect us. My better half would unite with me in warmest and best wishes, had she known I was writing—You and Mrs. MacKenzie are frequently the subject our conversation.

"I expect to be down in the Autumn and if I pass by Lake Erie and can by possibility spare the time, I shall drop in upon you, if not, it will afford me much pleasure to communicate with you from time to time by letter, with much regard.

Believe me

My Dear Sir

Very faithfully yours

G. Simpson."

Donald Mackenzie, Esq.
Mayville.

The above letter must have been answered immediately, considering the slow mode of travel of the period, for the following comes very soon from Lady Simpson.

Lachine July 15th 1846.

"My Dear Sir:

"I cannot express to you half the pleasure I felt while perusing your interesting & amusing letter to Sir George, and I avail myself of his absence, to take upon me the pleasing task of replying to it. Having occasion to write to him the day after its arrival, I forwarded it to him, therefore have it not now before me to refer to and quite forget its date—but, I know that it afforded me sincere to hear of the welfare and happiness of those who in former years showed me Kindness and for I shall never cease to cherish a warm regard—Mrs. MacKenzie's kind remembrance of me quite delighted me, for 'tho' time and distance have long separated us, the recollection of her goodness to me in by gone days can never be effaced from my memory, and often, very often has she been the subject of my thoughts and conversation, & I would give much to see her, and to renew our old friendship—Many changes have taken place since we parted, and we should have much to say to each other, but I know not when that pleasure will be mine—our plans are so uncertain and so unsettled, that until Sir George's return from the Interior, I am quite ignorant as to how long we are to remain here, or whether I shall have any chance of visiting your portion of the country—I hope however I need scarcely say that should an opportunity occur, I should embrace it with heartfelt pleasure, and I know few things that would afford me greater delight than once again to meet you and Mrs. MacKenzie, and to make the acquaintance of the numerous "Olive Branches" flourishing around you. My own health has been very indifferent for several years past, but I have been tolerably well since coming to Canada—I cannot say that I like the country, nor do I think I shall ever become reconciled to the long cold winter. The fact is my heart twines too fondly to dear old England, the land of my birth, to admit of my feeling partiality for any other, and Montreal has very few charms for me, and if compelled to make Canada my permanent home, I should certainly not fix my choice in this quarter. I must now beg that you will not pass too severe a criticism upon my French, for I assure you I have not written a line in that language since last I addressed Mrs. MacKenzie, and I feel almost ashamed to do so now, Knowing that my production will be any thing but correct, however, I trust you will both excuse it, and receive it in the same kindly spirit in which it is written—With best and Kindest wishes,

Believe me

My Dear Sir

Ever yours most sincerely

Frances Ramsey Simpson"

Donald MacKenzie Esqr.
Mayville, N. Y.

CHAPTER XVIII

ANOTHER letter which may serve to throw additional light on characters previously mentioned in this biography, and which also shows the demand for Donald Mackenzie as Executor.

Copy of Letter

"Donald Mackenzie, Esq. Mayville, N. Y.

Forres, 23 January 1847

"Sir:

"I beg to acquaint you that my friend John Stuart, Esqr. of the Hudsons Bay Company died at Springfield Forres and has appointed you one of his Executors along with George Simpson Esqr. Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company's Territories; A. R. MacLeod and Cuthbert Cummings Esqrs. both Chief Traders in the Hudson's Bay Company's Service; Sir James MacGregor of Camden Hill, Bart; Capt. John Grant Birchfield; William Stuart, Esqr. London, Capt. Donald Stuart of H. M. 46 Regt.

"As it is necessary to learn as soon as possible your sentiments on the subject, I beg to say that Capt. John Grant, Birchfield, his cousin has consented to act, and has continued me in the management of Mr. Stuart's matters the will of his co-executors, agreeing to act is ascertained.

"If you so wish it, I shall furnish you with a copy of Mr. Stuart's Will in which the executors are appointed. In the meantime and to save time I am about by Capt. Grants desire to take the opinion of eminent Scottish and English Counsel on the legal effect of certain Wills or fragments of Wills which appear to have been from time to time written by deceased, but never completed.

"His property with the exception of two or three legacies to his relations, is left to his son Mr. Donald Stuart, of the 78 Regt. as Residuary Legatee.

I have the honour to be

Sir

Your most obed. Humble St.

D. C. Grant."

Donald Mackenzie had many investments in the city of Buffalo, which was a growing town, because of the Erie Canal, and had evidently been in an accident, as witness the following letter:

"Buffalo, Monday, June 4, 1849.

"Mrs., Mackenzie

Mayville

Chaut. Co., N. Y.

"Dear Madame:

"The object of this is to say that I just now received your letter, it being the first day of my coming to the city, for I stay at Lower Black Rock, in the Niagara House, also that I recovered from my bruises so as to go round.

Respects to all & C.

D. Mackenzie"

To those not familiar with Buffalo, it will be of interest to know that Black Rock is now incorporated with the city.

A word, in passing, about the children of Donald Mackenzie's first marriage. Rachel and Caroline were fair skinned and nice looking, and Rachel, at the age of 22, while living at Mayville, married Thomas Peacock, the nephew of Judge Peacock, a member of one of the great families of Chautauqua County; she had a son who passed away while young. Donald, Rachel's brother, was at one time engaged to Sally, the niece of Judge Peacock and afterwards moved to St. Louis with a Mr. Broadbent.

While on the subject of Donald's descendants, here are two notes given me by my Aunt Jemima Mackenzie MacDonell: Mr. Bethune, who was a prominent Buffalo architect, was a grandson of Sir Roderick Mackenzie, Donald Mackenzie's brother, and Alexander Mackenzie, the writer, of Toronto, was a grandson of Barbara, Donald Mackenzie's sister.

And now we come to some of the last correspondence between Sir George and Lady Simpson, and our Mackenzie family; some of it was just before, and some was after the death of Donald Mackenzie.

"Edmonton, In Saskatchewan River

8th January 1851

"Donald MacKenzie Esqr.

"My Dear Sir:

"No doubt true, what you will be surprised to receive a line from me after so long a silence but trust you will pardon me who never forget you, and now being on the eve of leaving the country not knowing exactly where to set myself down for the remainder of my life who may be short enough being somewhat old, not always in best health. I should like you would be kind enough to mention some place you think would answer me best. I have still with me three grown up Daughters. My wife and my eldest daughter, the wife of C. F. Harriate are no more, in loosing them I have no more likeing to this country. I wish to leave it and look out for a resting place with my poor children. My son John has been

made a C. T. in the H. B. Co Service, he requires to stick three years after this to be entitled to his retired interest, after that he may join me where I am. Do my Dear Sir drop me a line was it only to say how you are with your family, how the climate agrees with you all.

"All the talk in H. B. just now is of California and Vancouver's Island, more of the Gents in Columbia speak of making the latter their home. Folks in this country don't think highly of Red River. The people there give more trouble to the Company than they are worth altogether. They make out that the company's is not valid, and declares it is free trade for all who choose to embark in it. It cannot be pleasant to live with a set as there is there now.

"We have a report here of the Oregon City including Dr. McLoughlin's stores being carried away by a flood; if true I fear the latter's loss will be great. I understand from pretty good authority the Doctor was worth last spring £100,000 a good round sum for him.

"By the last news dated 24th October from the Tobucan plain across the mountains I hear of Tom MacKay's death, shortly after returning from the gold Diggings in California. The profits arising from the fur trade alone is not very encouraging, if it was not for the gold procured in the sale shops at Fort Vancouver and its when a share in the H. B. Company service would be small enough. Mr. F. Ermatunger (son-in-law to Mr. C. F. Wm. Sinclair who went down to Canada last summer) met with a sad affair. His wife Catherine gave birth to a daughter she got by young Alexander Christie who was left by Ermatunger and his wife in Athabasca. When she was born not being very well taken care of, the child die in the month of September last. To enable me to fill a sheet for you; I give you what news I am possessed of.

"When I was down in 1847 while at Buffalo and Toronto I made several enquiries where I could find you, but, no one could tell me, I was very sick at the time, and made for Montreal as fast as I could. On my return to the Country I was with Sir George . . . but we went so fast, without loosing an hour at any place. I lost all hopes of ever seeing you—Judge Tom at Red River is detested, the Half-breds threaten to send him off bag and baggage from whence he comes. They like no one who is connected with the company; they have become mighty sour since your time, when fifty to one, they [word torn] themselves—We have Governor Colville there living at the lower stone Fort, Cannot say what he is doing so far. Mr. William MacGillivray's true remark at Fort William is come to pass—That the Red River Colony would be the ruin of the Fur Trade, so it is—you ought not to have left that Colony you acted as Judge, Governor and every thing else, which cost nothing to the Fur Trade. It is not so now.

"Tom's wages is £700. The troops who do nothing for us are well paid also. Large sums go for the Clergy besides; Red River sucks what profits is made on the trade.

I am my Dear Sir, with much regard
Yours truly, John Ronandsin"

CHAPTER XIX

FOLLOWING are transcriptions of letters sent by Lady Simpson to Madame Mackenzie, after the death of Donald:

“La Chine
17th February 1851

“My dear Mrs. MacKenzie:

“Such a length of time has elapsed, since I have either written to you, or had the pleasure of hearing from you, that I almost fear you must have forgotten me, but believe me my dear Friend you are remembered by one with sincere affection, and never can I forget your kindness to me in days long past, and gone, when we were near neighbours, and depended upon each other's companionship and friendship. The object of my now addressing you is to express in the name of Sir George as well and of myself, our deep sorrow on learning your late, heavy bereavement.

“A newspaper addressed to Sir George from Mayville, announced to him the sad tidings that his old and esteemed friend Mr. Mackenzie was no more! The same paper told us that you were left with 13 children, a great and heavy charge. Yet we sincerely hope that as some of them must now be considerably advanced in age, they may be able to assist you in the care and management of their younger brothers and sister.

“When I parted from you more than 17 years ago, you had four little ones—Jemima, Catherine, Roderick and Noel. I earnestly hope they have grown up all that your heart could wish, and by their dutiful and affectionate conduct are endeavouring to repay you in some slight degree, for your unwearied care of them from the time of their birth, up to the present hour.

“Sir George is very anxious to know the nature of the complaint which carried off his old friend, and begs me say that he trusts you and your numerous family, are left in comfortable circumstances.

“It has been frequently his intention to have paid a visit to Mayville, when he has been passing through Lake Erie, but the circumstance of the steamer not touching near your Residence and his being always pressed for time, he has never been able to accomplish his wish. We shall be very anxious to hear from yourself, or some member of your family all particulars regarding the last hours of our departed friend, and also everything relating to your present position and your future prospects.

“As the object of this note is entirely to offer to you our united sympathy and to express to you the continuance of our unaltered regard, I shall not trespass longer on your attention than to tell you that I have

been residing here for the last six years, and have now four children—the eldest Fanny, being at school in England. Two little girls; Augusta, and Margaret, of the ages of 9, and 7 years, here with us, and in the month of June last, I was confined with a little boy, a lovely child, who is a great treasure to us.

"It is Sir George's intention to return to England in the course of the summer, should nothing, at present unforeseen, occur to alter his plans, but all things in this life are so uncertain, that we dare not reckon upon the fulfilment of our fondest wishes, until the time be close at hand, and very often then we see them blighted and destroyed! but an all-wise and All-merciful God, appoint for us what he thinks best; and to his care I would now commend you and your Fatherless Children, and He will watch over you and them, and never leave you, nor forsake you if you put your trust in Him—Sir George desires his kindest remembrances, and with my best love.

Believe me ever, my dear Friend

Yours most Affectionately
Frances R. Simpson."

"La Chine

22nd May 1851

"My Dear Mrs. MacKenzie:

"I have allowed a much longer time to pass away than I had intended before replying to your affectionate and most welcome letters, but I trust to your goodness to pardon my silence when I tell you that I haven't been much and anxiously occupied since I wrote you attending to my darling Baby Boy, who has been very ill cutting his teeth. Thank God he is well again, and I hasten to return to you my warmest thanks for your kindness in writing me all the interesting particulars relating to the last hours of our dear departed Friend, and the position in which you have been left with numerous and young family.

"It is indeed a heavy charge, but, God, my very dear Friend, will take of the widow and the Fatherless, who put their trust in Him. He has promised this, and His promises are sure and can never fail. Your children will I trust prove comforts to you and endeavour by every means in their power to repay you for your unwearied care of them during the days of their helpless Infancy.

"I am delighted to hear *Jemima* is so well married—how wonderful it appears to me when I remember her, the sweet little girl who used to sit upon my knee at Red River! but, time is ever on the wing, bringing strange changes in his train! I would give a great deal to see you once more in this world, my dear Friend; for I can never forget all your kindness to me in former days, and very very often do I think of the pleasant hours we passed together—Had we been near each other now; it would have been my greatest delight to prove to you my affectionate remembrance of all your goodness—but fate has ordered it otherwise, and I do not think it likely we shall ever meet again in this life. You are doubtless

settled with your children in the home you have now occupied for many years, while I have to seek, and make a home for my little ones.

"The wandering life their Father has so long led, has prevented him having any fixed residence, but they are now growing to an age to require regular instruction, and it is his intention to quit this country and to return to England, in the month of September. But in what part he will take up his abode, he knows not. All is at present uncertain, and, it appears to me like beginning the world anew. I return to my native land with a heavy heart, for alas! Death has been busy there among my nearest and dearest kindred. My beloved Father is no more! my eldest Brother is likewise gone, and the eldest living who is the prop and stay of his widowed mother is in such delicate health that he cannot live long—I understand my dearest mother is greatly bowed down by affliction, and I expect to see her sadly changed. Thus you see dear Friend, all have their share of sorrow in this world of trial, and it is good sometimes for us to be afflicted, it weans ones thoughts and affections from things below, and makes them turn to things above; where all is happiness and peace; no more sorrows, no more sins! ! ! Sir George left me about ten days ago, to visit Moose Factory, and some of the surrounding Posts. He will be away about six weeks, and on his return will visit the Kings Posts below Quebec. We then sail by the steamer of the 1st of September, for England—I long very much to see my Fanny, who has been away from me nearly two years.—Augusta and Margaret, who are with me are likewise very anxious to see their sister. I shall be delighted to hear from you, if you will write again, when you have a leisure hour. Give my fond love to all your dear children, and with the same to yourself.

Believe me ever, my dearest Friend

Yours most affectionately

Frances R. Simpson."

Lady Simpson in her letter besides mentioning "Little Noel" remembers "the sweet little girl Jemima, who used to sit upon my knee at Red River" and so it seems eminently fitting that the passing of Jemima, at nearly one hundred years of age, should be mentioned here. Eight of the grandsons of Donald Mackenzie were pallbearers.

The Buffalo Morning Express of October 13, 1926, carried an article on the death of the oldest daughter of Donald, which we will quote in part:

"PIONEER'S DAUGHTER DIES IN FAMOUS OLD HOME HERE"

"Passing of Mrs. Jemima MacKenzie MacDonell recalls days when Buffalo was young"

"Mrs. Jemima MacKenzie MacDonell, 99 years old, who died on Saturday night at the century-old house at No. 53 West Chippewa street, was one of the most charming and beloved of Buffalo's pioneers. Her father, Donald MacKenzie, was governor of Northwestern Canada for ten years. Mrs. MacDonell lived in the roomy, old-fashioned house at the northeast corner of Chippewa and Franklin streets for 75 years.

"Mrs. MacDonell was known only to the older generation of the city. Only her intimate friends knew the large rooms, the beautiful mahogany balustrade of the front hall stairs and the numerous quaint features of the old house.

"Andrew W. Young in his history of Chautauqua county, devotes much space to the life of Donald McKenzie, Mrs. MacDonell's father. Known as King of the Northwest because of his power in the fur trading industry, MacKenzie became an international figure. The Chippewa street homestead held a fine portrait of him as well as of Mrs. MacDonell's mother.

"Donald MacKenzie was from Ross-shire. His lineage is traced back through lairds, sirs, baronets and earls for many generations. To be born in Scotland, to achieve fame in Oregon and Manitoba and to live for eighteen years in Chautauqua county were links of his personal history.

"Donald MacKenzie came from a family that gave liberally of its sons to the fur trade. He had three brothers in the North West company, Roderick, who sailed from Scotland to Canada in 1784 and became one of the agents or proprietors of the company; Henry, for many years secretary of the company, and James, who had charge of the old King's posts, with headquarters at Quebec. His cousin, Sir Alexander MacKenzie, discovered the river bearing his name.

"MacKenzie re-entered the employ of the North West Fur company as a confidential agent. He was a leader in the fight between that company and the Hudson's Bay company for exclusive trading privileges in the Canadian Northwest. Then the rivals consolidated. The amalgamation of the two companies provided the high water mark for opportunity for the career of MacKenzie in Canada. In June, 1825, he was appointed governor of the Hudson's Bay company, and at 42 years of age, he became the commercial and semipolitical ruler of a region, now divided into three Canadian provinces, and as large in extent as many of the major European states.

"His governor's seat was at Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, and there during eight years of rule, he approached the high tide of life. The history of MacKenzie, at this period is the history of a man grappling with order and disorder in a wilderness, and making his government as the occasion arose.

"In the prime of his life he headed for civilization to obtain medical advice. He never returned to the region of his triumphs. He spent the ebb tide of his life at Mayville from 1833 until his death on January 20, 1851. He became an intimate friend of Judge Peacock, agent of the Holland Land company. William H. Seward, then a young attorney representing the Holland Land company, and later Lincoln's secretary of state, was sent to Mayville, remaining there for more than a year in adjusting disputes between landlords and tenants. Peacock, Seward and MacKenzie became fast friends.

CHAPTER XX

THE frontispiece photograph of Donald Mackenzie is from an old daguerrotype and shows a man past his prime; it also shows his grim determination, and as Hamlet says, that he was "every inch a man".

On one of his frequent trips to Buffalo, he was thrown from his horse at a point known as Eighteen-mile Creek, near Silver Creek, N. Y., and was badly injured. While he lingered for six months, he never recovered that state of mind which had made him feared in the hand-to-hand encounters of the Northwest. Donald Mackenzie passed away January 20, 1851.

He was game to the last, and even the manner of his death proved him to be the "man on horseback". He was truly an "international hero".

He was buried on the high ground of his yard, from which one looks down the Lake to the Chautauqua Assembly grounds. Later his body was removed to the Mayville Cemetery, where the Scots father, the Swiss wife, and the deceased members of the family all sleep in peace together. Donald's widow, Adelgonde, died May 6, 1882.

His remains now rest in the cemetery at the foot of Mayville Hill where a monument tells thoughtless visitors no tale of the "King of the Northwest", whose achievements prompted many historians to write of some of his adventures, and I, Cecil W. Mackenzie, have endeavored to gather together as much as possible, records of his achievements. Much of the material dealing with his later life is published for the first time in this book.

The following item concerning the old home of the Mackenzies in Mayville, Chautauqua County, is interesting. We quote from a local paper:

"Mayville, N. Y. (date missing)

"A severe storm at Mayville, at four o'clock in the afternoon, did several thousand dollars damage. It was a thunder shower accompanied by a high wind and hail. Probably the most damage was done to the residence of Harvey J. Hoag, next to the school house. The entire roof of the upright part of the house was blown off. A part of it was carried to a position next to the school building several rods from the house from which it was blown. One window in the school house was broken. The home of Mr. Hoag was the old McKenzie property. It was a brick

house, perhaps a century old. Many years ago it was the home of Donald McKenzie, for whom a river was named in the northwest, and was later occupied by his descendants. Beneath this roof many prominent men have been sheltered. Daniel Webster and other statesmen have visited at the McKenzie home and it is said that General Lafayette visited there when he visited America early in the 19th century."

The latter part of the item regarding General Lafayette, we cannot vouch for; we gave the article in its entirety. Below appears an article taken from the "Buffalo Times" about the year 1902; in it, also, we find certain statements that are not true, as witness the Lewis and Clark expedition, which took place before the advent of Donald Mackenzie.

"EFFECTS OF DONALD MACKENZIE, NOTED EXPLORER,
GO UNDER HAMMER"

"Mayville, N. Y.—Yesterday witnessed the closing out of one of the oldest and most famous homesteads in Chautauqua County, that of the famous explorer of the far Northwest, who at the age of 21 years accompanied the Lewis and Clark expedition through Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, Donald Mackenzie. Mr. Mackenzie was a most extraordinary man of his time, large in stature, weighing nearly 350 pounds, tall and straight as an arrow, with an eye as piercing as an eagle, with courage the equal of any man living. He spent a large part of his life among the Indians as an explorer and business associate of John Jacob Astor, Sr. He amassed a fortune for that period and came to Mayville just 70 years ago and built a brick mansion where he and his family's home has since been located. He reared a large family, 11 in number, Mrs. Jemima McDonell being his oldest surviving daughter.

"Yesterday the homestead was sold to Samuel L. Cooper and the remaining articles of furniture, some of which were very ancient, were closed out. Among these an old clock upwards of 150 years old which still runs and keeps correct time, was bought by Attorney Tennant. There was also an old-style bedstead, with posts seven feet in height, which had been used by William H. Seward, Daniel Webster and other distinguished guests of Mr. Mackenzie.

"It was to this home of Mr. Mackenzie that Judge William Peacock fled when the office of the Holland Land Company was raided by a mob of the early settlers and everything destroyed excepting the old stone vault, which still stands in the front yard of the old Peacock homestead."

The London pistols which Governor Donald Mackenzie carried over the Rockies in 1810 are now in possession of Donald, one of his grandsons, also the grand old clock; but most of the family mementos are in the possession of Alexander Mackenzie of Toronto, Ontario.

The most precious of all would be the writings of his memoirs, some of which have been preserved, but according to William, a son, his younger wife decided "that when a trapper turns penman, it hurts his

mind and amiability", and so she burned the half-completed manuscript. This was a great misfortune, for who can supply a record of his ten years with the North West Company before he joined the Pacific Fur Company's Astorians? Perhaps a Dumas (who wrote "Twenty Years After" and allowed that number of years to remain unrecorded) will rise to the occasion. The author's favorite quotation from the numerous histories is the tribute to Donald Mackenzie by Washington Irving in his book "Astoria", and since he received the information from Astor after the misunderstanding about the abandonment of Astoria, I consider it "praise from Sir Hubert" indeed. Here it is:

"Another of the partners, Donald Mackenzie, was associated with Mr. Hunt in the expedition to the mouth of the Columbia, and excelled on those points in which the other was deficient; for he had been ten years in the interior in the service of the North West Company and valued himself on his knowledge of woodcraft and the strategy of Indian trade and Indian warfare. He had a frame seasoned by toil and hardship; a spirit not to be intimidated and was reputed to be a remarkable shot, which was of itself sufficient to give him renown upon the frontier."

Regarding the three "scribbling clerks", Franchere, Ross, and Cox, Kenneth Porter calls attention to the fact that of Franchere he says, " entire service was passed at Fort Astoria", whereas both Ross and Cox spent most of their time in the interior; therefore the reader may judge for himself which historians were best qualified for accuracy of observation; and I again call your attention to the inaccurate and unjust description (by Franchere) of our hero in his last days, where he was honored and visited by the great men of the day.

Quoting again from Pinkerton's "Hudson's Bay Company", we find this reference to Donald's brother and cousin:

"None of these men was known as a roisterer—Alexander Mackenzie remained in the Northwest long enough to bemoan the fate of a man forced to spend his time in such a country—Henry and Mackenzie were able to step from the wilderness directly into drawing rooms of London and Paris and be lionized. Revelry did not consume their time, Nor Westers were leaders in business as well as society, and several, Sir Alexander Mackenzie among them, were members of Parliament. Others attained distinction in several ways, and their descendants have figured prominently in Canadian life. . . . He retired to Scotland, where he married and purchased the estate of Avoch in Ross-shire. . . . Sir Roderick Mackenzie in addition to being a legislator and an officer in the militia, was a member of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, and of the American Antiquarian Society and a fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians of Copenhagen. . . . Roderick Mackenzie was the student and, though he achieved success and fortune



Remains of the stone vault of the Holland Land Co. office building at Maville, N. Y., destroyed by the mob in 1836. (From a photograph made in 1894 by Dr. G. Hunter Bartlett, Buffalo, N. Y., originally published by Buffalo Historical Society)

in the fur trade, one suspects that his heart was in his books—He was the literary leader of the Nor' Westers and the statement is common, that he wrote the sketch of the fur trade in Sir Alexander's book, etc."

The foregoing is for the Mackenzie family's benefit.

You will now understand how young Donald eagerly devoured all that he could learn about his elder brothers, Sir Roderick and James, and particularly of the exploits of his cousin Sir Alexander. No wonder his ambition in life was to follow their example; this biography has endeavored to show how well he succeeded.

Fuller, in his article, says briefly:

"In the Autumn of 1822, he crossed The Rockies. He became Governor of the Red River Colony, the second highest post in the service, which he held for nearly ten years, retiring to end his days at Mayville, New York.

"Mackenzie deserves high honor in the annals of the West. He had the physical equipment which was essential, and like a number of other men who were conspicuous in the early days, he had been educated for the ministry. No one was more sagacious in dealing with the savages. His understanding of their psychology was so keen that actions, which seemed sheer folly to his associates, often served to win his cause. It is a pity that he left no journals."

CHAPTER XXI

IN APPLETON'S *Encyclopedia of American Biography*, published in 1888, we read:

"Mackenzie, Donald, fur-trader b. in Scotland in 1783; d. in Mayville, Chautauqua co., N. Y., 20 Jan., 1851. He emigrated to Canada in 1800, and, after being employed for several years in the service of the Northwest company, he became in 1809 a partner of John Jacob Astor in his project for establishing a trade in furs west of the Rocky mountains. He travelled across the continent to the mouth of Columbia river a journey that was then attended with considerable danger, and remained at Astoria until its surrender to a British force in 1814. He then converted as much of his property as possible into available funds, again traversed the wilderness to the Mississippi, and reached New York in safety. He was afterward unsuccessfully employed in negotiations to secure to the United States the exclusive trade with Oregon. In March 1821, Mr. Mackenzie entered the service of the Hudson Bay company, and was at once commissioned one of the council and chief factor. In 1825 while residing at Fort Garry, Red river settlement, he was appointed governor of that corporation. After amassing a fortune, he returned to the United States in 1832, and settled in Mayville. Several of his adventures are recorded by Washington Irving."

The best all-around, most compact life of Donald Mackenzie we find in *Dictionary of American Biography* by Charles Scribner, published in 1933. It really sums up his life quite satisfactorily.

"Mackenzie, Donald (June 15, 1783—Jan. 20, 1851) fur trader, was born in Scotland, a brother of Sir Roderick Mackenzie of the North West Company, and a cousin of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the explorer.

"He was educated for the ministry, but instead of entering that profession went to Canada and joined the North West Company. On June 23, 1810 after ten years experience he was engaged by John Jacob Astor to be one of his partners in the Pacific Fur Company.

"With Wilson P. Hunt, he led a band of adventurers by the overland route to the mouth of the Columbia River.

"Mackenzie with his group arrived at Fort Astoria Jan. 18, 1812. He later became the head of a large party which engaged in hunting and trapping.

"His journeys took him to the rivers Willamette, Columbia and also the Snake, where he established a post.

"He left Astoria again in March 1813 and in June returned with 140 packs of furs from Okanagan Post, and Spokane River.

"While carrying supplies to the interior that Fall, he was robbed by Indians. Returning to Astoria, he occupied himself storing salmon until his party learned of the War with Great Britain.

"Concluding that Astoria would be captured and goods confiscated, he and his partners there sold out to the North West Company, the following Spring.

"On Apr. 14, 1814, Mackenzie set out for New York, where he remained for some time seeking re-employment by Astor. Failing to obtain it, he returned to Canada and again entered the service of the North West Company.

"In 1816 he was on the Columbia River, spending his time at Fort George, and Fort William and Spokane House. He rendered valuable service to the company in developing the rich trade of Southern Idaho. His brigade of 1817 was the first to report a year without casualties, and the quality of furs obtained was considerable.

"Mackenzie was retained when the Hudson's Bay Company consolidated with the North West Company, and in the following year, 1822, established Chatterton House.

"In 1824 he was made chief Factor at Fort Garry on the Red River of the North, and the same year was appointed Councilor of the Governors. Soon thereafter he was made Governor of Red River Colony, the highest post of the Country, next to the Governor-in-Chief, which vast province he ruled, judiciously and with kindness. To him is due credit for the peace and progress which prevailed during the following eight years.

"He retired in August 1833 and took his family to Mayville, N. Y. where he had an estate. There he lived until his death.

"Donald Mackenzie was eminently fitted, both physically and mentally, for life in the wilderness. His knowledge of the Indians was remarkably keen and accurate, and his influence over them was great.

"His boldness and prompt decision, in times of danger, helped to awe and conquer them. His ways and accomplishments astonished his associates; he weighed over 300 pounds, but was so active that he was called 'perpetual motion'.

"In August 1825 at Fort Garry, he married Adelgonde Humbert Droze, by whom he had thirteen children."

We here quote a letter the writer received from Lawrence J. Burpee, whom we have quoted so often in this biography:

"October 31st, 1925

"Major Cecil Mackenzie
Tulach Ard,
Gilmour Road,
Fort Erie, Ontario.

"Dear Mr. Mackenzie;

"Many thanks for your letter in regard to Donald Mackenzie. I am glad that you found my article in *Queen's Quarterly* interesting. I should be very glad sometime to prepare a more elaborate account of the life of

Donald Mackenzie, if you or other members of the family can supply me with documentary or other information. Did he leave any journals or letters? His correspondence with other leaders of the fur trade would be very interesting now.

"Thank you also for the newspaper clipping. Mrs. MacDonnell must have been a very remarkable old lady, with recollections that went back to pioneer days. Hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you some day,

I am,

Yours very truly,

Lawrence Burpee"

We also quote a letter from the great-grandson of Sir Roderick Mackenzie:

"5137, Durocher Ave.
Outremont
Montreal 10/9/33.

"Dear Cousin:

"Your letter of July the 20th, received in due time. I was pleased to find in you a cousin and I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you some day.

"It would interest to know how your grandfather, Donald Mackenzie was connected to my great-grandfather Roderick. Your clipping which you inclosed to me, I read with pleasure & I herewith return with thanks.

"Hoping to hear from you again,

I remain

Your cousin

Louis Roderick Alexander Mackenzie"

As to the descendants of Donald Mackenzie. The probate proceedings in the Chautauqua County Court, on May 6, 1857, indicate that thirteen children were born of the union of Donald Mackenzie, and Adelgonde, his wife: Jemima, Roderick, Catherine, and Noel, were born at Lower Fort Garry and accompanied the parents to Mayville. The others, Fennella, Alexander, Alice, Henry, William, Donald, Adelgonde, Celeste, and Humbertson were born at Mayville, and have all passed away. The grandchildren are as follows: Cecil W. Mackenzie, John MacDonell, E. Donald Mackenzie, Louis Mackenzie, Fred Ellsworth, Sprague Mackenzie, Will Pupikofer, Thomas Eddy, Donald Mackenzie for the male line; and for the female line, Mrs. Marie Louise Swan, Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers, Miss Louise Ellsworth, Miss Adele Mackenzie, and the Misses Fanny, Adele, and Donnie Louise Eddy, Mrs. Pearl Douglas, Mrs. Blanch Phelps, Mrs. Kate Huhn, and Miss Adelgonde MacDonell.

E. G. Spaulding of Buffalo, later the "father of the greenback" during the Civil War, was Executor of Donald's Will.

My research work was intended to include an interview with the

Astor family, in New York. While in California recently, I learned that Vincent Astor was in Los Angeles, and tried to get in touch with him, but missed him. I was surprised to receive the following letter some time later, referring me to Lord and Lady Astor, descendants of the elder branch, but I shall close this biography without further research.

Vincent Astor
No. 23 West 26th Street

New York, February 21, 1936.

"Major Cecil W. Mackenzie,
10516 Grevillea Avenue,
Inglewood, California
"Dear Major Mackenzie:

"I am writing to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of February 15th and to express my regret that I am unable to refer it to Mr. Astor, as he is on a fishing cruise in Pacific waters, from which he does not expect to return for several months.

"With reference to your suggestion, in the latter part of your letter, that Mr. Astor might perhaps be in a position to furnish you with some information bearing on the early history of Astoria, I am taking this opportunity of informing you that this office has no records that would be helpful. There is a possibility that the office of the elder branch of the Astor family (now resident in England) which is located next door to us at 21 West 26th Street, might have some data which would be of value to you. In this connection, I would suggest that, if you have not already done so, you consult the two volumes entitled "John Jacob Astor—Business Man" by Kenneth Wiggins Porter, which were published by the Harvard University Press in 1931. The Astor Estate office next door was of assistance in the preparation of this work, by loaning to Harvard University all of its old records and papers.

Very truly yours

Miss S. N. Ward

Secretary.

A final quotation. Cawcroft further writes in the *Canadian Magazine*, in 1912, an article on "The Last Days of Donald MacKenzie":

"As intimated in an earlier portion of this paper, the departure of Donald from Fort Garry on a year's vacation, and his failure to revisit the scene of his achievements, left a blank in the record of his Northwestern career. The reprinting of portions of my article in the papers of Winnipeg and other cities is indicative of the interest of the Northwest in the final chapter of this man's career.

"This leads me to a suggestion which will give this paper an air of practicality. The Scottish Society of Winnipeg is one of the strong racial and cultural bodies of the Northwest. The Hudson's Bay Company is still a power in that region, and it now maintains many of the trading posts frequented by MacKenzie. Vincent Astor is the representative head of

the family whose wealth was founded in part on the activities of MacKenzie and associates, while the Chautauqua County Historical Society is pledged to record the deeds of those who found birth or a haven in these parts. Why not, therefore, a common movement to secure the cooperation of those organizations in an effort to erect two substantial memorial tablets—one at Winnipeg to portray the deeds of the Scottish hero at Fort Garry, and the other at Mayville, to recall to Americans the memory of a King's subject who aided in making possible 'Fifty-four forty or fight!'"